VOLUME 153 JULY 1926

Harpers Magazine

THIS VULGARITY OF OURS

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THE title, for all its colloquial air, should need no apology. If we do not know that many of our fellow-countrymen—and keenest critics—spend a lot of time accusing modern America of vulgarity, we have not caught up with our world. Mr. Sinclair Lewis, for example, makes American vulgarity the chief theme of his best-sellers, and Mr. Mencken tells us all about it once a month. To cry out in denial is in itself "vulgar"; which turns behavior into a vicious circle.

Passing over the fact that a certain absurdity is resident in the reproach itself—for how could a nation which prides itself on popular rule look for anything better than to be as is the populace?—what definition of vulgarity can we find to work with? Dictionaries do not help us with any word used so loosely. Many of the people who sling the epithet "vulgar" at what they disapprove are simply making class distinctions; are claiming to be of a minority which, politically and officially unimportant in a democracy, yet imposes itself, or would like to, socially and spiritually. A good deal of the every-day talk about vulgarity refers only to a lack of superficial sophistication in other people, and is based on the conviction that what is good in the eyes of the many must, for the sake of their personal distinction, be despised by the few. Snobbishness, in other words. One must have a better basis than that to go on—in a democracy.

"Vulgarity is one of the forms of death," Ruskin says somewhere; and though it is not a very precise definition, it may be of temporary assistance. You cannot say that a trait is "one of the forms of death" just because it characterizes the mass of a given nation. The given nation might be on its way to eternal life! The value of Ruskin's statement lies in its vague reference to moral and spiritual and æsthetic values, to something more vital than superficial manners and customs. To eat with your knife is certainly vulgar in the sense in which the average snob uses the words; it is not important enough to come within Ruskin's definition. Of the more serious implication (resident in the

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reproachful use of the term) that, because the multitude does something or is something, that something must be wrong, we had better not speak. That implication brings us straight back to the saying, "My kingdom is not of this world." The world is in the wrong, according to Christianity, and "vulgar"—popular, of the multitude—is doubtless, in that sense, a word of reproach. With that sense, however, we have nothing, at the moment, to do.

That which makes against veritable life, that which is necessarily impermanent, having no hold on eternal laws, that which destroys the spirit—what else could Ruskin have meant us to infer from his statement? And that must be something more vital than patent rockers or gum-chewing or illiterate speech. Ruskin would have included all these, no doubt, since they are crimes against beauty, and beauty is one of the handmaids of God; yet if you are going to stop there, you stop far short of the goal. What constitutes beauty in itself is, anyhow, a dangerous question. I am not going to tackle philosophy any more than religion. Who knows what the Rogers group may have done, in its time, for the starved spirit? There are very civilized persons who fail to get æsthetic satisfaction from Hindu temples or Japanese prints—even from Italian primitives. Some great refusals and great acceptances have been declared (doubtless as the gum was shifted to the other cheek) in slang unintelligible to the philologist.

That there is some vital untruth, some profound inaccuracy, in anything properly and seriously called vulgar, I think we might assume, without offending such diverse critics as Ruskin and H. L. Mencken. An incorrect sense of values, a sum that does not "prove," the act or the object wrongly equated with beauty, with morals, with progress, surely these (even if you have to grant that beauty, morals, and progress are all relative terms) are definitions that no one can much cavil at. All decent people are pretty well agreed as to what is essentially good and essentially bad: they quarrel, rather, over ways and means. In all the present clamor about the Volstead Act, has even the wettest wet defended drunkenness as in itself a good thing? In all the sob-stuff about Gerald Chapman (and in the cheaper press there has been a good deal) has anyone pretended that he thought it right, in itself, to murder? We Americans are notoriously careless of life, and even more notoriously prone to acquit a woman who has killed her husband, her lover, or her rival; but not even the silliest American jury acquits on the score that murder itself is a worthy occupation. It is provocation, temptation, insanity that are held to justify an act unjustified of itself. I doubt if "Babbitt" would approve theoretically of either murder or that temporary abdication of the ego which is drunkenness one whit more than would his creator. Yet Babbitt is a personification of vulgarity.

If we are vulgar, then, we must be cherishing the wrong expedients and making false equations. Probably, to some extent, we are. What are they? "The truth shall make you free" equates truth and the right kind of liberty. Again, will anyone find fault with that algebra? Certainly not anyone bred in genuine American traditions. Liberty as an ideal will not yet be questioned on the soil of the United States, though liberty as a practical proposition has rather fallen into disrepute. The American citizen's lack of freedom is the subject of bewildered comment from foreigners who talk about freedom less than we do, but who could not live without more of it than we have. Again, this is not the place to discuss our loss of liberty, since, as a people, we still believe in liberty.

II

What does the average American desire most? Are the objects of his desire worthy? That is how we must

find out whether the average American is vulgar or not. That the average American wants to be a free man, I honestly believe. He has not, I am convinced, sunk so far as to have forsaken, in his heart of hearts, that desire.

> By many ways of death, and moods,
> Souls pass into their servitudes.

(The death-idea, again.) A lot of his servitudes have been forced on him simply because he was not wise enough to foresee the danger; largely, indeed, because the average American is not a political animal and can always be surprised by the possibilities of our complicated political machinery. Many of these impositions have been "put over" because a minority shrieked moral maxims in his ear. The Puritan suspicion that morals are the greater part of religion has been inherited, on our soil, by millions of people whose ancestors were not Puritans. When you add to that fact our extraordinary national sensitiveness to words, our verbal suggestibility, our readiness, from the days of Patrick Henry to those of William J. Bryan, to be the prey of rhetoric, you account for much of our stupidest public action. Our hypocrisy has often been noted: our love of a good-looking law that no one intends to keep. Hypocrisy is vulgar, since hypocrisy is untruth. Yet I think, even though we confess to vulgarity in this particular, we may fairly state at the same time that we did not usually (in these cases) set out to be hypocritical. We have been betrayed by our practical inexperience, by our superstitious faith in mere words, and by our old reluctance (born of blue laws and a theocracy that prevailed long, long ago) to contradict people who set up to be moral and sociological experts. The average American is not a deliberate hypocrite in the political field, and the deliberate hypocrites in that field are, I fear, not the people who would usually be called vulgar.

Americans, we are always being told by the critics of a different school, are the greatest idealists in the world. Personally, I am in doubt about that superlative. Yet a degree of idealism must be granted us. Now and then we give collectively large sums of money to relieve alien suffering or disaster. If facts of earthquake, disease, cruelty, dire poverty are set before us convincingly, we do put our hands into our pockets more freely perhaps than other people. We adopt more Armenians and inoculate more heathen against disease than do most European citizens. Anything except money and bustling physical activity we find it hard to give: attention, mental effort, sympathetic understanding, helpful legislation. Our Red Cross pours cash, clothing, medicines, food, supplies into Japan after an earthquake; but we resolutely keep the Japanese off American soil. I have seen it stated that if Japan were put on the same quota basis as the European nations, we should acquire fourteen Japanese immigrants per annum. I cannot vouch for the figures, which, indeed, seem absurd. It is difficult to believe that we should insult a great power on account of so tiny a yearly increment. Yet it is just credible; for we are an extraordinary combination of generosity and bad manners, of impulsive charity and mean, suspicious prudence.

The fact is—and it is at the root of most of our real vulgarity—that we are servants of Mammon. We want, as a people, I believe, to serve God; yet we are forever attempting the double servitude which we were told, nearly two thousand years ago, was impossible. From that attempt, and the false positions that result, come most of our absurdities and many of our sins. No one among the group of civilized peoples is so kind instinctively as we Americans —often thoughtlessly, senselessly, absurdly kind. Our kindness, to be sure, is apt to take the form of cash. There is a curious inconsistency here, and much as one may dislike inconsistency, one is rather glad of it in this instance.

We are regarded as being the only rich nation, and probably we are. We are, of course, disliked for being more fortunate than our fellow-men. Nor can we hope to be understood by them, since we are inconsistent. The Frenchman who sees the American tourist spending with unheard-of lavishness, mulcted shamelessly by the native European because he is an American yet not therefore forsaking his extravagant career, must wonder why all this pother about war debts; must, in many cases, put it down to mere national meanness. And he is right, and he is wrong. Money is, roughly speaking, the chief interest in life of the average American; yet he is incapable—and if he had only a dollar left in the world would still be incapable—of French thrift. Of all sources of misunderstanding during our military tenure of French soil, this, we are told, was one of the most fruitful. The Frenchman strikes the American as mean, as stingy, as utterly lacking (where money is concerned) in sporting spirit or human charity. The Frenchman thinks us extravagant to madness, and wonders why we insist on a debt's being paid into our right hand while we are willing to waste an equivalent sum with our left.

Does not a lot of our vulgarity come from the fact that we worship money without knowing very well what money is good for? We worship, that is, an unknown god. The quick fortune always makes for vulgarity; "new-rich" has, for decades if not for generations, been, in all civilized countries, a synonym for "vulgar." Owing to our vastness and resources, we have created more of these sudden fortunes than any other nation. The average American hopes, if he does not exactly expect, to be rich before he dies. I doubt if you could say that of the citizen of any other country. He wants money—and other things afterwards. No American, of course, believes in "doing his duty in the state to which God has called him"; to better the state to which he was called is his highest hope. Thus the American leaven works in him. Unfortunately, his ambitions are chiefly financial. Because he begins, very young, to work for money, he does not have time, by the way, to consider how best to use the money when he finally gets it. He tends to think that the most expensive thing is necessarily the best. That is why so much of man-made America is ugly. The man who has made the money has never had time to educate himself. He buys from the best-advertised firm, never exercising his own judgment. He has, indeed, no judgment to exercise. Good taste is, alas! unless it is inborn, the fruit of leisure, of gazing and comparing. What American has time for that? The commercial, industrial, mechanical atmosphere in which our life is lived, with its concomitant worship of specialization and "efficiency," leads us to trust the man who calls himself an expert and to distrust everyone else. No one is so easily "stung" as the American, because he has ceased to believe in the all-round man. It is not to be expected, runs his simple faith, that a man should know about reciprocating engines and also about architecture or furniture. When his reciprocating engines give him money enough to play with, he employs some man who has capitalized his real or pretended knowledge of beauty. As the other man is also out to make money, the results often offend the eye. Nothing is sadder than the rich man desirous of purchasing beauty and purchasing ugliness because he does not know. He takes it for granted that the other man is disinterested about his designs, though he is quite well aware that he himself is not disinterested about his engines. Yet if you are commercializing beauty you must bring in fashion; you must alter your stock (and then dispose of it) so that Chinese Chippendale is the rage in one lustrum and pewter and Windsor chairs in the next. Whether the householder's rugs are "hooked" on the farm or woven in Ispahan is often a mere mat-

ter of the year in which he arrived at a goodly competence. Latterly they have been selling at exorbitant prices all the mid-Victorian things that our parents congratulated themselves, wisely, on getting rid of. The great game of the decorator is to create a market for whatever he has happened to pick up, and his clientèle seldom has the knowledge to say him nay. If a thing is expensive enough, it must be all right.

Mammon has done this for us, incidentally, in the matter of domestic beauty. I am not talking of the people who have had some measure of education, leisure, and wealth, and have created their own combinations. They are a minority, and they are not the Americans whom our novelists and critics are accusing of vulgarity. I am talking of the man whom Mr. Lewis calls Babbitt, and whom Mr. Mencken would call a Rotarian or a Methodist, according to his mood of the moment: the man whose kitchen is probably the best room in the house because he knows how to deal with plumbers and his wife has studied "home economics" in the magazines; because a good kitchen demands only money and common sense, not any of those more difficult and disturbing assets such as knowledge, taste, travel, sense of form.

Let it be admitted that our taste in objects is prevailingly rather bad, our sense of beauty faltering and fallible. In so far as vulgarity is a question of æsthetics alone, we perhaps tend to be vulgar. Yet even that admission cannot, in fairness, stand by itself. I believe it, for example, to be true that our public buildings, our houses, our decorations in general are better than the corresponding inventions in Europe. European towns, houses, people have been fortunate in keeping a great deal of beauty over from periods when people seemingly knew more about it. If in Europe we could isolate and collect the authentic achievements of the last fifty years—see, in an English, a French, an Italian town only the product that is contemporary with most of ours—I fancy we should have no reason to be ashamed of America. The *nouveau riche* in Europe acquires a beautiful old house, and puts in electric light, central heating, and a few bathrooms. His æsthetic success is ready-made for him, and he contributes only comfort. We cannot do that, because our old houses either have disappeared or are in places where no one wishes to live. We must achieve from the ground up. And there can be no question, I think, that we do that better than Europe does.

All terms, nearly, are relative, and these folk who call us vulgar must believe that we are vulgar as nations go. There is no use in comparing the average American with the super-average European, the innumerable members of a democracy with the few members of an aristocracy. And if you could cut out vestiges of the past, I believe that you would find Babbitt's home and Babbitt's town to compare favorably with European homes and towns. That, I realize, you cannot do, for the European Babbitt is imbedded in the past and cannot get away from it. All the same, the modern American house is apt to be much better than the modern European villa. As for our civic centers, our public parks and squares, our commemorative monuments, do they not tend to be better than the Albert Memorial, the Hindenburg statue, the Victor Emmanuel monument? Are we not all shivering with apprehension over what Signor Mussolini *may* do to Rome?

No: I venture to say, *pace* the critics, that there is more desire for beauty and resolution to achieve it in the average American heart than in the average heart of any other civilized people. We have been handicapped. We have not had the past to guide us at every turn; we have not an inherited aristocracy to imitate closely. We are migratory, and our fortunes are as shifting as our habitat. Large sections of our country are devoid of striking natural beauty to assist and inspire. All things con-

sidered, I do not see how anyone can deny æsthetic aspiration, in rather surprising quantity, to the average American. That he has, in too many cases, no authentic tidings of beauty, is another matter. We have admirable architects, and a great many of them. And decorators flourish nowhere as in the United States, though the decorators are not so admirable as the architects.

III

So much for "taste" in the ordinary, restricted sense. If Mammon has been at once the foe and the friend of æsthetic values (for sometimes the rich man trusts the right expert) Mammon has unquestionably been the foe of taste in other and deeper senses. A religion is known to outsiders largely by its by-products. The by-products of Christianity have been, on the whole, good, as no one will deny who contemplates history from the fourth century onward. To say that it has bred both obscurantists and sectarian fanatics is only to say that it is a religion, wrought upon by human characteristics. All the great religions have had both obscurantism and fanaticism to deal with. But the by-products of Mammon-worship are almost altogether bad. A good deal of our blamable vulgarity arises from the fact that Christianity has been the official religion of the Mammon-worshippers, and that Mammon has had to be worshipped unavowedly. Men who set up the image of Mammon in the market place to be openly incensed and publicly adored would have to explain their faith. We should see whether it had a logic, a philosophy, a revelation. As it is, the average American, having the superstition of money, caring really more about it than about anything else, recognizing no hierarchy save that of wealth, and believing that if he is rich all things will be added unto him, none the less has to talk and behave as if he were a member of a Christian civilization. He is still trying to reconcile God and Mammon.

That the dishonesty inevitably resulting is vulgar no one could deny. Honest religion, no matter what some people say, never made anybody vulgar. The worship of money, on the other hand, has always bred vulgarity. The late William J. Bryan once made a famous epigram about crucifying mankind upon a cross of gold; meaning, I believe, to illustrate the horrors of the gold standard, though his metaphor could easily be twisted to illustration of something worse. When the Israelites, weary of waiting for Moses' return, and forgetful in his absence of Jehovah, melted up their earrings to make a golden calf, and then proceeded to worship it, they did precisely what we are doing now. They treated as a god something that was not a god. Without preaching a sermon on a text from Exodus, one may point out that things are only what they are, and that to treat money as if it were anything but money is a fundamental mistake. Money is, after all, legal tender, a convenient substitute for barter; its value is in its purchasing power. When people go beyond that and revere cash for itself, they become idolaters. You have only to realize that the man who is most respected in America is the man who has more money than he can possibly spend, to see the way in which we have come to falsify values. We are amusing, almost absurd, about our Mammon-worship. Formerly a man was respected for his fortune because of what his fortune brought him: his way of life, his education, his comfortable home, his practical wisdom, the advantages he could give his children, the unharassed peace of his old age. Now it suffices that he should be able to buy these things: it is not even necessary that he should buy them. We still preserve a pathetic illusion from the older, simpler, honester days that if a man is rich he will apply his riches wisely. When we see a man with more money than he can apply, we stop questioning; we are too dazzled even to assume; we simply goggle with admiration.

That goggling, I venture to say, *is* vulgar. Nor can it be denied that it is general. We all know whom Babbitt admires and would like to model himself upon: the man of great wealth. If wealth is good in and by itself, it does not make much more difference how you acquire it than what you do with it after it is acquired. As torturing the body was considered by grand inquisitors a kindness because it saved the soul, so the fanatics of Mammon think—or think they think—it is permissible to do anything they can "get away with," provided cash results. "The end justifies the means" when the end is sacred.

A real religion does not take all a man's time, though it may influence all his life. Mammon, however, comes very near taking all a man's time. "Their rest is scant with Baal." Hence the fact that we were noting, that the average American does not have time to civilize himself completely. Leisure is not his; and the leisure that he gets, he is too tired to employ in any valuable way. His experience, direct and vicarious, shows him that neither art nor letters, neither history nor philosophy, neither music nor sport, will help him to make money. Therefore, he has no time for them—only time for the kind of relaxation to which he does not have to contribute anything except cash: a drive in the car, a movie to look at, a radio to listen to, a game to watch where professionals do the work. It is a commonplace that the successful American business man goes to pieces when he retires because he has not kept in reserve other interests. He passes from his hectic servitude to uselessness; does it often without reason, without necessity, simply because the making of money is supposed to be the only legitimate occupation for a man, and he has not dared intermit the process during youth and middle age. The American business man on a European holiday has given our comic artists and our satiric novelists a great deal of material. Surely the explanation of that absurd figure is not any fundamental lack of quality in his class or race—the female of the species is supposed to be much better equipped than he and rather ashamed of him—but the tragic thing his life has been: forced as he has been into cash-acquiring too young to have learned other things, kept at it so arduously that he has lost the habit of leisure and the power to use it, and necessarily proud of this state of things because the service of Mammon is supposed to be virtuous. In the old melodramatic phrase, he is more to be pitied than scorned.

In other words, one comes to feel that a lot of our vulgarity is not fundamental or ingrain, but is due to the materialism which has been forced upon us. We helping, no doubt. Mammon imposes no duty on his servants save the rigorous duty of success. The minor ethics go by the board. It is peculiarly unfortunate—though it would appear to be inevitable—for a democracy to turn into a plutocracy. Without any illusions as to the founders of great families in older countries, one may none the less say that a recognized and admitted aristocracy is a little more apt to cherish a tradition that an unadmitted and unrecognized one. When only wealth counts, there is no guarantee of an inherited tradition, since wealth notoriously passes. "From shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations" was never, in America, an absolute rule, but it was always a strong probability. The rich man who was made a peer, on the other hand, was inducted into a group that stood, in part, for something besides mere wealth. No one would desire, now or ever, to establish an hereditary aristocracy on American soil, even could it be done. But it is good for us to remember that a society is worth nothing unless it discriminates, and that the whole validity of democracy lies in its power to discriminate not according to birth or wealth, but according to real and proved superiority. Our democratic ideals prevented us from accepting the compromise of oligarchy. Instead, we accepted plutocracy com-

pletely, if unintentionally, and have made our democracy ridiculous by destroying the original democratic design and keeping only the rather inelegant trimmings. A democracy wherein a man prevails over others—effectually if not nominally—by wealth is a contradiction in terms; quite as much of a contradiction as any hereditary kingship could lead to. Some historians would have us believe that, from the very beginnings of the nation, plutocracy and democracy were locking horns in the maritime states; that the Constitution of 1787 itself was a compromise between the two, and that Alexander Hamilton in his day was all the things that the yellow press accuses "Wall Street" of being. Even those historians, I think, would admit that the situation is much clearer, much more accentuated, in our own time.

IV

So much, at all events, for Mammon and his clouding of the finer issues of human life. There are critics who attribute our "vulgarity" to quite different things: to a lower-middle-class tradition, for example, helped out by a narrow, uneducated, uncivilized conception of the Christian religion. To the epithet of "middle class," uttered by American lips on American soil, one can have no retort, so obvious it is that America is, and always has been, prevailingly middle class, in any authentic European sense. The American families who derived from European aristocracy are numerically very few, and in eight or ten generations the blue blood must have been considerably paled by intermarriage. Like most New Englanders of long standing, I am a descendant of both Myles Standish and John Alden. Myles Standish was, though not an aristocrat, a gentleman; John Alden, of course, was not. Both desired, I believe, to marry Priscilla Mullins; John got her, and one of their children married a child of Standish's. So it goes. I recall the experience of a woman of my acquaintance who was not only descended from Benjamin Franklin, but, for some reason, proud of the fact. A well-known historian (ignoring, no doubt, her descendance) said to her lightly that the Revolution was largely a plebeian movement and that Americans of distinction at that time were Tories. "I don't agree with you, Mr. X," she replied; "there was Benjamin Franklin, for instance." "Son of a soap-boiler, madam; couldn't well be more plebeian, could he?" the gentleman retorted. I recall the day when I was informed by a lady who had married into the Virginian aristocracy that George Washington was not exactly a gentleman, but had been polished off to some extent by the Fairfaxes, who took an interest in their young employee. One does not argue this class matter, even on points of fact, because it is so profoundly irrelevant to American social philosophy. All our white population came to us originally by immigration, and it is generally the lower or middle classes who emigrate. How anyone can complain of Americans for being middle class I do not know. We might as well complain of them for speaking English. We have somehow made a great nation, in spite of the fact; and the world has delighted to honor our great men regardless of their social inheritance. If we are vulgar, it is not because we are middle class, as has been amply proved by the distinguished men among us who were far from being Fairfaxes. That we had for many years a vulgar habit of letting the eagle scream cannot be denied. America had gone to our heads. In claiming that a man could rise to the full level of his native worth we sometimes went too far and proclaimed native worth where it was purely theoretical, not actual. Even that habit—a perverse result of democratic theory—is passing. Whether the tendency to consider ourselves better than anyone else, not because we are freer but because we are richer, is more lovely, I will not attempt to determine.

The false values of sectarian morals have also helped to cheapen us. There can be no doubt, I think, that apart from our hypocrisy—which has come largely from the double worship we have noted—our most vulgar trait is our tendency to petty tyranny, to interference with the liberty of others in the interest of our own whims. The basis of all integrity, distinction, manners is a man's freedom to abound in his own sense, which implies respect for other persons' freedom thus to abound. Inquisitiveness, censorship, baseless egotism, are always marks of the vulgarian. Inability to distinguish between principle and prejudice is vulgar. Invading a field of taste or knowledge or morals without being sufficiently documented is vulgar. Ignorance preening itself is vulgar. To all these faults we are fairly prone; yet not, perhaps, much more so than other people. If we abound more than other nations in these vices, is not that due to the fact that we have more money to indulge them with? More money for parades, insignia, placards, banners, mass-meetings, banquets, organizations, propaganda? As appetite comes in eating, so our appetite grows as the pageantry of our prejudices elaborates itself.

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Mencken both, I fancy, consider either a Rotarian luncheon or a revival meeting vulgar. I wonder. The revival meeting is vulgar, we should probably all agree, since any social occasion in which emotion is deliberately permitted to usurp reason is vulgar. Matthew Arnold took exception long ago to the nonconformist expressions of Christian belief. "The signal want of grace and charm in English Protestantism's setting of its religious life is not an indifferent matter: it is a real weakness. *This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone.*" He was probably right. Yet the real sin of modern Protestantism in America is not so much against æsthetics as against truth. Materialistic we are, even in our virtues; and our answer to the pleading of God as well as to the pleading of our fellow-men is apt to be cash or what can be bought with cash. Social service has taken the place of real "conversion," and we put kitchens into our churches when we should put in (I speak metaphorically) confessionals. It is no question of Catholic or Protestant, of Episcopalian or Methodist. True religion, whether a man took the path of St. Thomas Aquinas, or of Henry VIII or of John Calvin or of John Wesley, laid its greatest stress on a man's personal relation to God. If our religion fails us, it will be because we think that a literal acceptance of Genesis, or a new church building, or a neighborhood clinic can substitute for that relation. In other words, because we think God does not know the difference between repentance and a stained-glass window.

When it comes to Rotarians, I can speak only from hearsay. To say that "Christ was a Rotarian" is vulgar because it is untrue. But is there any special vulgarity in Rotarians except when they say the thing which is not? There is nothing vulgar in improving one's city or in building orthopedic hospitals for children—favorite occupations, apparently, of Rotarians and Lions and Kiwanis; and it is difficult to see anything more vulgar in stating that X is the most progressive town west of Pittsburgh than in making any other challengeable remark. Personally, I would rather go about saying that X was the most, etc., than to go about saying that George Washington was not quite a gentleman. It is very hard to define "progressive"; but we know by this time what we ought to mean by a gentleman.

V

All that it comes to is this: that no doubt the average American is in some ways vulgar, as the average citizen of any nation is in some ways vulgar; but that his vulgarity has perhaps, of late, been overemphasized. Our novelists,

for example, have tended in the last twenty years, to select vulgar people to portray and to declare them typical. I, myself, admire *Babbitt* more than anything else Mr. Lewis has ever written. It comes very near being great satire. I am not able to admire Mr. Sherwood Anderson's accounts of the men he considers average citizens. One has known the people Mr. Lewis is satirizing; one has not known the people Mr. Anderson is sentimentalizing. It may sound like rank Rotarianism; yet I cannot help believing that the American average is nearer gentility, finds real gentility easier to achieve, than most national averages.

We are not prevailingly an æsthetic breed—the stock we came from is not prevailingly æsthetic. Yet I sometimes wonder if justice is done by the critics to the thousands upon thousands of lovely houses, lovely rooms, lovely gardens scattered through the land from Maine to California. I think, too, of the spontaneous kindness of man to man in America. Our partial ruthlessness, dishonesty, hypocrisy, violence, sentimentality are easily enough explained by history, and are the more lamentable because we deliberately set out to be more free of those traits than most people. A large part of the mess we are in is due, as we have said, to our materialism. We have been so preoccupied with making money that we have not paid proper attention to the other duties of the citizen. We have let our politics, our manners, our mental processes go bad, all for lack of attention. Our keenness in business is compensated by a certain obtuseness in other matters. We tend to believe what we are told; we are carried away by clever phrases, since we do not deal very skilfully with any but concrete facts. The average American is a very sensitive person; and, outside his business life, rather helpless. He tends to confuse issues; and, above all, being uneducated in political theory, to consider legislation a panacea rather than an expedient. The solemn self-congratulation of our ancestors at having succeeded in establishing a republic gave Americans the notion that there was something positively sacred in our special form of government. Every shot we fired was supposed to be heard round the world. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, between them, had somehow made us superior, unique. Joseph Smith was merely of his own time when he declared that the Constitution was directly inspired by God. Even today, the average American runs to the refuge of a bill or a statute as a child to its mother's lap.

All this must be taken into account, probably, in judging the organizations of varying merit that have endeavored to compel legislation: Ku Klux, W. C. T. U., Associations for the aid and protection of women, minor children, Indians, colored people, Fundamentalists, forests, roads, natural wonders, blue Sundays, birthplaces; Associations for the destruction or mitigation of an equal number of other things. We still preserve the superstition that a law, like the little boy's "effalunt," can do anything. I have no doubt that the more honest Prohibitionists believed that the Eighteenth Amendment would not only drive liquor from the country but actually destroy the human appetite for liquor, and that when the Volstead Act was passed normal citizens would automatically cease to be thirsty. The people who want laws against text-books containing scientific information doubtless believe that, with the passing of such a law, desire for knowledge will die in the human heart. Those who are agitating for a uniform divorce law perhaps believe that, if they get it, human marriage will become at once a simple matter. We tend to see laws in this mystical aspect. It is a point where our idealism and our vulgarity swim close together, and it is unfair to accuse us of vulgarity in attempting to impose our personal prejudice on others, or proclaiming our ignorance to

be better than their knowledge, without showing the other side of the shield. Preposterous though it may sound, the average American believes that in passing a law he is not simply policing the Devil but exorcising him, not merely influencing human conduct but improving human nature.

In so far as we are materialists, content to see in anything only its cash value, we are, of course, vulgar. In so far as we falsify facts in the interest of our personal success or our personal prejudice, we are vulgar. But half of our most glaring mistakes are made in the pursuit of an ideal originally respectable. It is supposed to be unflattering to call a man "well-intentioned," because the term is held to imply intentions unfulfilled or controverted. All the same, it is better to be well-intentioned than ill-intentioned; and I believe no one can deny that the average American has in his heart genuine aspirations, in many fields, to what is lovely and of good report. We carry, I believe, fewer of the seeds of vulgarity in us than many other peoples. Taking us in the mass, we are more conscious of the claims of beauty than we were some decades ago . . . and if we would but once realize that the golden calf was made (as in Exodus) out of our own earrings, with no validity beyond his mere substance, we should find ourselves making more accurate equations of every sort. A great source of dishonest thinking would at once be removed. If, in addition, we could learn to judge both traditions and innovations on their own merits, without prejudice either way—but by that time we should be nearly perfect.

THE PESTIFEROUS ALUMNI

BY PERCY MARKS

SEVERAL college presidents, so the story runs, were discussing what they might do after they had retired from their college work. What would they be fit for, was the question.

"Well," said one of them, "I don't know that I'll be *fit* for anything, but I do know what I'd like to do. I'd like to be superintendent of an orphan asylum; I'd never get any letters from the parents."

"Oh," exclaimed another of the college presidents, "I've got a much more delightful ambition than that. I want to be warden of a penitentiary. The alumni never come back to visit."

The story is probably without factual truth, but (pardon the rhyme) it is bursting with actual truth. Most college presidents, if they dared to admit it, would undoubtedly describe their heaven as any place that lacked alumni. I'm sure that those college presidents who get past St. Peter into the celestial campus will immediately demand transportation elsewhere if they find that the archangels are merely the alumni of the Seraphic College.

Why, then, don't we hear a little public condemnation of the alumni by college presidents? Why, one might as well ask, doesn't one hear a public condemnation of a board of trustees by a college faculty? The president does not dare to condemn the alumni for exactly the same reason that a faculty does not dare to condemn the trustees: one doesn't publicly rebuke one's employer and, in the end, the college president is the employee of the alumni. They hold the purse strings, they elect many of the trustees, and their strength when they are aroused to union is invincible. And they are the bane of the American college.

In discussing the alumni, I do not feel any need for caution; it is impossible to overstate their follies; it is impossible to be unfair to them considered in the mass. They are the visible and, worse yet, audible evidence of the results of American education, and what a sorry sight they are! Fortunately it is possible to get money out of them by sentimental appeals to their love for Alma Mater, especially if Alma Mater happens to need something athletic, a stadium, say, or a football coach. It is not so easy to get money from them to pay an adequate faculty or to build a library. Let me be fair, however: if the college president "sells" their college to them with the proper emotional appeal, they will pay a price for almost anything, even professors. Most of them aren't interested in professors; they aren't interested in libraries; they aren't interested in education; but, I repeat, these fancy commodities *can* be sold to them by a sufficiently clever president. If the president is really clever, he won't make his appeal until the football team has just finished an unusually successful season. The alumni will be full of love for their college then. They will know that it is a great college and actually be eager to make it even greater.

If the alumni could only be taught to give money when asked and keep their mouths firmly shut, the colleges would make astonishing progress; but no such Utopia need be looked for. More and

more money is being asked of the alumni, more and more they become definitely stockholders in the college, and, therefore, louder and louder grows their voice and greater and greater their influence. Let us hope that the present undergraduates blossom into more satisfactory alumni than their predecessors. If they don't, in fifty years the degeneration of the American college will be complete. Half the time of the undergraduates will be given to athletics, one quarter to a good, common-sense training in "real practical business," and the last quarter to acquiring "pep and personality." Our colleges are doing a very fair job right now of standardizing their students into colorless Babbitts; let the alumni influence grow, and they will probably attain perfection.

There are, of course, intelligent college graduates who take a genuine and valuable interest in their college, but they are the cream on a vast sea of pale-blue milk. The average college graduate is a dull fellow without education or understanding. He loves his Alma Mater, but he is the active punishment for her sins; she "raised" him badly, and when he is grown and strong he bands with others and destroys her in the name of his love. The Dear Mother must mend her ways, I suppose, before her children can be expected to mend theirs, but the children are stronger than the mother; if she would survive, she must teach them again and this time well, grown though they are. In other words, if the colleges do not wish to degenerate rapidly into trade schools, they must begin to teach their alumni the meaning of education.

II

If you wish to get a microscopic view of the results of a college education, spend a casual evening in any college club in New York City or, for that matter, in any other city which happens to have one. I have spent many such evenings and, therefore, feel that I can make a report with considerable accuracy. There is only one difference between a large club and a small one. In the large club there are many groups, in the small club only one or two; but the same thing happens whether in one group or many. About five o'clock or a little later the members begin to straggle in, each with an evening paper under his arm. Greetings and important comments on the state of the stock market are exchanged. Since most of the men under thirty are making less than forty dollars a week, and since few men beyond that age are seen around a college club in the evening, their interest in the stock market is largely academic, or, more accurately, pose. The world of big business does not hold them long, however; somebody suggests a game of bridge. With remarkable speed one or two tables are formed, the stake agreed upon, and the game begun. At last there is life in the club; there is interest. Those who aren't playing watch the games, and both the players and onlookers show an enthusiasm and knowledge that were lacking in their discussion of high finance. At dinner the game is postmortemed in detail and after dinner it is resumed. Some of the members have social engagements, some of them play cards, those who can afford it go to a musical show, and a few get in a corner and talk—and the talk nine times out of ten is about women.

Aren't any of them reading? you ask. One or two, perhaps, but probably none. Don't any of them go to the opera or to concerts? So small a number that they are hardly worth counting. Don't any of them ever go to a good play? Maybe, but only musical comedies and revues are discussed in college clubs. Isn't there ever a discussion of anything worth discussing? I don't know; I can only report that I cannot remember ever having heard such a discussion. No dormitory or fraternity house in the land offers such a lethal intellectual atmosphere as a college club does. It isn't just that the undergraduates are study-

ing because they have to. Many of them are using their brains, it must be admitted, entirely out of fear, but most of them are really curious about something; their intellectual life may be feeble but it is life. There is no intellectual life in a college club; there is only the musty odor of death.

When most seniors graduate they put away for the last time their mortar boards and gowns and their intellectual life with them. Books become a thing of the past. A fiction magazine or two does for reading, an occasional musical show and the movies for entertainment, women for discussion. Many of them find stimulating companionship in Rotary Clubs, Lions, and Kiwanis Clubs, and the intellectual pap they receive at such organizations feeds them to repletion. Business, bridge, bootleggers, radio, girls, and automobiles—there is the complete list of the interests of the unmarried alumni. The list for the married alumni must be modified only slightly. For girls, substitute family and put more emphasis on radio.

III

But what of their interest in their colleges? Don't they ever talk about it? Yes. Sometimes a group of them get together to talk over "old times" and indulge in pleasant reminiscences of college scrapes, and at other times they discuss one phase of the college with passionate intensity—athletics. How athletics matter! Damn the undergraduate interest in athletics as you will, it is not comparable in foolishness to the alumni interest. A lack of interest in sports in an eighteen-year-old boy is abnormal, it is slightly offensive; but an intense, violent interest in a supposedly mature man is ridiculous and, so far as colleges are concerned, it is harmful. The alumni feel that the college has had a splendidly successful year if the football team has won most of its games, and if during the winter and spring the other athletic teams show equal prowess, the alumni are tumescent with pride. They measure the worth of the college by the success of the athletic teams; and if you don't believe that statement ask any college president—if you can find one—who will dare to tell the truth. He will tell you that there is one way, and one way only, that he can be sure of holding the interest of an alumni audience, and that is by talking about athletics. Doctor Hopkins of Dartmouth manages to talk to his alumni about education, but he admits that his particular alumni situation is in some ways unusual. Ask any dean who is making a tour of the alumni clubs what he is asked about, what phase of the college the alumni show an interest in. If he is honest, he will tell you athletics. To most college graduates their college is the home of athletic teams and nothing more; to them athletic success is of ultimate importance, and they seldom think of the college as an institution of higher learning.

Practically all the professionalizing of college athletes has been done by the alumni, and the really pathetic part of such treachery is that the deluded alumni are really trying to do something worth while for their college; they believe so much in their treachery that they are willing to expend hard-earned money toward the fulfillment of it. "Athletics advertise the college," they say, and they never pause to consider the kind of advertising athletes give a college and if the advertising is worth while.

Successful athletic teams do advertise a college, they do bring students to it, but the type of boy who goes to a college simply because it attracts or buys good athletes is hardly the type that a college should aspire to gather into its student body. Further, there is a notion abroad among college alumni that a few unsuccessful athletic seasons will permanently ruin a college. The idea is absurd, and Harvard is a living proof of its absurdity. Harvard has been having a series of disastrous athletic years, and yet next autumn it will be

turning away men by the score that other colleges will be eager to get. Harvard has been beaten at football over and over again by lesser colleges, but the other colleges remain insignificant and Harvard remains great. There is a similar idea current that Dartmouth's phenomenal growth was due to the success of its athletic teams. I doubt it. Dartmouth grew through the finest possible advertising medium—the enthusiasm of its graduates. It grew, further, because its Outing Club offered a great attraction to the average healthy American boy and because the kind of college life possible in a small New Hampshire village is appealingly vivid. In the last few years its progressive educational policy has been widely discussed, and that educational policy is probably more responsible just now for Dartmouth's popularity than all its athletic successes combined.

No one can convince the majority of college alumni, however, that athletes are not of inestimable value to their Alma Mater, and they bend every effort to supplying her with them. They will pay a "scout" a salary to visit high-school and preparatory-school athletes in order to induce them to come to their colleges. Sometimes the scout uses merely verbal appeals, but often he is authorized to offer a financial reward, which may or may not be disguised as a job. If an alumni club manages in one year to supply its college with several athletes, it feels that it has done admirable work. Suggest, if you have the courage, to an alumni club that it send out scouts to get good students. Your proposal will be smothered in a blanket of embarrassed silence. To your audience it will seem untactful at the very least, perhaps a trifle indecent, and certainly absurd. One truly loyal alumnus will probably recover sufficiently from the shock to inform you that his college, and yours, does not need to send out scouts to get good students—why, the idea is ridiculous!—it has always had good students; look at the distinguished men it has turned out, look at the men on the faculty, think of its great history, its beautiful traditions, its inspiring record. Scout for students! "Our funds are limited, fellow alumni, and the little money we have at our disposal must be used wisely. Great athletes, as has been proven time and again, will do more to advertise the college than a thousand Phi Betes. Besides, a successful athletic team brings the type of men that we want at our college, regular, red-blooded young Americans—he-men!" And so on to final applause—and a selection of scouts to ferret out athletes.

This alumni interest in athletics cannot be overstated; nor can the harm that results from it be too vigorously condemned. The alumni have so exaggerated athletic importance that the athletic tail is at this moment doing a fair job of wagging the academic dog. Sport for sport's sake has become a mere slogan, an hypocritical mask for professionalism to hide behind. Such professionalizing of athletes and such overemphasis on the value of athletics give the undergraduates a false sense of values that is injurious both to them and to the college.

It takes courage, great courage, for a dean to expel an athlete, regardless of how low his academic record may be or how heinous a sin he may have committed. The protest from the alumni is prompt and violent. "The Dean is killing the college! He's trying to turn it into a place for grinds and Phi Betes! Here we break our necks getting good men and he kicks them out because they break one of his fool rules. The college will never get anywhere as long as it has an old fogey for dean. He'd kick out every athlete if he had his way. And look at all the rotten publicity Blank's dismissal is getting us." The president will undoubtedly receive letters of protest, many of them, and he will have to temporize and explain and, unless he is a man of real stamina, he will probably urge the dean to be as "discreet" as possible in dealing with athletes.

The amount of such alumni interference in the direction of the college is enormous, and the presidents and deans have to listen to all of it with patience and assumed interest. At times the interference goes to preposterous lengths. For example, when I was teaching at Dartmouth I reported a student for having copied three themes in succession. The student admitted his guilt but insisted that he had meant to do "nothing dishonorable." He was so insistent about his honorable intentions that he persuaded everybody that he was telling the truth, strange as his moral standards might be. There was one committee meeting after another, but in the end the committee, after wasting many hours of valuable time, decided that the boy's inverted code could not exempt him from the punishment that a normal sinner would receive. He was dropped from the course and put on probation. Then the president's troubles began. He received a long letter of protest from the alumni club at the boy's home. What was the use, they wanted to know, of sending fine fellows to Dartmouth if that was the way they were going to be treated after they got there? What was more, they were going to bring legal means to correct such injustice; in fact, they had already employed a lawyer to prepare a brief! Get any brave college president in an expansive mood and he will match that story twenty times over.

The alumni interfere; they interfere about everything, and their interference is not only a fiendishly irritating itch that cannot be scratched but a serious drawback to the colleges as well. The lack of freedom of speech in the colleges is due more to the alumni than to the trustees. Every alumnus apparently, by virtue of his degree from the college, feels that his opinion of every member of the faculty is valuable. Any grudge he formed while an undergraduate may find expression once he is safely graduated. If he chances to hear that a professor has given a lecture which seems to him "radical," he rushes straightway to write a letter to the president. Or if the college opens its halls to an outside lecturer who is reported a liberal, again he writes in protest. This right to object gives the alumnus a feeling of power, a sense of directing an important institution, and a consciousness of virtue that are sweet and comforting. These pestering alumni are rarely those who are succeeding impressively in a business or profession; they are the little fellows and, since the large majority of college graduates are little fellows, the number of those who interfere either individually or in clubs is appalling.

IV

The present tendency to turn our colleges from educational institutions into business schools is also due largely to alumni influence. Most freshmen feel that a college degree is a magic key that will unlock the door of success for them; and most alumni feel that it should have been. They fail and then blame the college for their failure. "If I'd only learned something practical," they explain, "I might have got somewhere. Look at Jones. He never went to college. He got a job here when he graduated from high school. That gave him four years' head start. Now, if I had got anything practical in college, I could have caught up with him, but they filled me with a lot of hooey about English and history and philosophy and such rot. What good has it ever done me? It's no good to anybody unless he's going to teach, and only a damn fool would teach anyway—you know, the kind of man that hasn't got guts enough to get out into the business world and fight like a regular he-man.

"Oh, yes, of course, I took economics. But what good did that do? Did it teach me anything about this business? I guess not! Old Prof Smith jabbered about the law of supply and demand and tariff and free trade and labor problems and a lot of things that may be important down at Washington but which

don't help a man to sell goods. They ought to give some practical courses at college; that's what they ought to do—and if I've got anything to say they're going to. My boy's going to know something when he gets out of college, or I'll know the reason why. They ought to have a course in salesmanship for one thing. Why, I didn't know a thing about selling when I got out of college—and, believe me, you can't get anywhere in business if you don't know about selling—no, sir!"

When a few hundred of the alumni of a college have such ideas—and there are thousands and thousands of them the country over that have exactly those ideas—the college is bound to respond to the pressure brought. Unfortunately, the successful, thinking alumni are apt to keep their mouths shut, believing, no doubt, that the administrators of the college know more about education than they do; but their voice is needed badly. They are against the Philistines, but most of them are inclined to smile scornfully and take out their opposition in silent contempt. Individually, the Philistines are insignificant nincompoops, but collectively they are a powerful menace, and the rapid change in most of our colleges is ample evidence of their power.

V

President Hopkins of Dartmouth has shown the way, I think, to correct the alumni evil, at least to minimize it. For the past few years he has conducted a vigorous educational campaign among his alumni. He does not talk about athletics when he visits their clubs. He talks about the educational needs and policies of Dartmouth and explains the ideas back of the policies and the reasons for the needs. His thesis is that the alumni are still an active part of the college and that education does not cease with graduation. The enthusiastic response of the alumni is encouraging proof of how much can be accomplished. How much is necessary to be accomplished is evidenced by the fact that the Dartmouth alumni recently built a perfectly needless concrete grandstand and a mile or so of iron fence around the athletic field in the New Hampshire wilderness. One only has to consult the Dartmouth salary schedule to recognize that it was high time that the alumni be taught that the needs of a college weren't satisfied with the dressing up of the athletic field. They have responded, nevertheless, to Doctor Hopkins's teachings, with the result that the change in Dartmouth that has taken place in the last five years is the most encouraging sign in the college heavens. With the alumni interference and protests that would have to be endured in most colleges, such a change would have been impossible.

The alumni cannot be insulted; they give the all necessary money—but they must be educated. They must learn first that no college, however admirable its courses and however great its faculty and resources, can give its students the open sesame to success, and that a college made to fit their particular needs might fail to meet the needs of most of its students; they must learn that their interest in the college is essential to its existence but that interest must not transform itself into petty interference; they must learn finally that athletic ardor is not necessarily the highest form of love for one's Alma Mater and that they can serve her best by giving money to her, by keeping their hands off—especially off athletes—and finally by maintaining a brilliant and profound silence.

The Battlefields at Gettysburg

BY AGNES KENDRICK GRAY

HARVEST

ONLY the seasons and the years invade
These quiet wheatfields where the Armies crashed,
And mockingbirds and quail fly unafraid
Within this forest where the rifles flashed.
Here where the bladed wings of death have mown
And gleaned their harvestry of golden lives,
The fruitful seeds of corn and wheat are sown,
And where the cannon smoked, an orchard thrives.

Long are the war years over, with their pain,
Their passionate tears and fury, and the sun
Lies hot and yellow on the heavy grain,
And all the fighting on these fields is done.
But in their peace, the quivering heart recalls
The youth that bled beside these old stone walls.

ROCKS

AMONG these jagged rocks, whose height commands
A vista of the Ridges, and the plain
Where thrifty farms lie on the battlelands,
And sons of soldiers reap their ripened grain—
Among these tragic rocks a pang of fear
Cuts at my heart for every frightened lad
Who charged this wooded hill or waited here,
Gripping his gun with all the strength he had.

How young they were, these boys in blood-stained blue,
In dim and dusty gray amid the wheat,
The salt sweat in their eyes like bitter dew,
And burning furrows under burning feet!
My youth cries out to theirs. . . . Could I have stood
At bay among these rocks, or charged this wood?

THE BATTLE

THREE times the sun rose while the battle held;
Three days of blinding heat and fiery dust—
Three red eternities of breastwork shelled,
Of charge, attack, repulse, and counterthrust.
And in the soul of Meade, the soul of Lee,
By every soldier's suffering torn and wrung—
What vain defeat, what frustrate victory,
As to and fro the battle's fortune swung!

For always on the leader's heart must fall
The sharpest lash, the wounds that cannot heal;
To them is given the wormwood and the gall
Of hurling life against inhuman steel.
And ever in the eyes of Meade and Lee
There lay the shadow of that agony.

THE CEMETERY

HERE Lincoln stood, in strong simplicity,
And spoke the brief immortal word that rings
Forever over earth and over sea,
With echo of all brief immortal things.
Beneath these numbered stones how many sleep
Who beat against the bolted gates of death,
And entered in so swiftly none might keep
Their names that vanished with their yielded breath!

But not in vain these unknown dead have died,
Nor those whose names are clearly carven there.
Above their rest, the wings of Love are wide . . .
There is a sense of glory in the air.
Here Lincoln stood, on this blood-quickened sod,
And gave himself, these graves, this Land, to God.

JOANNA GODDEN MARRIED

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

AT THE end of a June day a woman sat at the window of a house in West Street, Chichester. Beneath her the traffic of the Portsmouth Road flowed like a river—cars and carts and bicycles, and the various members of two conflicting tribes of country omnibuses, all jumbled in an apparent meaninglessness, and raked over with the dusty gold of the sunset.

Joanna Godden looked down on them without seeing them—their dazzle meant no more to her eyes than their racket to her ears. Both had grown accustomed now. Her thoughts were busy, though they had not wandered farther away than the two letters that lay on her lap. Suddenly she looked back into the room and called very loudly:

"Martha!"

There was an inarticulate response from a distant part of the house. The minutes went by and, as nothing more definite followed, Joanna went to the door and flung it open.

"Martha," she shouted. "Where are you? Come here."

"I'm coming all in good time."

Footsteps creaked on the stairs, and a moment later Martha Relph came in, vested in her cooking apron as a hint of a short visit.

"I'm sorry if you're busy," said Joanna, "but I'm unaccountable dull and sick of myself all alone. I'd have come down to you, but I wanted to show you this letter, and you've got your boy in the kitchen."

"Reckon I have—and where else should he be, poor lad, at the end of a long day's work?"

"I'm not finding fault—though heaven knows that boy . . . however, I won't say it. But it only shows me it's time I was up and off."

"Now, you shouldn't ought to speak like that. You know you're welcome here."

"Keeping your custom away just when it's starting holiday time and you might have your house full."

"Come to that, I'd sooner have your money regular than other people's now and again."

"But I can't stay here forever—I'd die of the gapes in a town, with nothing going on and nothing to do; and if I stay much longer I'll lose you your season. No, Martha Relph, you've been a real good friend to me, as I'll always remember, but things have begun to show me that it's time I started by myself again. Besides, I've heard from That Woman."

"Her at Sidlesham?"

"Yes, it's her letter I want to show you. She seems unaccountable anxious to get rid of the place—a bit too anxious for my thinking."

"Reckon a lone widow woman don't want to be bothered with a farm. It ain't everyone who's like yourself."

"Well, read what she says."

She handed Martha one of the letters, written on flimsy paper in a hand both formal and straggling.

CROWN DIPS,
NEAR SIDLESHAM.

Dear Madam,

I received your welcome letter quite safe, and am writing to say that I am seeking to dispose of my farm, "Crown Dips," being left a widow by my dear husband who departed this life seven weeks ago and used to manage same. There is twenty acres, all grass, and a hundred head of fowl, Sussex and Orpingtons. Also three cows, one being in calf, two pigs, also sheds, coops, tools, etc., as well as one nicely built barn besides the house which is double-fronted and commodious, four bedrooms, three sitting rooms with kitchen etc. Everything in excellent repair and going well. I can show you the returns and think it would be a good thing, madam, if you could come over and see it all, which is very easily reached from Chichester. Kindly let me hear when to expect you at your earliest possible convenience.

Yours truly,
SARAH WICKEN.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Joanna.

"I dunno. I dunno what to think."

"It sounds worth looking at. That would be the best thing—to go over and see it."

"Maybe."

"You don't seem to like it."

"Well, you know, I've always said you shouldn't ought to settle in these parts—you should go to the shires."

"And I've always said I never will. I was born and bred in Sussex, and in Sussex I'll die, or in Kent at farthest. I'll never go venturing into foreign parts at my time of life. I'd die if I was to go and live in the shires."

"Seemingly you'd die in a good many places—first it's in a town, then it's in the shires. You'd much better get away from these parts, where folks' tongues are bound to start wagging soon. I've managed to keep 'em quiet so far, but I don't mind telling you it's been all my doing, and directly you get off by yourself I don't trust you not to make yourself the gossip of the county."

"Well, you'd never expect me to tell lies."

"I'd never expect you to do nothing so sensible—that's why I want you to stay with me, or to go where folks don't know you!"

"They don't know me on Manhood Marsh."

"Pooh—it's only the opposite end to Romney. They'll soon find out all about you."

"They won't. You know quite well, Martha, that East Sussex don't have any dealings with West Sussex, and so it's always been. I own it ud have been foolish of me to have gone into Kent, leastways into the Kentish Marsh and the parts near by, but over here I'm as cut off as if I was in the shires—all the Downs between me and the eastern marsh, and a day's journey in four different trains to cross 'em. After all, no one's started any talk about you."

"That's true, but then I came here with my legal husband, and no one was to know how close the marriage was to the birth. Besides, who was to bother about poor little Martha Tilden, who got herself into trouble when she had a place as chicken girl on Ansdore Farm? It's another matter when it comes to the mistress of Great and Little Ansdore, Miss Joanna Godden, who's been the talk of the three marshes for a dunnamany years. Reckon when you put up Ansdore for sale and flitted they nearly broke their jaws at the Woolpack. You yourself told me as Vine of Birdskitchen was took to his Maker owing to an apoplexy he got in the bar."

"The Woolpack ain't such a famous place that we need trouble ourselves in these parts over what it says." . . .

At that moment a shout came up from the basement, a shout of manly outrage and disgust.

"Hi! Mother! Are you going to keep me waiting all night for my supper? Reckon you two never stop jawing when you get together."

Joanna's lips tightened, and the already high color on her cheeks took a richer dye, as Martha turned obediently towards the door.

"It's a crime the way you let that boy of yours order you about. I'd never stand it a single minute if it was me."

Martha turned on the threshold.

"I'm not sure as you won't have to."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's all along of me being a poor widow this ten year. You can't bring up a son without a father."

II

Joanna first looked angry, then meditative. She rose with big arms lifted for stretching, and the letters in her lap slid to the floor.

"A-a-ah," she sighed, then stooped to pick them up.

She had settled about Mrs. Wicken: she would write at once and fix the day after to-morrow for her visit. Ellen's letter had not been dealt with yet. Not that it required any dealing beyond being torn up . . . but she would read it again first.

The sunset was gone from the room, which had taken on dim bluish colors in the twilight. The light of an early street lamp was like some big yellow fruit among the purple shadows of the street. Joanna leaned her head against the window-frame as she read Ellen's letter.

13, Torrance Square,
S. W. 7

My dear Joanna,

I should have answered your letter before but I've been abroad, and it didn't reach me till I came back only a few days ago. I'm very glad to hear that your son was born safely and that you've made a good recovery, but I'm afraid I can't go back on what I said when I last saw you. If I was to be godmother it might create an awkward situation for both of us later on. No doubt you will think me hard-hearted and unnatural, but I have my husband to consider, and you must remember that you deliberately chose to put me out of your life. My decision has nothing to do with the morals of the case, but merely with its social and practical side. If you yourself had considered this, I should not have had to do so. I'm very sorry, and I shall never forget all I owe you, but you must remember that I also owe a great deal to Tip, and where there is any conflict between your interests and his, I'm afraid you don't stand a chance.

Yours in regret,
Ellen Ernley.

"I don't believe her—I don't believe he's like that. It's all an excuse for her own . . . Oh, my little Ellen!"

Crushing the letter in her hand, she hid her face for a moment in the unsympathetic folds of the Nottingham-lace curtain. Oh, how it wounded still, this ancient love! How cruel it was that this her oldest, homeliest tenderness must be sacrificed to others that had come later and more devastatingly. The latest love was only just born, and yet before it all loves must be offered up. Ellen—Ellen—her own sister, whom she had loved from childhood, brought up and cared for as her child—Ellen, who had been first—the first of all—long before this little Martin to whom she must be sacrificed—before the little clerk who was Martin's father, though not Joanna's husband, even before that other Martin, both dear and dim in memory, who was mystically the father of all the love and sorrow in her life. . . . Ellen was an older love than any of these, and yet they had in their sequence driven her out of Joanna's world, leaving her sister groping and crying after her.

For some months after the crash she had been uncertain as to which fragment of her shattered earth called most terribly to her heart. Sometimes she felt it was her farm—the greatness of Great and Little Ansdore, three hundred acres of Sussex marsh that she had loved and served so many years—now broken and sold, transformed by a black alchemy of shame into a bank-roll which was "filthy lucre" indeed. At other times her heaviest burden was the loss of her fair and gallant name upon the marsh. . . . The day she had left Ansdore her ears had burned as she thought of the tongues that would wag

that evening in the Woolpack and in every public house from Dymchurch to Rye; and since then there had been nothing but humiliation—her refuge with Martha Relph, whom fifteen years ago she had turned away for what was now her own guilt, the lies she had been forced to tell to maintain that refuge, and to maintain the respectability which Martha had won by tardy marriage through Joanna's grace . . . it had all been terrible, sometimes it had seemed to her as if that was what had hurt most of all.

At other times the pain had been not for herself but for the silent helpless victim of her life's wreck. When her child was born would she be able to save it from its share of her dishonor? Would she not probably fail, even in spite of the deceits that she practised in such disgust? And then, the child's father . . . had she no regrets for him? No times when she wept in longing and bitterness for that three months' passion? She had never faltered in her determination not to see him again—the one letter that she had received from him after the break she had firmly torn up unread; but she could not help thinking of him and crying over him in that pity which was the ghost of love, hoping she had not hurt him badly by her going, sometimes reproaching herself for the way she had dealt with him, not in the end, but in the beginning. Oh, she had behaved badly to poor Bertie Hill—she had pursued him, snatched him, caught him, because she had forgotten the good ways in which she had been brought up and the man she loved long ago.

All these thoughts had been her penance during the months she had stayed hidden with Martha Relph in Chichester, while she waited for her child. But they had not been constant—they had taken turns with one another, as it were, to torment her, and they had alternated with moments of mad hope and soft joy, when she thought of her baby—her baby not as shame or as stumbling block or embarrassment, but simply as her darling. In those moments the past lost its reproach. Bertie Hill was merely her child's father, an impersonal force of nature to which she owed her joy, and Martin was re-established in her memory's shrine, as the child's mystical father, but for whom she would never have loved Bert and, therefore, never have had her present expectation.

But there was a wound which never ceased aching, a regret which alternated with no hope, but merely throbbed at the back of all her happier thoughts. It was the wound of her love for Ellen—the little sister for whom she had slaved and sacrificed, for whom she had lied as she could never lie for herself in the days when Ellen had defied morality and the Ten Commandments and the good opinion of Romney Marsh. It was all owing to Joanna and her battles on her behalf that she had been able to come back to Ansdore and re-establish herself in local reputation and finally marry a man who was a gentleman both by birth and deed. And when Joanna's own trouble had come, and she had turned to Ellen for help as Ellen had turned to her, Ellen had not stood by her. She had reproached her, bargained with her. She had said, "Either you marry the father of the child that's coming or you never see me again." She had been angry because Joanna had refused to spoil her own and the baby's life by marrying a man who did not love her and whom she did not love. She had spoken of decency and respectability as if she herself had not once flouted them and as if they were not much dearer to Joanna than to herself, and renounced only at the cost of her life's tranquillity.

Her love gathered anger as she thought of Ellen thus, and a sob broke from her into the silence of the room. She had hoped that Ellen would have relented at the birth of the child, that she would have been placated by her sister's request to stand godmother—a great honor in Joanna's eyes. But it was no

good—Ellen would not forgive her. She was angry with her, not because she had done wrong, but because she had been found out and had refused to take what Ellen considered the only decent course to hide her shame. Little Martin's birth would, according to Ellen's ideas, only make things worse instead of better.

Joanna's ideas were not the same as Ellen's. She turned from the window to a second door, leading into the bedroom. Here all was darkness, for the baby had been put to sleep and the curtains drawn more than an hour ago. She groped her way to the cot at the foot of her bed. She could not see the child, and did not touch him for fear of his waking, but she was aware of a fluttering breath and a dim sweetness of powdered skin.

"Never mind, my duckie," she whispered, "never mind, my precious lamb. She says she won't be your godmother, but we'll get Martha, who's more of a Christian woman anyway—goes to church and says her prayers, which Ellen don't, I reckon. The only reason she was angry with me was that you were coming, poor sweet. She didn't deny as she had done the same as me, but 'I never landed myself with a child,' says she, as if that was all the sin there was in it. And wanting me to marry Bert when—but I won't speak ill of your father before you."

III

The farmstead of Crown Dips was in the parish of Sidlesham only according to the letter of parish law. For all practical purposes it belonged to the less adequate village of East Wittering, one of the half-dozen strung like beads on the string of the unfrequented road that loops round from Birdham to Sidlesham Common. Reeded acres of sheep-dotted, roadless marsh separated it from Sidlesham station on the toy railway that runs down the Manhood Peninsular to Manhood's End.

Between the cluster of red and black farm buildings and the sand dunes of the shore lay only a paddock of buttercups and coarse grass, and three reeded pools, or dips, from which the farm took its name. It looked both gay and lonely on the afternoon that Joanna Godden and Martha Relph came tramping with dusty, aching feet from Sidlesham station. The little red house, with its white-rimmed windows like staring eyes, and the flutter of cloud-flecked sunshine blowing over it, seemed almost to dance a greeting and at the same time to proclaim that it knew no neighbor but the sea.

"It won't never do for you here," said Martha.

"Why not?" asked Joanna briskly, snuffing up the marsh air like a war-horse.

"There ain't another place within miles."

"Well, I'm used to that. I like it."

"You won't like it with no one but yourself about. It was another thing at Ansdore when you had all your farm people round you; but here—"

"I'll have a maid and man, which ull be quite enough. I tell you I don't like living all crowded up with folk. I'd die if I had to live any longer in a place like Chichester—'I beg your pardon' all the way along the pavement, and more like a hen than a human being when you cross the road."

"Well, wait till you see what this place is like inside," said Martha, pushing open the drive gate.

The two women were in striking contrast as they walked up to the house together—Joanna tall and striding beside Martha's dumpling figure, Joanna's warmly colored face and eager blue eye above Martha's pale full moon and brooding gaze. In one point only were they alike, and that was the color of their dress. Both were dressed in black, Martha in ten-year-old compliment to the deceased Thomas Relph; Joanna in obedience to some undefined but compelling instinct, to some inward urgency linked with the words "I will go softly

all my years, in the bitterness of my soul." Not that there was much of "going softly" about her black, indeed, it had more swagger than many a woman's colors. Black to her mind was mourning, and mourning was plumes, whether on hearse or head. Therefore, on Joanna's head nodded two fine black plumes, which, with her swaying jet earrings and swinging jet necklace, produced an effect of flaunt and aggression rather than of atonement.

Mrs. Wicken, who opened the house door, eyed the effect severely. She also was in black—new black, cheap black, in contrast to Martha's, which was old, and Joanna's, which was costly. The three women were like three crows on the doorstep of the farm.

"Good morning, ma'am"—"Good morning, ma'am"—"Good morning, ma'am."

They eyed one another suspiciously—Mrs. Wicken wondered which was Mrs. Godden, and how much she would give for Crown Dips; Joanna wondered how much Mrs. Wicken would ask, and in what relation it would stand to the farm's real value; and Martha wondered to what extent Joanna would make a fool of herself over the place, which in her eyes was nothing but a hole and unworthy of human habitation.

One piece of folly she determined to prevent.

"This is Mrs. Godden," she said hastily, before Joanna could blunder with a "Miss." "I've just come along with her to see the place, having some knowledge of these things."

Joanna opened her mouth loudly to deny the latter part of the statement, but a ferocious nudge from Martha reminded her of the effect such a denial would have on the enemy, and she gulped angrily instead.

"Well, you'd better come and look at it now," said Mrs. Wicken, "unless you'd like a cup of tea first."

"Thank you, ma'am. I think we'd better start at once."

"Then will you kindly step this way."

"After you, ma'am."

"Oh, no, after you."

"You'd better go first, ma'am, since you know the place."

Thus, with much outward politeness and inward distrust the inspection started. Mrs. Wicken showed first a neat house, rather over-symmetrical in its placing of doors and stairs, but spacious, and solidly built, with two good sitting rooms and an ample kitchen, four bedrooms above, and a couple of attics. Joanna's ambitious eye noticed that there was many an opening for "improvements." She could make a good little place of this, with a verandah thrown out beyond the drawing-room, and perhaps a couple more rooms built on. She could never live in a place without scope for development, and now all her future was in the house. It was part of the change that had come that she thought of the farm only as part of the house. She did not want to develop the farm—to tear fresh acres out of the green wideness of the Marsh and fling them under her plow. She had done all that at Ansdore—done it all, and smashed it all. She could not do it again. With what had come to her from the sale of Ansdore she would re-establish herself, not as a farmer, but as a housewife, mistress of many rooms and much furniture. If she tore anything from the Marsh, it would be a green lawn or a flower garden.

Her thoughts ran ahead of her eyes throughout the expedition. She did not see Crown Dips as it was now in its incompleteness, with the marks upon it of contrivance and inefficiency. Martha grunted her amazement at Joanna's skimming attitude towards the kitchen range and the dairy, towards the dark cow-shed and inadequate fowl-run; the fact was that she saw all these things not as they were now, but as they would be in twenty years, with herself splendidly rising to greet Ellen, announced by a parlormaid, "So glad you were able to come, dear. I've asked the Squire and his wife—and here's

Martin. Doesn't he look nice in evening dress?" She saw Martin in white shirt-front and white waistcoat and tails—looking exactly like another Martin. . . .

"Can't say as your fowls seem to be doing too well," said Martha acidly.

"It's two months since poor Mr. Wicken died, and I'm not used to looking after things myself. I had no experience of country life till I married—that's why I want to get back to the town."

"Found it a bit difficult to rid yourself of this place, haven't you?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, not at all, if I was willing to take any offer. But folks are hard up these days, and I won't sell except for ready money."

"I'll give you two thousand for it," said Joanna, "cash down."

IV

On the journey home she leaned back in the little train, her eyes closed in a comfort which was entirely spiritual. She was spiritually at ease, though her body ached with her dusty tramping and the unrestful seat of the train. Her spirit was at rest because she had found again a country that she knew—a country of grass and watercourses, of winding hard white roads, of buttercups and hawthorn hedges, of nibbling cows and sheep, all bounded by the sea. Even the miniature railway, jolting along its ridiculous track, had its double on that other marsh which flowed over the borders of Sussex and Kent into the spit of Dungeness, just as this melted together the borders of Sussex and Hampshire at the base of Manhood's End.

She would be happy here; there would be no strangeness for her either of street or hedgerow, no hills or undulations to make an unaccustomed view. For Joanna the dear had always been the familiar-old faces, old places. The first she could not hope to see again, but the second she could restore. Manhood might be smaller and saltier than Romney, but it would be what she had always known—the Marsh, in its flatness and greenness and mildness, its seagirt pasturage, a land alien from the rest of Sussex, apart from weald and down. It was the Marsh that she wanted; she would be happier on a marsh in the shires—supposing that the shires grew anything so gracious—than on some wealden hill twenty miles from where she was born.

Her contentment was so great that she had only good humor for Martha's scolding. They were alone in their carriage, and Martha scolded hard all the way to Chichester.

"Reckon you must be mad, Miss Godden, to do a thing like this. That farm ain't worth more than fifteen hundred. She would have asked eighteen and been thankful to get sixteen, and you go and offer two thousand without even troubling to find out what she'll take."

"The farm's worth more'n two thousand to me."

"I don't see that. You'll have to spend another five hundred before it's fit to live in."

"Well, I can run to that. I did well out of Ansdore, and the best way to spend the money seems to build another Ansdore for myself and the boy."

"That place ull never be Ansdore. Why, there's only twenty acres, and you'll never get more—she said that herself."

"She doesn't know. Besides I don't want more. I don't want land. I'm too old to start all that over again. I want just enough land to pay for improvements to the house. I'm going to have a fine house, Martha—bathroom, hot and cold water, same as I had at Ansdore, a nice paddock and a flower-garden, and a parlor maid a lot better than Mene Tekel ever was."

"What I can't understand is why you couldn't buy a place that was better to start with. For the money you're paying you could get a house with them things already there."

"But I don't want them already there. I want to put them there. I want to make the place grow. Besides, I'd have got nothing like that on the Marsh—the agents said so. They said there was nothing to be had on Manhood, and if I'd never lit on that woman's advertisement, I might be settling now in some tedious place inland."

"Well, you'd be a lot better inland—I told you you'd best go to the shires."

"Oh, have done do, Martha, with your shires. What you don't understand is that I'd sooner pay two thousand pounds for a thing I want than sixteen hundred for a thing I don't."

"But you could have got the thing you wanted for sixteen hundred. That's where I'm blaming you. It's only your vanity that makes you throw your money about. Your idea was to scare that Mrs. Wicken and make her tell all the neighbors what a rich and fine and magnificent woman you are."

Joanna smiled. What Martha had said was quite pleasantly true. She had offered more money than she felt Mrs. Wicken would ask, and certainly more than the farm was worth in its present state, because she wanted to enter the neighborhood with a flourish. At the price of a few hundred pounds she had left Mrs. Wicken gaping at her lavishness, and in course of time would arrive to find the neighbors gaping too. Best of all, she herself felt once more rich and fine and magnificent, such as she had never felt since love had stripped her of Ansdore and sentenced her to a soft and bitter going that she had forgotten in this glorious hour.

V

Joanna's preparations for her removal took longer than Mrs. Wicken's. The latter had only to pack her trunk and order a van to take her sticks, and jolt away one still morning when the sun was driving the fog off the sea, cheerful in the hope of certain comfort for her husband's loss, since it meant her return from the exile into which he had taken her. Joanna, on the other hand, had to buy new furniture, because in a recklessness that she now regretted she had sold everything at Ansdore. She sought to reproduce as far as possible the Ansdore style of comfort—the horsehair, the mahogany, strangely mixed with the black and olive fabrics that Ellen had introduced during the last years.

Horsehair proved unprocurable, so far had the furniture trade deteriorated in the sixty years that had gone by since Thomas Godden bought his to set up housekeeping. Joanna had to fall back on tapestry, studded and strewn with the black cushions Ellen had loved. But her dining-room suite was mahogany, and her bedsteads were brass, and her windows were white with the scrawliest patterns of Nottingham lace, wherein lace roses were as the ghosts of the red and blue and brown roses that rioted on her carpets.

To Martha's disgust she had also papered and painted all the walls—as a part of her incoming flourish, since only about half the rooms needed redecoration. But Joanna felt depressed by Mrs. Wicken's blue-gray stripes, and bunches of blue sweet peas tied with mauve and gray ribbons. She had never cared for blues and grays, and felt she could not settle among them. So instead she had more roses, red and yellow and brown and golden; the house became a bower of roses, paper roses, lace roses, carpet roses, and tapestry roses—the riot of Joanna's barbaric loves, unsatisfied in her life, unacknowledged in her heart, projected instead upon the walls, the floor, the furniture of her house.

Outside the house she did not do so much—there was less opportunity for splendor, and she had lost heart for the merely utilitarian. Her chief improvement and only extravagance was to enlarge the cowhouse for the stabling of four more cows. She must have half a dozen, at least, she said, if she was to

do any good. She did not fancy chickens as a means of livelihood, being discouraged by experience rather than enticed by adventurous arithmetic. But milk was always profitable if you could get a private round and ignore the middleman. This she proposed to do, and in time her dairy business would grow—she saw herself supplying hotels in Portsmouth and Southampton at last.

She had sold Ansdore at a good price, to one or two buyers, since no single adventurer would undertake what she had undertaken singly for so long. A part of the land beside the Brodnyx road had gone in building lots, and the two well-built houses of Great and Little Ansdore, with the manorial rights of one and the wide lands of the other had brought her enough money to face a more difficult future than any before her now. She could afford to buy Crown Dips at a price that would make her famous, to set it in order both within and without, and still have enough to settle and support the uncertain years.

So during the last days of June the Selsey Bill railway took Joanna many times to and fro between Chichester and Sidlesham. She was harassed by the needs of young Martin—his meal times were disorganized by such travel, and she was constitutionally unable to trust anyone else with his precious care. The same constitution forbade her to trust anyone with the care of Crown Dips—the builders and decorators would scamp and dawdle without supervision, and Mrs. Wicken's man, who had charge of the stock during the interregnum, would be sure to steal the milk and let the fowls die. Therefore, since she herself had made the house uninhabitable, she took a room for herself and Martin at the Falcon Inn—a little brick box of a pub on the Wittering road, staring with hard, bright windows out to sea, and offering a doubtful glass of ale to shepherds and wagoners and straying holiday-makers.

Joanna was not at all comfortable at the Falcon Inn, nor was the inn at all comfortable with Joanna, but her stay enabled her to combine the care of her two most precious treasures, Martin and Crown Dips, and hurry the latter into habitable grace. It also enabled her to make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Root.

The Roots were a middle-aged couple who lived in a small cottage near the inn, and worked on Owledge, the farm between the Falcon and Crown Dips. Root was carter, and Mrs. Root was chicken woman, but she had also some knowledge of dairy work. Though not yet old, the fact that they had lived all their lives in the district, in the remoteness of Manhood's End, had put them among the old people rather than among the young folk who wore bowler hats and silk stockings and traveled adventurously into Chichester on Saturday nights for the Pictures. Mr. and Mrs. Root had always lived within five miles of where they lived now, they had never been on the Selsey Bill railway, preferring on the rare occasions when they went into Chichester to travel by carrier's cart. They had never been to the Pictures, in which they dimly discerned the hand of Satan, whose constant interference with local affairs they believed in as firmly as they believed in the Bible. They spoke the old Sussex speech, broad and slurry and full of strange old words, and uncorrupted of the "bloodies" and "not halfs" of modern education. They picked and distilled herbs for food and medicine—they made dandelion and nettle tea, and cowslip wine, and simples and balsams with purslane and mugwort and succory.

Joanna esteemed them for no separate one of these things, but the total quality was eminently dear to her. Mr. and Mrs. Root stood to her for the old days and the old ways, for homeliness and memory—they were in the long line of servants that she had employed both indoors and out at Ansdore. Moreover they provided a very stimulating foil

to her modernity, her go-ahead methods, and brave experiment.

Most of all, her inquiries and observation showed her that Root was as excellent in his work with the cows as his wife in her work with the chickens. They were the instinctive workers of the old school, toiling in a sort of communion with the beasts they tended. They were the ideal couple for the outdoor work of Crown Dips, and before she had known them a week Joanna was coveting Mr. and Mrs. Root as desperately as Ahab coveted Naboth's vineyard, or King David the wife of Uriah the Hittite.

Her maneuvers to acquire them, though scarcely more scrupulous, were less catastrophic. They consisted chiefly in offering Mr. and Mrs. Root half as much again as Mr. Boorman of Owledge paid them. It is true that they would have to walk a considerable way to their work, but that was a common hardship, and amply atoned for by the promise of breakfast and supper in the day's gift of meals. No strong ties bound them to Owledge, which had lately changed hands and ways, and they had all their type's strong love of money as distinct from what money brings.

So when Joanna made her parting with the Falcon and moved into Crown Dips she sweepingly dismissed Mrs. Wicken's boy, and installed Mr. and Mrs. Root in the care of her farmyard. Indoors, she kept a girl, to cook and scrub and help her with the baby. Her parlor maid was still some years ahead.

VI

The neighborhood was inclined to be curious about the new owner of Crown Dips. As a rule when a farm changed hands, the incomer was already known by repute, having come from a spot within twenty miles at farthest. There was but little movement in the settled population of the Manhood Peninsular—it was as if the stream of visitors flowing to and from Selsey Bill drew off all the energy of the district, leaving the local life stagnant. There was but little buying and selling of land, except in building plots to Bungalow Town, and the farms, great and small, dwelt in unchanging stillness, rotting like red fallen apples in the green freshness of the Marsh.

Crown Dips had been built sixty years ago, by the father of the late owner, therefore, it was still talked of as new, and its shifting fortunes considered no more than was to be expected in such a place. Nevertheless, it was a surprise to find that the new owner was a woman, who had appeared suddenly out of nowhere, and had no kith or kin on Manhood, nor, apparently, west of the Downs.

No one could discover anything of her past except that she was a widow and had lived for the last six months in Chichester. Her husband had been killed in a railway accident—on a threshing machine—out hunting—had been drowned at sea—had fallen down dead in his own kitchen—had died in his bed of pneumonia—cancer—consumption—kidney disease. Joanna herself gave no help to conjecture. She was rather gruff in the face of inquiry, as was only seemly after so recent a sorrow.

She did not think it right to invent any story about herself, though Martha had often urged her to do so. To call herself Mrs. Godden and wear a broad gold ring on her wedding finger belonged to a different order of deceit. It was not so much a lying statement of respectability as a refusal to issue an open challenge of disrepute. Besides, in Joanna's world, "Mrs." was often a purely honorary title, the reward of established spinsterhood. She told herself that anyhow she would have been "Mrs. Godden" in due course; she was merely anticipating her title—though anticipating it in circumstances that destroyed her right, as her heart was not slow to tell her when she let it speak.

Martha had wanted her to call herself

"Mrs. Hill," as if she had been Bertie's wife in name as well as in fact—it was not so very difficult to imagine. To Martha it was more in accord with things-as-they-were, and also gave a better disguise. But Joanna would have none of it; her mind worked differently from Martha's, and she saw her chosen course as the less ignoble. As for safety, there was many a Godden in Sussex, Kent, and Hampshire; it was a good old country name, widespread now like all the best. It would give her a better shelter than any foreign Hill. Besides, suppose Bertie were ever to come into the district, and find her using the name she had so scornfully rejected—the mere thought of such a contingency made her scarlet with shame, and it did not seem unlikely to her fear.

Besides, she would be less prone to muddle things if she kept the name she was used to. With a new one, her tongue might trip and give her away. Apart from Martha's warnings, Joanna knew that she was likely to give herself away, and for the boy's sake she avoided occasions of self-betrayal. She adopted an almost cloistral life—the red and brown and golden roses blushed unseen, and the Nottingham lace lay like a veil between her and the rest of the world.

This again was all that it should be, and the neighborhood felt disposed to approval. It is true that Mrs. Godden had quarrelled with the Falcon and stolen Mr. and Mrs. Root from Owledge. But the Falcon was not held in any great local repute, and Owledge had lately passed into the hands of a new owner—not a stranger it is true, since he came from Appledram, setting up for himself on marriage, but nevertheless subversive of the ways of Owledge and giving Mr. and Mrs. Root a lawful reason for complaint and removal, apart from the briberies of Crown Dips.

These briberies and the price she had paid for the farm, improved by gossip's multiplication table, added greatly to Joanna's credit, and gave her the reputation of being a rich woman. Her husband had owned a fine place over by Horsham—he had made a lot of money out of livestock, and left his widow rolling, as you might say. She was only running the farm as a hobby—she had done up the house so as it took your breath away, and was living in it like a lady.

Joanna heard the echoes of these rumors, and they made it sometimes difficult for her to maintain her seclusion. She would have liked to see local feet—the feet of Mrs. Boorman of Owledge and Mrs. Gill of Solegate and Mrs. Gain of King's Court—treading her roses. It was real pain to her that her silver teapot, saved from the wreck of Ansdore, should never be the central sun of an admiring female system. She felt like a lonely queen in the midst of her splendor.

But she would not relent towards herself. If she grew friendly with the neighbors she would either have to involve herself in more falsehood or else give herself away—possibly she might do both. Also there was a queer moral complication. It was right that folk should be impressed by her wealth and skill and enterprise, for she was wealthy and skilful and enterprising, but that they should take pleasure in her society involved a lie, because, according to her code, she had forfeited her social claim. If all these people, the Mrs. Gills and Mrs. Boormans and Mrs. Gains of the district, knew her story, they would no longer seek her out, but regard her with contempt and indignation and, since they must not know her story, they must not enjoy her company under false pretences. Joanna was hard on herself, as she had been hard on others.

VII

That winter was the dreariest she had known. The winter before had been more catastrophic, more remote from experience, as she had sat and watched

it go by from her window in Chichester—going by in flurries of rainy wind that passed down West Street, in cold gleams of sunlight on the Cathedral tower, in the smell of moist earth in the Canons' gardens, in the queer many-colored jostle of a town at Christmastide, and the first drawing out of the days in a gaslit dusk. But it had never wearied her—it had been so like a procession passing by, a procession of hours and days and weeks going gallantly forward to the hope of the spring. She herself had seemed to lead winter onward, going before it in expectation. . . .

But now, winter was no path to spring, no procession, nothing that moved, but a weight upon the land, a heavy cloud that shut her into her empty house. There could be no developments on the farm till warmer, lighter weather. All she and her servants had to do out of doors was to keep things going as they were, and that was an easy job for the three of them. There was far too much time left to spend indoors, by the fire, thinking and remembering, while the wind howled over the Marsh and through the bending reeds of the dips, and the sea, unaccustomedly near, bellowed and pounded at the sandbanks, uttering hoarse threats to Crown Dips, shouting "What if I came nearer? . . ."

The roughness of the weather—climate made the chief difference between Manhood and Romney—combined with the difficulties of railway fares and the inconvenient hours of winter trains, kept Martha Relph away in the sheltered town. Joanna, who had hoped for her company, felt neglected. She did not find in her son either the occupation or the companionship that other women's remarks and her own thoughts had taught her to expect. It is true that a good deal of her time was spent in washing, dressing, and feeding him, and that every day she could watch some fresh marvel of growth; but curiously enough, he seemed to intensify her sense of loneliness.

On the whole, she felt, she had loved him more before he was born. Then he had been a cherished mystery, a part of herself so intimate and dear that it had never occurred to her to want another human being to share her love. Before his birth she and her child had been one, a single unity. Now they were separate, a pair. But this was wrong. The number of love is not two but three, a trinity—father, mother, son. Her love was incomplete because a part of it was lacking—the father's part. Oh, deary me, what am I to do without a father for little Martin?—To work for him and watch him grow—I was never meant to do it alone.

This was a new discovery for Joanna. Hitherto she had imagined that when her child came life would be complete. But now it seemed even farther from completeness than when she had been single. More than even during those days of quest and yearning, she wanted a man, a husband, a keeper of her household, a father to her child. And now she knew that she could never have him. According to her code, no decent man would look at her. It would not be right—she herself would disapprove if he were lax enough to want her in spite of all. But no one would want her—if ever anyone did she would have to tell him everything, and then he would go away. Better not meet anyone—better live alone as she was living—she would grow used to it in time.

She found a certain companionship in Mrs. Root. The man himself was too inarticulate even for Joanna; he plodded on at his work without speech and, it would seem, almost without thought, toiling not of plan and care but of inherited instinct. Mrs. Root, however, had moments of conversation, in which she told Joanna about neighbors past and present—how they were going to start sheep next year at Slivericks and were engaging a shepherd from the Downs (as if he'd know anything about it); how Solegate Farm had been given Mrs. Gill as a wedding present by some earlier lover, whose name nobody knew, her having met him when she was in

service at Brighton; how Mrs. Ades was expecting her eighth child in May; how they were getting a new couple in at the Falcon, as the brewers were shocked at the way Mr. and Mrs. White had run the place. And did Mrs. Godden know, but a murder had once been committed there? Not in the days of anyone living, but a young man hanged for it all the same.

Joanna found that Mrs. Root was nervous of going out after dark and would never walk home without her husband, for fear of "ghosteses."

"You don't mean to tell me this place is haunted!"

"Not the house, ma'am, nor yet the plaace. But you sometimes meet Them on the road. 'Tis ghosteses out of the sea."

"Drownd folk?"

"No, ma'am—folks that used to live under the sea, or sooner, I shud say, that lived a dunnamany years ago in a forest where the sea is now."

Joanna caught her breath in a pang of memory.

"In the place where I used to live," she said, "there was a whole town under the sea. Someone once told me about it, a town of fifty taverns, he said, and twelve churches—all drowned when the floods came, way back in old times. You can see the marks of the waters in New—in one of the churches—leastways of the mud the waters brought. Was it a flood that drowned the forest here?"

"Reckon it was—an unaccountable gurt flood, that came upon them when they was all eating and drinking and giving in marriage. You can read about it in the Bible."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Root,—surelye. The Bible ain't about people like us. That was Noah's flood."

"Maybe you're right, ma'am, but I always understood as it wur ourn. There wur a king drowned in it—while he was out hunting—and sometimes still you hear his horn."

"And at—at home you hear the bells—the bells of the churches under the sea. . . ."

In that moment Manhood and Romney flowed together in the waters of a common doom. The whole of memory was as a land drowned under cool green water.

VIII

When spring came the child ailed. He had always been a comfortable baby, calm even in his teething, but at the coming of the spring winds he grew peevish, tossed and whined, refused his food, and made Crown Dips stormy o' nights. Joanna was not used to children, and her inexperience fed her alarm. She thought Martin must be terribly ill, that he would die; she sent for Martha, she sent for the doctor who had attended her in Chichester, recklessly paying his town fee in preference to the more modest one of the local practitioner, whose skill she doubted. Both the doctor and Martha agreed that there was not much wrong with young Martin, who was merely cutting his double teeth, but there was a great deal wrong with Joanna, who was worn out by her frets and her bad nights, and had, moreover, been revisited by the rheumatism which had first mocked her age three years ago on the other marsh. The doctor told her she ought to take a holiday—go inland to some dry, bracing, cheerful place, and if possible leave the baby behind her.

"That's good sensible advice," said Martha, "and you should ought to take it."

"What! Leave a chicken farm in the spring. I don't call that sense."

"If you go at once, you can get back before the real work starts and reckon Mr. and Mrs. Root can manage till then. As for Martin, if you go now I can come here and stay with him, seeing as my rooms aren't let till Easter. Georgie can manage by himself for a week, and a week ud be all you'd want to set you up again."

"It ull cost a lot of money, which I

can't spare till I know how we're going to do this spring."

"You won't do nothing this spring unless you go and get a bit of a change first. You've gone and moped and worried yourself ill, down here alone by yourself all the winter, and if you ain't careful the rheumatiz ull get you fast, seeing as you're Marsh bred."

In the end a compromise was effected, a rather expensive compromise, since it involved taking both Martha and the baby with her to lodgings in East Grinstead.

"There's no use talking. I'd fret myself silly if I left him behind, even though I left him with you—and I'd be lonelier than ever I was at Crown Dips."

"But you should ought to go to a hotel—you wouldn't be lonely there. You'd see life."

Joanna shook her head. Hotels were outside her existence as she viewed it now, as a thing austere and apart from her fellow men. Staying at a hotel had been the beginning of sorrows—she would never forget that it had been because of her going to stay for a fortnight at the Palace Hotel, Marlingate, that she had first met Bertie Hill. Similar traps for those who forgot the good ways of the Marsh—according to which no woman stayed alone except in lodging-house seclusion—might lie at the Dorset Arms, East Grinstead, or the Beacon Hotel, Crowborough. So she renounced the temptations of their comfort and social altitude, much as she would have enjoyed boasting of these even to no other audience than Mr. and Mrs. Root. Martha knew of quiet lodgings in Brambletye Road and, as she would take charge of young Martin, Joanna could get her sleep at nights and some freedom during the day, and at the same time feel that her most precious treasure was under her eye.

She had never been successfully idle, and by the end of the week was eager for her return to Crown Dips, apart from her conviction that the Roots in her absence had destroyed it entirely. But she was substantially better for the dry bracing air of the Sussex highlands, and for a week's good sleep. Little Martin was better too—Martha's less emotional methods suited him admirably. His yells did not wake her the first night, so he did not trouble to utter them the second. He and Martha understood each other.

On the day of her departure, feeling cheerful and invigorated, chiefly by the thought of going home, Joanna walked up to the Dorset Arms to order a cab to take them to the station. An open touring car was just pulling away from the hotel, and looking into it she found herself looking straight into the eyes of her sister Ellen.

For a moment both women stared powerlessly at each other—then the man who sat beside Ellen called to the chauffeur to stop.

"Why, Joanna!" he cried, "here's a surprise. Who'd have thought to meet you here!"

It was Tip Ernley, Ellen's husband, a bit shy and startled, but with all a man's desire to regularize an irregular situation.

Ellen had by this time recovered, and rose to the occasion in her turn.

"How are you, Jo? I thought you were at Chichester."

"I've been staying here for a week with Baby, seeing as we'd both got run down with the winter on the Marsh."

"Which Marsh? You haven't gone back to—?"

No madness of Joanna's seemed improbable to Ellen.

"Oh, no—not Walland Marsh. I'm on Manhood, over by Sidlesham. I've got a little farm there."

Joanna was the most flurried of the three. She stared at Ellen sitting there like a queen in her fur coat, and for the first time doubted the perfection of her own coat and black-plumed hat. Though Joanna infinitely preferred her own way of dressing to Ellen's, her sister's clothes never failed to make her feel either shabby or outlandish.

"We're on our way to Brighton for the

week-end," said Ellen with unexpected graciousness.

"Is that your car?"

"Yes—do you like it?"

"It's fine. I'll be getting one of my own before long, I reckon."

"I hope you will," said Ellen, while her smile added "but I doubt it."

For another moment the sisters stared at each other without words. Joanna felt the color mounting on her cheeks. It was just like Ellen to sit there talking of nothing that mattered, instead of having things out. Joanna had always set great store on "having things out," such circumstances as spectators and occasion counting for little.

Ellen saw the color rise and deepen, and as she gazed found herself quivering with a sudden undesired response. That flushed face under a towering black hat . . . it seemed to link her up with a past she had thrust away, with her own childhood on the Marsh, with a little girl who had hidden her face in a big motherly breast, who had coaxed and kissed and quarrelled with a kind big sister. . . .

The situation once more required regularizing.

"You haven't told us where you're living, Joanna," said Tip Ernley. "What's the name of your farm?"

"Crown Dips, near Sidlesham."

Ellen had recovered herself.

"How's the baby?" she asked. "He must be quite big."

"Reckon he's getting big." Then "things" had to come "out"—Joanna could not help it if the whole town was looking on.

"Ellen . . . Ellen . . . won't you come and see him?"

For a moment Ellen hesitated, then she said quite gently:

"I can't come now, but I will some day."

"You will . . . you promise."

"Yes—some day. Good-by, Jo."

The car drove on. Tip had felt that it might properly do so now. Both he and Ellen turned and waved to Joanna, who stood motionless—like a monument to Good Will Frustrated by Good Manners.

IX

Little more than three months later England went to war.

The matter came as a surprise to the people at Crown Dips, and indeed to most of their neighbors. Cause and effect were difficult to trace—somebody had murdered a foreigner in Servia. Why not? Murder was the common lot of foreigners, since rumor said that there were no policemen in foreign parts. Joanna had no love for foreign parts, though long years ago she had dreamed of a Parisian honeymoon. It was just what you might expect of foreign parts, to conspire so formidably to wreck the peaceful process of day-by-day.

"Surely we're not going to war about a lot of blacks," said Mrs. Root.

"Belgiums ain't blacks," corrected Joanna's enlightenment.

"Those I saw was," persisted Mrs. Root.

"Where did you ever see any?"

"In the sea—" with which remark she cryptically closed the conversation.

But on the whole Manhood approved of England's decision. War was a good thing for agriculture, sent up prices, and gave landowners a chance, which the Lord knew they needed. Besides, it would be all over in a month or two, and good fun while it lasted.

There was some private dismay when one or two local lads marched with the Territorials, and still more when some others who were not Territorials went to enlist at Chichester. Those in the district who remembered war remembered it only in South Africa, an affair of distant drums. They at first imagined that the new war would be like the old one, would come no nearer to them than the newspapers, and take no more of their youth than a few adventurers, or of their money than a tax easily payable out of agricultural fullness.

As the drear days of the autumn

closed in over a sea unlighted by the watchful eyes of the land, as the disaster of Mons forced its way through suppression by channels of rumor and report, and the turning-point of the Marne proved no decisive victory and conclusion of the whole matter, the spirit of the country changed, and the change penetrated even to Manhood's End, where there had been no flags or national anthems or Belgian wounded—even there the change was as of a shout dying down into a sigh.

Joanna felt it all remotely. She had never been much of a reader of newspapers—a glance at the headlines in the Sussex *Gazette* had sufficed. Now for the Sussex paper was substituted the *Times*. It cost more, but she felt convinced that it knew everything. She could scarcely believe that any Censor dared check its utterances; any suppressions must be due to a mighty submission of its will in the interests of safety. No one else in the immediate neighborhood took in so august a journal, preferring a penn'orth of pictures to two penn'orth of solemn words, wonderful and incomprehensible as spells. Joanna felt appreciably nearer the heart of the Empire's struggle than any Gills or Boormans, and the feeling gave her a secret pride.

But something was to make her feel even nearer than reading the *Times*. Hitherto she had had no personal link with the War—except when in a moment of sudden dismay at its continuance over the scheduled two months, she had wondered whether it might not now go on for twenty years, eventually to involve Martin in its carnage. But during the autumn Ellen wrote to say that her husband had succeeded in getting a commission in the East Kents, and would be over in France very soon. When he was gone might she come down and see Joanna? She had heard that there was a very decent hotel at Selsey Bill.

Between the rather indifferent lines Joanna read, or at least imagined, the anguish of her sister's soul. Ellen loved Tip Ernley. It was because she loved him so much that she had been cruel to Joanna. Love makes you cruel sometimes—Joanna knew that. Her love for Ellen was no longer cruel, no longer fierce with outrage. She wrote and begged her sister to come to Crown Dips, to make it her home while her husband was away—"To be just as we used to be, duckie, you and I."

But Ellen remembered what "just as we used to be" was like, and wisely avoided its renewal. No, she would rather go to the hotel—her comings and goings might be erratic—she would be better on her own. "But thank you very much, Jo, all the same."

So the estrangement of two years was to be over, and the most dreadful wound of Joanna's life was to be healed, in the midst of a wounded world.

X

Ellen came down to Manhood's End in the first days of the new spring. Tip's going had been delayed until then. But now he was gone, lost behind the dark curtain of the smoke. It almost seemed as if Ellen's eyes were following him there, so sad and far-off was their gaze. Joanna was smitten when first she saw her sister, and realized what she had always known but had sometimes forgotten, that Ellen's life had held nearly as much sorrow as her own.

Of course Ellen had "done well for herself" as they say. She had married unhappily, she had disgraced herself with an elderly lover, but she had somehow managed to thrust both events back firmly into a quiescent past, and now she was married to a kind and congenial husband, well-to-do and a gentleman. She had a beautiful London house and all the money she wanted for the clothes she loved. On the other hand, Joanna's past was not quiescent, it seemed to have traveled with her through life, gathering power and menace as it went. It was with her now in the concentrated shape of little Martin, whose ancestry was not merely the Bertie Hill of two years ago,

but the Martin Trevor of fifteen years' remembrance.

Nevertheless, Ellen must have gone through her moments of overwhelming pain. She was going through such a moment now, and it was as well that her big sister was at hand to comfort and support her. Not that Ellen encouraged comfort or support. She seemed wonderfully able to support herself as she came into the lounge at the Selsey Bill Hotel where Joanna was waiting for her. Her dress and her demeanor started their usual challenge to Joanna's. It was disconcerting, that shout of utter quietness which Ellen's clothes seemed to give.

Joanna did not possess an evening frock, vaguely connecting such raiment with hotels and moral downfall, but she had been pleased with her stiff black taffeta gown till Ellen's violet cloud proclaimed it a coarse and garish covering. There was the usual interval of incoherent and resentful embarrassment on Joanna's part and self-possession on Ellen's, then the two sisters linked arms and walked into the dining room.

They were reconciled. But not a word of reconciliation had been spoken. Ellen had seen to that. Their first meeting after the estrangement had been public by fortunate accident, their second was public of design. The almost empty dining room, in which every whispered word was common property, struck awe even into Joanna. They parted without any embarrassing confidences, regrets, or explanations. On the other hand, the first awkwardness of meeting soon was gone, and they fell into comfortable chat. They talked about Tip Ernley, about little Martin, about Martha Relph, about old times at Ansdore without any chill sense of estrangement over these things. Once or twice Joanna had opened her mouth to utter forbidden words, but Ellen, more skillful now than of old, was always able to silence them.

Her victory was so complete that when, the next afternoon, she came over to tea at Crown Dips, the position remained unchanged. Perhaps Joanna had been chastised into a new discretion —anyhow, her first attempts having failed, she no longer sought to overthrow the hard-won amenities. She made no further effort to "have things out." She showed Ellen the farm, the house, and the baby, feeling very pleasantly proud of all three. Then they settled down to their good tea.

Joanna had sold all her household gods, feeling that she had desecrated their shrine, so there was nothing in the room to remind them of Ansdore. The roses were, of course, all part of the Ansdore tradition, but Joanna's litter of treasures—her mother's "ornaments," her father's "Buffalo Certificate," all the framed colored supplements from Pears and the *Illustrated London News*, were gone, and as yet there was little to take their place. More sentimental memories than Ellen's might have regretted their absence, but Ellen could only feel glad that the riot she had always deplored was over, and yet that there was enough of the old Jo left in the carpet and wallpaper for her to feel herself at home.

They talked mostly of Tip and his adventures in France. He wrote home cheerfully to Ellen, but of course he could not tell her much. It was plain that she loved him dearly, and in her love was the self-sacrificing courage which is always a part of truth, whether in knowledge or love. Joanna could not analyze it, but she was conscious of this growth in Ellen—an inward growth, which might be hedged by hardness from the outer world, even from her sister, but which nevertheless was strong and ever more and more sweet towards her husband.

"Jo," said Ellen suddenly, "I hope you'll get married."

Joanna flushed. To answer directly would be to step on forbidden ground, and she was as anxious as Ellen now that this should not be trodden on.

"I don't know as I want to. Besides—"

"Besides what?"

"Well, there isn't anybody."

"Oh, I'm not meaning at once, but in time. You're the sort of woman who can always marry if she makes up her mind to it."

"I'll never do that. I'd sooner stay as I am."

"I'm not saying you're not very comfortable, but you must often feel it lonely here."

"I've got my child."

"A child's not much without a man."

Joanna grew angry because Ellen had echoed her thoughts.

"You've no right to say that, Ellen Godden . . . Ellen Alce . . . Ellen Ernley . . . " the whole past flew like a film before her as she fumbled over Ellen's names. "I've missed my man, but I'm no worse off than you who've missed your child."

To her surprise Ellen did not take up her challenge.

"You're quite right—I'm no better off than you, at least not much. I don't really know which is worse, to have a husband and no child or a child and no husband."

"Then you'd like to have a child, Ellen? I remember as how with Arthur Alce . . ."

But Ellen cut short her remembrances.

"It's different now. It's different with a man you love. I didn't love Arthur and ought never to have married him. But I love Tip, so I wish there was a child. But there won't be. That's certain now. So you're right, Joanna—I'm no better off than you."

Her mildness, accompanied by the revocation of what Joanna had considered the wickedness of earlier days, melted her sister's wrath. Joanna too revoked.

"I don't know about that, Ellen. I don't know as I wouldn't sooner have a husband without a child than a child without a husband."

They debated the matter amiably for some time, coming to the conclusion that the first was best, since a husband was always more or less, himself, one's child.

XI

On the whole Joanna, like most women, enjoyed the War. As it went on through the months she enjoyed it better. The new experience of having an interest outside the round of one's daily life was too pleasing and vital not to be clung to. She had now grown used to the *Times*, and could understand much that had once mystified her in its language and point of view. She was able to talk about the War not only to Mrs. Root, but to the Vicar when he called, and to Tip Ernley on the one occasion that Ellen brought him down to Manhood's End.

Ellen brought him only once. Joanna could see that she did not mean the reconciliation to be more than formal where he was concerned. She had never quarrelled with Tip as she had quarrelled with Ellen; he had merely been kept away from the doubts and embarrassments of her acquaintance. Now he was still to be kept away. His life was not to be complicated by the misfortunes of Joanna's. But Ellen and Joanna were sisters again—nothing could alter that; they belonged to each other once more, and nothing else mattered. Not that Joanna saw much of Ellen during these times, for Ellen was busy in London, doing War Work. She went through a course of training and became a voluntary nurse in a big hospital. She sent Joanna a photograph of herself, looking almost nunlike in a white veil, with a red cross on her breast.

Joanna did not do War Work. She was too busy with her household and her farm. But she gave to her country ten of the twenty acres she had meant to reclaim from the Marsh for her own delight and ornament. She had meant to convert the land nearest the house into an orchard and flower garden, as part of the scheme of developing Crown

Dips as a country house rather than as a farm. But now she foresaw a new need, greater than her own. Before the Ministry of Agriculture had begun its arguments with rural prejudice, Joanna had refilled herself with the glamour of an earlier exploit and put ten acres of grassland under the plow.

It was true that this plow was a hireling, and the ground when sown did not yield with the rich fruitfulness of the eastern marsh. But the excitement roused by her deed was much the same as that roused by the same deed at Ansdore. "Them as breaks grass shall themselves be broke"—thus at her inspiration Furnese of Misleham had created a new proverb in the bar of the old Woolpack, and much the same was soon being said in the bar of the Falcon on the Wittering Road, in the bar of the Lion, Sidlesham, and the Crown, Bosham, and the Queen's Head, Appledram.

She did not give the neighborhood the lie quite so triumphantly as before, nevertheless, she gave it and some sixty quarters of grain to her country's need. She came to be looked upon with wonder as well as curiosity—the Marsh talked of her prowess, and of other things connected with her which she would not have been so pleased to hear discussed. Hitherto it had accepted her as a well-to-do, stand-offish neighbor, who wanted to amuse herself with farming in a small way. The last thing it had expected was to find her competent and, now that she had proved herself so, it was perhaps inclined to view her less favorably than when it had considered her the usual ineffectual sort of lone woman. But whether or not it approved, it was impressed—and Joanna knew that it was impressed, and tasted triumphantly of sweets she had long forgotten. When those in high ministerial places passed from the cajolery of the English farmer to his discipline, then was Joanna's head exalted above her neighbors. It was pointed out that where she had succeeded, others at least ought to attempt. She had, in fact, discredited the local Providence hitherto supposed to be set in judgment on those who force the earth.

She had forced the earth, and the earth had yielded. She knew that in spite of herself she had become a farmer once again. Her ambition lost its merely household quality, and became agricultural. She would forego all thought of "grounds" outside the house and a parlor maid within; instead she would buy more land since things were going well and the War was good for farmers. She would break up another ten acres and at the same time increase her pasture for more cows . . . she'd give the Falcon and the others something to talk about. . . . The War had brought a dead Joanna to life again.

XII

By the summer of 1917 Crown Dips was a farm of fifty acres, half dairy, half grain. Mr. and Mrs. Root were reinforced by a plowman—Tom Addis, a bad-tempered and obstinate old fellow, but all that could be obtained in such times of dearth. The dearth of butter, milk, and eggs was more satisfactory to the farmer than the dearth of able-bodied men. Joanna's milk round could have been twice its size, and people came all the way from Chichester to beg personally for her butter, until she found that it was not worth her while to make it. She herself and Mrs. Root had charge of the fowls and dairy, Root—finally relinquished to her after sundry tussles with sundry tribunals—being required to help Addis with the beasts.

Joanna worked from six o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock at night, toiling as she had never toiled in personal sweat and backache. She never left the farm, except when its interests took her to Chichester. She had no time to be lonely or weary, no time to have rheumatism, no time even to hear the wind as it wailed down the Marsh.

All her life was work, driven by an urge which was partly agricultural ambition, partly the first growth of her class's love of money, and partly mere energy, inspired by the great unrest around her and the great need.

In the house her joyous roses faded. The one girl—who was never added to, but occasionally replaced by an inferior specimen, as the call of the munition factories was heard on Manhood's Marsh—had no time to keep the dust off the carpets nor the blinds drawn against the grin of the sun. The house, which Joanna had planned to be so marvellous, began to look neglected and shabby. It was being sacrificed to the more importunate farm.

There was another part of her life which was being sacrificed in those days, and that was little Martin. Sometimes she lamented it, sometimes she resented it, but she could not deny it. He was not neglected—his washing, feeding, and other cares were all a normal part of her day—but she had no time to play with him, no time to discipline him, and the little boy needed both play and punishment. He was four years old now, and trotted with her round the farm, putting his hand with hers into the nests, standing beside her while she milked—a new experience even for Joanna—holding a little besom and pretending to help her clear out the sties, for she now kept over a dozen pigs.

There was no harm in all that, indeed it was good that he should get to know the farm so early, and have as toys the animals which in twenty years would be to him mere pounds, shillings, and pence. Joanna encouraged him to hold the little April chickens and scratch the backs of the young pigs. "Mumma will give you a puppy dog," she said a few days before Jennie the spaniel-retriever was due to have her litter. In that way all was good, but there were other aspects that were more disquieting. Sometimes Joanna said to herself, "He's growing like his father." He was not a bad little boy, but he had a strong will and a fierce temper, and she owned that she could not manage him. She told herself that she could have managed him if she had had time, but she had not time, and there was nothing to be done about it.

She had not much time to think about it either, but when she did think she was disturbed. There was so much against poor little Martin. First of all there was his father—Joanna believed implicitly in heredity, and expected to find Bertie Hill's rather pathetic selfishness in his child as a matter of course. She also believed in pre-natal impressions, and sometimes grieved to think that the whole time he had been "coming" she had been at issue with the world, all conflicts and alarms. Besides, Martin was very nearly a war-baby—only a few months of his life had been lived out of the sound of the great guns at Portsmouth, thundering in the west, shaking the doors and windows of Crown Dips, shaking the very air. . . . It was only natural that the child should be restless and excitable. But it was bad. If she thought about it much she would get like what she had been in her first winter on the Marsh, frantic and miserable. Just as well she had no time to think. . . .

XIII

Early in July the Sidlesham Flower Show took place. It had been in abeyance for two years, but now it was considered expedient to revive it for the encouragement of local effort. Just as the farmers were being driven to break up their grass for grain, the cottagers were being urged into growing vegetables in their flower gardens. The Roots' front door was buried in a jungle of giant rhubarb, cauliflower run to seed, peas bearing one pod to every coiling yard of stalk, and other fruits of goodwill. They had sown their seed, but had been unable to do more in the pressure of their day, and now Mrs. Root privately considered the results inferior to the

rows of many-colored asters, clumps of phlox, and bee-humming sunflowers that had preceded what she called her War Vegetables.

Certain efforts had been made to turn the Show into a carnival. There would be fancy dress, and prizes, a band, and dancing after tea. Joanna was inclined to regard all this as degradation—on Romney Marsh people didn't have to be invited to make exhibitions of themselves before they would do the same for their fruit and vegetables. But of course she would go to the function—she had one or two exhibits in the poultry class, and besides must give her countenance to all agricultural effort. She decided to bring the boy. It would be a change for him and the first real treat he had ever had.

This was Joanna's first public appearance since leaving Ansdore. For five years she had stood resolutely by her rule to go softly, and not to enlarge the scope of her lying by seeking many acquaintances or social occasions. But this revival of Sidlesham Flower and Vegetable Show in the interests of her country definitely seemed to require her presence. She must come forward, since without her all would be flattish. Crown Dips was far from being the largest farm in the district, but it was in many ways the most important, and had a pioneer glamour about its new-sown wheat. Joanna Godden in her black was a towering figure among the tents, an intended rebuke of fancy dress, and a lure to the eye of the gallant colonel who rather incoherently opened the Show.

When he had finished talking about "doing our bit" and "backing up the boys," Joanna escorted him round the stalls. In reality they were accompanied by the Committee, but somehow that collection of war-rejected males was lost in the glow of the one woman. The colonel noticed that Joanna's clothes were odd—rather startling even if they were black, and a bit old-fashioned too—but he also noticed that her eye was bright and her cheek was warm and her step was full of life. He began to wonder who she was and how old she was, and why was she in mourning? A widow, he supposed—maybe a War widow. He'd like to know something about her—what was she doing on a farm in this one-horse place? Did she ever come to Brighton?

When they had been the round of the tents and stalls they came back to where little Martin waited in the charge of Martha Relph and Mrs. Root.

"Mumma!" shouted Martin.

"Hullo, my duckie."

"I wan'er dress up, I wan'er dress up as an ash-heap."

"He's just seen little George Sell, Ma'am," said Mrs. Root, "all done up as an ash-heap, wud a pail over his head and bits of muck hung around him. You never saw the like. He'll be first prize, I reckon."

"He should ought to be spanked. I never heard of such things."

"I wan'er dress up as an ash-heap."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the colonel—"that's a fine idea he's got."

"It's a shocking idea. I can't think how people can do such things. No, you've got your new suit on, dearie, the niee new suit that Martha made you. You look unaccountable smart. You be satisfied with that."

"I wan'er dress up as an ash-heap"—and Martin took a flying kick at the black folds of Joanna's skirt.

"Now, now, young man!" said the colonel severely.

Martin quailed at once, and the incident abruptly ended. Joanna, who had prepared for a long battle, looked surprised.

"He's a bit of a handful, that little chap of yours," said the soldier.

"Yes, a bit . . . sometimes. Not always."

"A boy's sometimes too much for his mother. I expect my two are running pretty wild now I'm away. Ever come over to Brighton?"

The question startled her, and she looked into the man's eyes. In them she saw his honest, rather inquisitive ad-

miration. Her color mounted. She suddenly felt angry and, seizing Martin by the hand, pulled him away.

"No, never—and if you'll excuse me, I must go and look at my fowls."

The Committee came to life around him, told him that nobody knew Mrs. Godden very well—she was standoffish and went her own way. No, her husband had not been killed in the War—no one knew anything about him—he had died before Mrs. Godden came to the Marsh . . . and some queer things were being said.

Meanwhile Joanna went into the enclosure where the poultry and dairy produce were on view. She herself had several exhibits in this class, and had only expected that her brood of chickens and her brood of ducklings, as well as her milk and her butter should take prizes. To keep him quiet, Martin was allowed to play with the little ducks. There were ten of them in a basket, yellow, fluffy, funny things, their faces full of intelligence and good-humor. Martin loved them and fed them delicately with little bits of corn.

Relieved to have him quietly occupied, Joanna went about her business, then when the shadows of the tents were lengthening upon the grass, and the thought of dancing was invading less well-ordered minds, she turned peacefully to the idea of going home.

"Time to go home, darling. Baby must have his tea."

"I don' wan'er go home. I want my tea here."

"Better have it at home, duckie. It's such a squash in that tent, and no nice milk for you. Come on, and we'll all have tea with Martha."

Martin was fond of Martha and his countenance lifted. Then Joanna spoke the words that opened hell.

"Say good-by to the little ducks."

"They're coming home with us."

"Not to-day, darling, they're sold."

Martin clutched the handle of the basket which stood at the edge of the stall.

"I won't go home without my ducks."

"They never were your ducks—they were mother's, and now she's sold them. They belong to Mr. Gain."

"They don't. They belong to me. I want my ducks."

Joanna grew heated. Their voices had by now attracted a small ring of spectators.

"Be a good boy, Martin," said Martha, "and go home. You'll have plenty more ducks to play with there."

"I won't. I won't. I won't. I stay here for ever and ever. I want my ducks."

"How dare you be so naughty!" cried Joanna. "Come along at once."

She seized him by the arm, and his anger blazed at her. One vigorous tug and the basket of life was on the ground, one vigorous stamp and at least one life was death.

"No one shall have my ducks, I'll—"

Joanna was nearly sick. She snatched Martin up bodily in her arms and held him there, kicking and screaming, while Martha and Mrs. Root picked up the basket, to discover that one other duckling was dead besides the one Martin had stamped on.

"For shame—shame," murmured the crowd. "What a naughty little boy—so cruel—and prize ducklings too."

"I don' care! I don' care!" screamed Martin.

He kicked and struggled so that Joanna was forced to put him down. She noticed that his face was no longer red, but white. Nevertheless, he went on shrieking:

"I don't care."

"Then you should ought to care. Look at the poor little things."

A hand was extended on which the two little bodies lay limply. Martin still shrieked:

"I don' care. I don' care. They don' mind. They've gone to heaven."

"Oh, hush!" cried Joanna, horrified that her offspring should add blasphemy to his misdeeds.

She was nearly weeping herself. She was overwhelmed with shame, and a shame which was not only for Martin,

but for herself and her powerlessness to cope with him. The spectators were predominately female—they whispered and nudged and clucked—four male years were able to hold them at bay.

Then suddenly old Tom Addis the plowman came pushing his way through the little crowd. He did not speak, merely picked up the yelling Martin and carried him off under his arm.

"I don' care. They've gone to heaven. They've gone to heaven," shrieked Martin.

But old Addis took no notice of him at all. He merely walked off with him homewards at his usual stolid gait, while the three women followed, trotting helplessly.

XIV

When they came to Crown Dips Addis delivered young Martin to his mother.

"You're a bad, naughty boy, Martin. You shan't have any tea to-night."

"He should ought to have a good spanking," said Martha, "and what queers me is why you don't give it to him, mum."

Joanna shook her head.

"Why, when I remember you and Miss Ellen," continued Martha—"and Fuller, your looker, that you sacked before all the world in Romney Market—"

"Hold your tongue, you fool," cried Joanna.

She felt humiliated by her own want of spirit. How was it that she who had dealt so drastically with her sister and her shepherd had no power to deal with her son?

"I don' care! I don' care!" shrieked Martin. "They're in heaven. They're with the Lord."

"You'll end up somewhere else, you young devil," said Martha grimly. "You're getting ruined, you are. It's all true, what I told you, mum. You can't bring up a boy without a man."

Between them they managed to undress him and put him to bed. His own struggles exhausted him in time and his screams died into whimpering.

"There, you naughty boy," finished Martha, "there you are and there you stay. It's less than you deserve after what you've done."

"They've gone to heaven," wept Martin—"they're around-the-throne."

His wailings had all latterly been concerned with the ducklings' eternal state. Joanna's first feelings of horror at a heaven which included animals had been purged by the sudden realization that Martin was saying all this not to vindicate but to comfort himself. She had begun to see his rage not only as a thing which hurt her but as a thing which hurt him. He was trying to comfort himself as grown-up people try to comfort themselves—by imagining the poor corpses revived in glory. She became convinced of this when, as she and Martha went downstairs they heard him singing in a voice choked by tears:

"Around the throne of God a band
Of glori'us angels ever stand—
Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold."

"He's sorry," she said to Martha.

"Imphs," said Martha.

Joanna went wearily through her evening's work; in spite of her prise-winning she felt overpowered by a sense of failure and pity. It was all being brought home to her again—the necessity of Man. Man was made for woman's suffering—that was of experience—but he was also made for women's need, and for her need in those circumstances in which one would think she stood most triumphantly alone. Mother and child—surely that was enough. No, it was not—without a man. Ellen had spoken truly when she said that you did better with a man and no child than you did with a child and no man. Perhaps if she'd had a girl . . . but she hadn't, and poor little Martin was suffering for want of a father. Perhaps after all it would have been better if she'd married Bertie . . . . Oh, no! no!

She went up to bed with her heart full

of pity for the child who had made her so angry. Poor little fellow—he was his own victim—and her victim too. She had been unable to mother him as she ought because she had been busy with the man's business of working for him. She had been weak with him, too, because to be strong for her meant effort—temper—tears . . . so different from the strength of that old soldier at the Show, who with a sharp word or two had brought him to obedience, or from the strength of Tom Addis, who had just used muscle and silence. . . . Yes, it was through his mother that he was suffering now—and would suffer again.

She leaned over the little bed beside her big one, her heart swollen with pity and anger—the pity for him, the anger for herself. Poor little fellow! What a life lay before him if she could not save him from his own passions. He lay on his side, his face flushed and the tears still wet. She suddenly knew that he was not asleep, and fiercely gathered him to her.

"Oh, mumma," he mourned against her breast—"oh, mumma—the poor little ducks."

XV

Towards the end of the night, just as day was beginning to break, a horn sounded in Joanna's dreams, and she woke suddenly, in the midst of a stillness. The stillness seemed to wait, as if for a sound to break it. She leaned up on her elbow and waited too, her body tense with dread, expecting once more the note of that horn under the sea. Then suddenly the breaking came—as the breaking of the whole world. The room seemed to crash about her, the earth to rise at her through the floor, the sky to rush in through the window. Automatically, her arm shot out over the child's bed, and in the shock she fell forward gasping. Then another stillness came, more dreadful than the first.

It ended less impressively, seeming to fray out into screams—whimpering screams from the baby's bed, loud shrieks from the servant girl's room, and far-off screams on the marsh. Joanna straightened herself, gathered the terrified child into her arms, and gazed wildly round the room, feeling that if she did not look now to see what had happened, she would not ever dare to look at all. It was not so bad as she had feared. The remains of the window-pane hung in a row of ragged teeth from the frame, the ornaments and pictures were on the floor, and broken glass seemed to be everywhere, but the walls stood firm, contrary to first impressions. The next moment there was a battering at her locked door.

"Oh, ma'am, let me in! Let me in!"

Joanna had the sense to put on her slippers before she set her feet on the carpet. Then she stepped gingerly over the broken glass and opened the door. Outside stood her servant, Rosie Pont, in a pink cotton nightdress, clutching a bundle of mixed possessions, her hair in the discipline of curlers, the rest of her abandoned to fear.

"The Germans have come. Oh, ma'am, where shall we go?—Whatsoever shall we do?—Oh save me!"

"Keep off the broken glass, you foolish girl. It ain't the Germans—they'd never make a noise like that."

She went across to the window and looked out. The dawn was leaden, gray and black, and dullish white, with a steely gleam on the sea and on the water of the dips. Nothing was to be seen, and nobody. It was dreadful, this loneliness of Crown Dips. Here she was, alone with a baby and a girl who was little better than an idiot. Her house felt devastated, and she found herself almost weeping.

Then she caught sight of a man below the window, and her heart beat less wildly. Once again Tom Addis had met her need.

"That you, ma'am?" came the comfort of his steady drawl—"that was a mine went up—off the Bill."

"Anyone hurt?"

"I dunno. There must have bin

something hit to make it go off, I reckon. But you can't see nothing now."

A few dark shapes were beginning to assemble on the beach.

Joanna shuddered.

"I'm coming down," she said. "Rosie, you stay here with Martin. He'll be quite good if you don't take on. There ain't no Germans here, and if there was they wouldn't waste any time on *you*."

She soothed and kissed the child, hastily put on a few clothes, and ran down into the growing light.

Nearly a dozen people had assembled on the ridge of sandhills between the dips and the sea. Owledge, the Falcon, and the Roots' cottage had given forth their population to greet the night's adventure.

"I can see spars floating," said Mr. Boorman of Owledge. "Some poor blighters of fishermen must have struck a mine and gone down. Didn't nobody see it happen?"

Nobody had.

"I wur dreaming as I wur out rabbitting, and just as I wur going to put up my gun I saw old Mus' Pokehill of Weddersham a-putting up hisn—at me. I throwed myself down on the ground just as it wur a-going off—bang! And there I was laying in bed wud the house shaking and bits o' glass all over me."

Thus Hickman, their stockman at Owledge, gave his version of the disaster.

"There's my poor boy home on leave before he goes out again," said Mrs. Light of the Falcon—"him that was wounded at Popperingy. And would you believe it, he's under the bed now, screaming and crying like a baby, and saying he'll never come out, or go out—I can't make sure which."

"Look!" shouted Joanna.

The gray light was whitening on the sea, and flat far-away coasts were coming out of western fogs. On the near waters tossed a black object, shaped like a log, or spar, or perhaps an over-turned boat, and from it shot up suddenly—again—a human arm.

"Lord! Lord! There's a poor chap in the water."

"Quick! Somebody get a boat."

"There's one at Sharps', before you come to Wittering."

"It us take an hour to get it."

"Can't anybody swim?"

"Oh, somebody help the poor creature!"

And like an echo a voice came over the water—"Help!"

All, men and women, ran down to the beach. Nobody, apparently, could swim. Mrs. Light said her son could and offered to fetch him from under the bed, but her husband told her not to be a fool. Then Hickman of Owledge rushed in and stood up to his chest in water. He shouted to them words that they could not hear. Then they saw him struggling. He was holding something in his arms, and the next minute Light ran into the sea, followed by Addis. Everything happened so quickly that Joanna had not time to think before she found herself looking down at a man who lay limp and unconscious at her feet.

TO BE CONCLUDED

IN PRAISE OF MUDDLING THROUGH

A STUDY OF ENGLISH POLICY

BY J. A. HOBSON

IN A recent address to the listening nations at Geneva, England's Foreign Minister expounded the thesis that his country owed such successes as it had achieved, not to profound statecraft or clever preconcerted policies, but to our happy way of "muddling through." Several organs of public opinion rebuked him for disparaging the political intelligence of his countrymen, one or two for giving away our most valuable secret. But the blame was undeserved, for few, if any, of his foreign hearers believed him. To continental statesmen, whether of the Latin or Teutonic breed, it seems incredible that our far-flung empire, our immense world-commerce, and unrivalled sea-power should have come into being without clear, conscious design. Can it be true that such greatness has "just come to us"? Or do such statements as those of Sir Austen Chamberlain belong to a humorous habit of self-disparagement that is endowed with a protective value? Most typical English humor is in a minor key. Our highest form of commendation has worn down to the phrase "Not half!" while our warmest acceptance finds expression in "I don't mind if I do." Quite evidently it belongs to a dislike of "giving ourselves away" by any obtrusive display of feeling. Most sorts of conscious self-assertion are "bad form." This does not mean that we are less selfish than others, or less insistent on getting our way, but that pride and a half-feigned, half-real indifference to the opinion of others count heavily. Most schoolboys would rather have it believed that they won a prize by some lucky accident than by careful preparation of their lessons. Is then our claim to "muddle through" in large affairs a feigned indifference? Foreigners generally believe it and include it in their general charge of British hypocrisy. The Quai d'Orsay cannot possibly believe how little contact actually exists between our Consulate at Bukharest and our Consulate at Belgrade, or that the British Empire was built up, as Sir John Seeley said, "in a fit of absence of mind." German statesmen imputed to Sir Edward Grey far-reaching and intricate plans of *Weltpolitik* that were simply ludicrous to anyone who knew his mind and methods. But any such disclaimers on our part are taken for new strokes of cunning.

Nor are our foreign critics entirely in the wrong. There is a sort of cunning, or even wisdom, in our policy of "muddling through." The best example of this unconscious cunning is in our presentment of the familiar portrait of John Bull, whose fatuous, good-natured, bucolic face suggests that anyone can "best" him in a bargain or lead him along any road he chooses. So foolish a creature is an easy prey for sharp practitioners! Put off their guard by such stupidity, they try it on—with consequences that surprise them. Such innocence and indolence are found to have a defensive—perhaps even an offensive—value. Yet this portrait was not made as a mask intended to mislead

and disarm foreigners. Painted in earlier times, it genuinely expressed a sort of national ideal of which stupidity, or shall I say unintellectuality, was a factor. We thought we were like that and were even proud to think so. We do not think so now, so there may be a bit of useful deceit in not displacing it by a more up-to-date presentment. We know, of course, that such a John Bull could not have possibly survived in the modern struggle—he would have disappeared long ago in a beef extract. But we still feel there may be some remnant of protective use in hanging out the old sign.

II

This brings us back to the economy of "muddling through." How far is it a sound economy and a true account of our ways of going on? The first point to be noted is that we are not mere muddlers for muddling's sake. We muddle *through*. Not only do we escape with our lives, but frequently we "come out with the goods." This seems to imply some method in our muddling, and leads some of our critics to maintain that it is a conscious artifice intended to throw dust in the spectator's eyes and to conceal our studied movements. But such imputations of hypocrisy and clear intentions are quite as wide of the truth as is the attribution of our successful emergences to mere luck. The fact is that we believe we get on better by trusting to some instinct of general direction and tackling each situation as it arises by some *ad hoc* expedient than by plotting beforehand the whole line of march and following it to some logical conclusion. It seems to theorists and philosophers a rash, a foolish, and a wasteful way of going on, but as a practical people we judge by results, and by comparison with the ways of other peoples, and are satisfied.

Take our Empire in its building. Seeley's epigram tells only half the truth. In none of our statesmen's minds was the crazy-work pattern of this Empire ever present as a plan to be worked out, an ideal to be achieved. Its actual making took shape in hundreds of separately conceived and undertaken acts of pushful enterprise on the part of adventurous pirates, soldiers of fortune, gainseeking traders, ambitious proconsuls, explorers, and missionaries contributing each his share. The processes by which numbers of trading contacts grew into colonies, by which loose early frontiers were consolidated and extended piecemeal for alleged purposes of better defense, by which the colonial possessions of Spain, Holland, France in various corners of the earth fell into our hands as fruits of victory, by which humanitarianism conspired with trade and political ambitions in West Africa or Burmah—the whole tangled story was the invention of thousands of restless brains, big or little, each fashioning his bit with no conscious regard to any general whole, but fitting it on to some neighboring bit in the pattern that subsequently emerges.

There is, no doubt, an immanent logic in the sliding scale of imperialist terminology by which "hinterland" becomes a "sphere of legitimate aspiration," and thence passes into a "veiled protectorate," "protectorate," Crown Colony or Dominion—or Mandate, to add the latest term. But no long pre-concerted plan of policy ever entered the portals of our Colonial Office, much less engaged the heart and understanding of the numberless "men upon the spot" who were the actual empire-makers. There are, indeed, those who would find in the inflated rhetoric of our "Rule Britannia" with its

> And thine shall be the subject main
> And every shore it washes thine

a plain declaration of our illimitable acquisitive intentions. Others point to the new sentiment and policy of imperial unity, political and economic, which have played so considerable a part in our recent political and emotional life. But this imperial sentiment is of quite

modern date. The product of the imagination of the later Beaconsfield, Kipling, and the elder Chamberlain, Imperial Conferences, the South African and World Wars, it has contributed very little to the actual work of the expansion and consolidation of the Empire. Even those few statesmen who, like Sir George Grey, Lord Carnarvon, Joseph Chamberlain, and Rhodes, entertained some wider vision of the glory and greatness of our Empire, confined their actual making to the utilization of particular opportunities in imperial expansion. "Muddling through" is thus but a picturesque exaggeration of this opportunism.

History gives little support to any such reading of conscious purpose into our empirical gropings after Empire, Foreign Policy, or representative government. Looking back, we sometimes seem to discover signs of some such purpose, but closer inspection shows them to be no more than drifts of tendency. This belongs to our preference for doing to thinking, upon which Matthew Arnold discoursed so pungently in *Culture and Anarchy*. We not only don't think, but we disbelieve in thinking. Arnold quotes from the *Times* a characteristic utterance as applicable now as then: "For the most part we settle things first and understand them afterwards. Let us have as few theories as possible; what is wanted is not the light of speculation. If nothing worked well of which the theory was not perfectly understood, we should be in sad confusion."

So we have fumbled about through the centuries, producing an amorphous constitution which no foreigner can understand, which has worked well with us, but suits no other nation that has tried to copy it. Learned historians have sometimes affected to discover determinate principles, such as Balance of Power, forming a conscious continuity in our Foreign Policy. But no two are agreed on the meaning of this principle which, as it always brought us down on the side where our immediate interests seemed to lie, was little more than a decorative expression of our short-range opportunism.

III

The same holds with the principle of laissez-faire in our domestic policy. Even in its palmy days the doctrine never stopped us from state intervention wherever it seemed good to intervene, each case being determined on its own merits. I am inclined to think that the gist of the whole matter lies in these last words, "on its own merits." The philosopher, the academic thinker, the theorist, insists upon the application of his principle to all cases falling under what he calls the same category. Now this scientific view of life is felt, if not understood, to be perilously deceptive. The rigor of the rules it would apply rests upon the assumption that "history repeats itself," *i.e.* that two cases are identical and should be handled in the same way. Now this assumption—the basis of all science—is no more than a half-truth. There is continuity, but there is also difference. Two cases, or in history two situations, are never quite the same. The difference, the novelty, may seem small, but almost all the interest and importance, or value, may lie in that uniqueness. This is where the scientist fails, for he cannot get beyond the similarities that are the substance of his general thinking. It takes an artist to recognize, value, and handle the novelties which the creative urge of life produces. Science can make important contributions to the arts, but cannot make the artist, or do the work he is required to do. You might study the technic of Shakespeare until you were blue in the face, but you could not write one of his sonnets.

It is the free, skilled, successful handling of the unexpected opportunity that marks the statesman or any other adept in the arts of conduct. But why then does he appear as a "muddler through" rather than as a skilled craftsman? Is

it because the nature of his material is too novel, too mobile and refractory for any other than a hazardous empiric treatment? The history of the past decade should suffice to convince us that the great general, the great Statesman, the great businessman, alike, owe their greatness less to accumulated knowledge or accurate forms of calculation than to some quality nearer to instinct than to reason, the faculty of guessing right, of tackling a new set of circumstances with a confidence that turns out to be warranted.

This does not, however, present life as a mere game of chance. Genius is no more luck than it is "the infinite capacity of taking pains." The faculty of guessing right is fed with knowledge and experience, it works from this rich background: it is informed, not blind guesswork, but it proceeds not by conscious calculations but by "hunches." You may call them inspirations if you like. It is commonly admitted that genius works in this way. But how, it may be said, do you relate this exceptional quality to the British aptitude for "muddling through"? For it is not a few gifted statesmen, inventors, or pioneers of business enterprise that are in question, but a large heterogeneous mass of energetic men and women who help to form and carry out policies. These are the folk to whom close thinking and slow action are intolerable, who do not plan out their own success but believe in seizing opportunities that come along, and in their capacity of citizens impress this way of going on upon their government. Are they entirely in the wrong? Is this contempt for lofty principles, long-laid concerted policies, and the paraphernalia of social science a mere cover for intellectual laziness that shirks the intolerable toil of thinking? There is an element of truth in this view that we disparage thought because we are aware we are not good at thinking. The niceties of the intellectual life have never been taken by any considerable section of our people as a pleasurable art or sport. We *can* think, when close circumstances or plain self-interest require it, but we avoid it when possible. It may even be said that we disbelieve in thinking as well as dislike it. If science had its way, and everything was safe and predictable, if law and order prevailed in all spheres of conduct, we feel that all the savor would have gone out of life. Besides, we add (and this comes nearest to the heart of our convictions), the chances and changes of this mortal life are so numerous that such thinking as we are capable of would only breed anxiety and would not do us any good. If "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," why worry? In a world of chances we had better chance it.

This distrust of closely preconcerted arrangements is peculiarly strong in Britons. We dislike all committals. The famous episcopal remark, "Better England free than England sober," has a wider application. We prefer personal liberty (the right to do wrong if you will) not only to sobriety, but to efficiency. Though we are willing to dabble in socialism, as in other isms, any complete rule of life repels us. That makes it a gratuitous absurdity for us to prosecute Bolshevism, or any other absolutist doctrine. We are quite immune against any serious infection of this sort. Revolution might come in England as elsewhere on a sufficient *ad hoc* provocation: it would never come in order to realize the Marxist or any other cut and dried design. This restiveness under rules and regulations is, however, only the negative aspect of a sporting spirit which takes a positive delight in risk-taking, tackling new and awkward situations, and wriggling out of tight places.

The stress and stir and hazard of the past decade have brought for Englishmen a vital enjoyment that has been no negligible compensation for the griefs, pains, and losses we have endured. In our light-hearted moods all of us are gamesters; and thinking spoils sport.

But among more serious people mental laziness masquerades as piety. Though dogmatic religion may be upon the wane, much of the old feeling about Providence still clings to us. It passed over to America, partly as "manifest destiny," partly as the Power that "takes care of children, drunkards, and the United States." This combination of sport and piety is, indeed, a chief ingredient of Anglo-Saxon civilization in every part of the world. Among definitely religious folk there is a handing over to Divine Guidance of all personal or wider issues which they do not feel competent to tackle. It takes the tone of submission to a higher will and wisdom—and incidentally relieves them of the obligation to look ahead upon their own account.

I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me.

Relief from anxiety over matters that we cannot control is manifestly an economy that leaves our mind more free and more efficient for thoughtful planning in matters that we can control. This is, of course, one of the benefits of most religions, though not of all. A religion that keeps you all the time worrying about your soul may be as damaging as one whose Kismet leaves no sphere of free conduct to the worshipper. But when the decision of all major matters, mundane or supramundane, is taken out of our hands, we are left free to devote ourselves to life's really interesting details. So in the British Christianity of our middle classes the main business of life has been the life of business, tempered by congenial recreations.

But even in our business world careful thinking has usually been confined within very narrow limits. Students of our economic history see the rise of modern industry, not as a process of orderly application of the fruits of science, but as a loose scramble of ignorant, hard-headed, pushful profiteers with the wit and courage to seize new opportunities and work them energetically. Even the better equipped modern capitalist employers are usually single-track minds with short haulage. Here and there you find a man of vision and a scientific planner. But almost always within the circumscribed area of his business. For business as a national concern we still believe in "muddling through." Our present situation is by common admission exceedingly precarious. With growing difficulty and by a narrowing margin we purchase from the world our daily bread and other subsistence. We carry on our backs an immovable burden of some ten per cent idle surplus population. Taxation has risen fourfold, some of our staple trades lie in a desperate plight. Coal, the basis of our national economy, threatens to collapse. And what is the attitude of our public mind? Simply fuddled. Committees sit, Commissions are appointed, Congresses of Bankers, Chambers of Commerce, Manufacturers Associations meet and ladle out their conflicting panaceas. Protection, Free Trade, Empire Development, Inflation and Deflation, Revival of Agriculture, International Controls, Credit Schemes, Nationalization of Essential Industries jostle one another for attention. But, urgent as the situation is, and specious as these cures can be dressed to look, there is no firm belief in any of them, no wide enthusiastic acclamation. Even Governments, formally committed to one or more of these panaceas, have no clear intention of applying them in any large consistent way. Bits of inflation followed by deflation, a few derisory protective measures, fixed prices to stimulate agriculture—afterwards withdrawn—little dabs of exports credit, doles for the unemployed to buy off revolution, a subsidy for mines to postpone the day of judgment!

Nor is this vacillating piecemeal policy attributable to quick changes of government. For each government in turn practices the same short-range, quick-change process. Not only is there no

settled principle or set of principles for application to our emergency: there is no firm belief in the desirability of applying them. Is this refusal to commit ourselves to any single or few general lines of reform sheer folly, or cowardice? Or is it founded on some instinctive cunning of behavior that makes us mistrust all general principles and prefer a policy of patchwork improvisations—what from the standpoint of logic is sheer inconsistency?

The real clue lies in our belief in "common sense" as the guide of conduct. Now common sense is compact partly of instinct, partly of reason, with a little moral aid from conscience. It forbids us to go to extremes either in thought, emotion, or action; it keeps us supple and easy-going in all our arrangements, not looking too far ahead, ready to give and take, not over-insistent on having our own way, keeping our temper, looking "bogeys" in the face and discounting "miracles." Under its promptings we eschew over-nice analysis of character or situation: we have a hunch or feel it "in our bones," yielding to prejudices rather than considered judgments because of some fount of secret wisdom on which we seem to draw. Not that common sense permits us to reflect upon its source or hidden value—that would be mysticism and taboo. Perhaps the ordinary Englishman would claim as its greatest benefit that it prevents him from making a fool of himself—though perhaps he ought to add it also prevents him seeing when he is making a fool of himself. For there is a certain dullness of perception involved in giving common sense full play. If, as we think, it is peculiarly our British genius, it is genius at its lowest level. Being, as its name implies, a common property, we should expect to find the sort of wisdom it bears enshrined in our proverbial philosophy. And so we do.

"Never cross a stream until you get to it." "Let sleeping dogs lie." "Live and let live." "Let bygones be bygones." "The proof of a pudding is in the eating of it." "Fine feathers make fine birds." "All is not gold that glitters."

In a hundred such sayings you have our "Common Sense" with its pragmatism, its toleration, skepticism, compromise. But with all its caution it is far from being a philosophy of quietism. "Make hay while the sun shines," "Strike while the iron's hot," "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day" are just as insistent in their calls for action. But the whole trend of this popular wisdom is towards short-range expediency. "Birds in the hand" are what we are after. For "Life is so uncertain," and "So many accidents happen even in the best-regulated families."

This easy-going philosophy of hunches and inhibitions directing our politics, our business, even our religion (for British Christianity has adapted itself fairly well to our compromising temper), has seemed to satisfy our needs up to the present. But those are not wanting who question this self-satisfaction, who insist that our preference of doing to thinking, our contempt for consistency, our hand-to-mouth improvisation, have brought us to a plight for which "muddling through" can furnish no escape. Wherever we look, our future is beset with difficulties due to this habit of not thinking, and eschewing consistency. Because we have refused to give clear meaning to "the harmony of capital and labor" and "the relation of the State to industry," in any ordered system of economic arrangements, we live in constant peril of a stoppage of our vital services. Our neglect of the physical sciences and of the fine art of finance in their application to our business life has suddenly compelled us to face the possibility that we may be unable, by selling abroad enough of our manufactured goods, to pay for the food and raw materials needed to support our still growing population.

The balance of a two-party system,

upon which government by majority has depended in the past, has been upset, and our constitution is quite unfitted for the operation of a three-party or a *bloc* system, which should take its place. Under the pressure of the new demands on government, aggravated by post-war burdens, our loose-jointed Constitution itself is straining and cracking. Collective responsibility in our overgrown Cabinet, saddled with a host of new expert departmental tasks, is no longer a reality, and we drift towards secret dictatorship on the one hand, bureaucratic rule upon the other. The House of Lords and the Crown remain untouched, perhaps untouchable, a permanent encumbrance on Democracy. As M. Siegfried, the acutest of our recent foreign commentators, says, "the British do not destroy institutions. They prefer to put them on the shelf and let the dust accumulate." * Indeed, the possibility of Democracy itself, a product of piecemeal emergencies and *ad hoc* compromises, is now seriously questioned by many to whom such questioning would have seemed blasphemy at the beginning of this century. Psychology, even in England, is opening many closed questions. The most amazing instances of our national proclivity, and the crop of insolubilities it presents to us lie in the domain of the new Imperialism. There, if anywhere, our "absence of mind" is coming home to roost. Our pride in the hugger-mugger framing of our Empire, with its variegated pattern, has always had a core of undisclosed humor. The absence of any defined relations between Dominions and Mother Country, between the Colonial Office or India Office and the Government of colony or protectorate, the rich diversity of types of government with their representative elements and official checks, has commonly been taken as a striking testimony to our genius for governing men. Sometimes tight, sometimes slack, we deal out powers and liberties not in accordance with cut and dried theories of the right relations of imperial to colonial bodies, but by a process of free adjustments, which well illustrate Mr. J. A. Spender's saying, "It is alien to the British spirit to push the logic of its governing system to extremes."

Indeed, is there any logic at all in our system? The reasons why this is a test question just now are various. Though many motives, as we know, co-operated in our empire-building, some selfish, some generous and altruistic, we have in recent times committed ourselves, if not consistently, at any rate with tolerable frequency, to the view that our Empire was a great world-school for self-government, and that as the child-nations grew up, we would clear out. Our white children have already taken us at our word, reducing the parental control to a thin and evanescent formula. The more precocious of our colored children are following suit, with clamorous demands for the closure of our "mission." John Bull, however, feels aggrieved at his fine professions being taken *au pied de la lettre*. He would like to keep the family together, and the property in the family. "Consequently," to quote again our French commentator, "a new imperial order is being evolved under our eyes without any apparent logic and almost without written texts." This task primarily consists in a loosening of political, and a tightening of economic relations between the constituent parts of the Empire. But it also involves some straightening out of the imperial foreign policy, so as to make it intelligible and acceptable to outsiders. And this calls for a super-Athanasius who shall explain how an Empire can be at the same time one and six, reconciling its substantial unity with the separate claims of the Dominions and India to regulate their external relations, as attested by their signature to the Peace Treaties and their membership of the League of Nations. It will seem to some a master-stroke of humorous ef-

* Post-war Britain, p. 206.

frontery that Britain, with this record of muddledom, should have asserted her leadership in the great attempt to construct an international system. But it does not seem to us a matter for surprise. For have we not, in our disorderly fashion, done more than any other nation for the orderly development of the world both in the sphere of politics and industry? May we, therefore, not be competent to conduct an even larger experiment in "muddling through" to a pacific world-order that will work all right, if Latin logic is not allowed to confine it in the bonds of strict definition and to impose an impossible equalitarianism upon its representative organs.

IV

It may, however, be admitted that, confronting our new tasks and entanglements, we are smitten with doubts about the efficacy of our ways of going on. May not the needs of the new age call upon us to replace the low-grade thinking that has served us hitherto by a more highly organized intelligence, with a longer and more accurate range of conscious activity? For some time past able men among us, such as Lord Balfour, Lord Haldane, and Mr. Sidney Webb, have been preaching this urgent need of organized thinking, and little groups have set themselves to the work of research and educational propaganda. But the fruits of this endeavor have hitherto been small and slow. To break up the mental inertia of the masses, so that culture and light may flow freely through the general mind, and a keen desire may arise for harmony and order in all the arrangements of life, is manifestly impossible. If we are to win in "the race between education and catastrophe," it must be by a stimulation of order and co-operative thinking, not so much among the populace, or among the small cultivated minority whom Matthew Arnold spoke of as "the remnant," but among that considerable middle-class in economic and social status whose activities have always been absorbed by over-zeal in doing. For these middle-classes have remained substantially Philistine, emitting here and there a family of intellectual vigor and attainments, and tempering their life of pushful business with some superficial interest in literature and art, and with some very real addiction to sports. But among these classes there is a great deal of rude untrained ability, capable under due pressure of being put to intellectual service.

Here has been the great repository of muddled thinking, or that common sense which no longer suffices for success, or safety. From these classes still are mainly drawn the business men, the professionals, the local politicians, and the officials. It is their brains that most need stimulation. For a handful of expert supermen cannot do what is wanted. They may furnish seminal thoughts and plot out new lines of organized activity. But the conversion of a substantial portion of the middle-class is needed to reform our institutions and apply the long-range thinking. A hard-set intellectual caste? By no means. Through the open channels of popular education will flow a constant supply of new brains and energy from the main stream of national life. Democracy, or the people's part in government, will remain, as ever, a mainly instinctive process of the general mind, that common sense always needed to hold in check the forces of intellectualism and expertism. It will continue to operate as consent, or dissent, of the people, with such measure of intelligence and rectitude as the organs of public opinion enable or permit it to attain.

THE TWO SAPPHIRES

A STORY

BY FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

Translated from the French by Virginia Watson

FOLLOWING her usual prudent custom, Yvonne Mantel told her taxi to stop at the corner, and then, shivering in the raw and snowy March afternoon, walked up the street on foot. The faint sensation of timidity—not unpleasant—which she felt every time she came, contracted her throat. Yet her adventure with Jacques had lasted for more than a year. . . . It is true that it was Yvonne's first adventure. Before meeting Jacques Andry in the social world she had never dreamed that she could be untrue to her husband. But this husband, lacking in charm and much older than she, had never inspired her with love, and Jacques was so attractive; he had known how to tell her with such delicacy and passion that he loved her.

Yvonne disappeared under the arch and knocked at the door of the little ground-floor apartment, which was opened immediately.

"My darling, how good of you to come so early!"

Jacques kissed her and led her into the large handsome, cozy room, fragrant and warm. Yvonne gave a little contented sigh: how delightful after the hostile cold of outdoors was this blazing fire, this soft light, those drooping roses slowly shedding their leaves, the tea on the low table.

"How pretty you are, Yvonne."

She had taken off her hat and coat. He looked at her—blond and slender, her beauty delicate and refined—she possessed a fresh and individual charm.

"My dear," he said, "to-morrow is your birthday. And . . . and . . . look what I have for you. No, I beg you, don't object, since it was understood that you would allow me. . . . Only tell me if it is what you wished—that I have not made a mistake."

He handed her a little box which she opened.

"Oh, Jacques, Jacques. But it is lovely, how good you are. I am delighted. I wanted it so much. And I love it all the more because you give it to me."

A ring, a sapphire surrounded by diamonds sparkled in her slender fingers. She tried it on; it fitted perfectly. Overwhelmed with joy, Yvonne thanked Jacques again with a tenderness in which was mingled a sincere scruple—one she had already expressed to him vehemently, but which he had succeeded in overcoming: could she accept from him a present of this value? It was sheer madness. . . . She did not dare.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Darling, don't let us dispute any longer. It hurts me. Am I nothing to you any more, that you can't accept a little piece of jewelry from me? You can tell your husband that your old country cousin, with whom he has quarreled, gave it to you. . . . Come, Yvonne, I am too happy to be able to give you something that pleases you for

a birthday present. This is the ring you wanted, isn't it? At least, I told the jeweller he must give me the exact one you had pointed out to me in his shop window a fortnight ago."

"Yes, yes, it is the very one. It is too lovely and I am too happy. Nothing has ever given me so much pleasure. I will put it on to-morrow for my birthday, when I come to see you. . . . I have never had such a birthday as that will be."

She laughed like a child, then her charming face grew grave and she pouted.

"My birthday . . . I remember my childhood festivals. . . . Jacques, how old I am getting—twenty-eight. You don't think I look too old?"

He laughed, and indeed the question was ridiculous—Yvonne radiated such glowing youth and childlike beauty in spite of her age—which, however, was not twenty-eight years, as she said, but thirty-three.

"Jacques," she said at last, "I must not be late in leaving. I am going out to dine with my husband."

Despite this resolve, Yvonne did not get home that evening until half-past seven, tired, happy, but a little irritated at the idea of having to dress in too great a hurry.

"Monsieur is ready; he is in his study," the maid told her.

Yvonne ran to the study. Monsieur Mantel, a large bearded man with heavy cheeks and a bald forehead, was there, having already changed into his dinner clothes, which did not help in giving him the slightest air of distinction. He was reading an evening paper.

"I will be ready in ten minutes; I was detained," Yvonne said hastily.

He made an evasive gesture: she wasn't later than usual. She was always late; he couldn't prevent it. However, he didn't let her get away from the study.

"Don't rush away just yet. I want a word with you. Come here."

He had a surly air. She felt suddenly uneasy and her heart was pounding as she went to him.

"Guess what this is," he went on, holding some invisible object in his big closed fist.

"But . . . I can't imagine."

"It is your birthday present. Ah, I didn't forget. It is to-morrow."

He burst out laughing and handed her a box exactly like the one which Jacques had given her a few hours before. In the box lay a ring, sapphire and diamonds, also identical with the ring Jacques had given her.

"That's the one, isn't it?" continued Monsieur Mantel. "I bought the exact one you showed me in the jeweller's window. Since you longed for a piece of jewelry this year for your birthday, I wanted to get the one you wished."

"Thank you so very much," said Yvonne warmly. "You are really too good. I am delighted. See how well it looks on me. I am delighted. I won't wear it this evening. I will put it on to-morrow. I don't want to christen it before my birthday."

She turned her face up to him, and he pressed his beard against it.

"So, my dear child I too am delighted that I was successful. And now hurry and dress, or it will be nine o'clock before we get there."

Yvonne hurried to her room. She opened her desk with a little key. She put the box her husband had given her at the back of a drawer and, by its side, the box which Jacques had given her, that she had brought back in her bag. Then she locked the desk and began rapidly to make her toilet.

She was completely satisfied. For a long time she had had an insane desire for a sapphire and diamond ring; but on account of her husband she could not wear a jewel of obvious value whose origin he did not know. And because of her lover she did not wish to wear a new jewel given by her husband, for Jacques was horribly jealous and would

have suffered at this thought of such conjugal intimacy. . . . What could be done? Yvonne actually longed for this ring and was amazed to find life so complicated.

Suddenly about a month before her birthday she found the way out of the difficulty. When she saw Jacques that day he had asked the date of her birthday. She told him, and he had begged her to let him know what sort of gift would give her the greatest pleasure. She had refused at first with sincere indignation to accept anything of real value. He had insisted, growing hurt himself: was he then nothing to her? So then she looked on him only as a stranger? Didn't she love him? Finally Yvonne had sacrificed her scruples, not wishing to oppose him any longer, saying to herself that, after all, he was rich and that it was perfectly natural he should wish to give her a present. . . . It was then that she had a flash of inspiration: she would have him give her the ring she so much wanted, and she would not only let her lover give it to her, but her husband as well. Each of them, seeing this ring on her finger, would recognize his gift. To each of them she would show at the same jeweller's the exact model she wanted, the same design. . . . She would have two rings absolutely alike; she would wear one and sell the other. She was fond of pretty things and sometimes found herself in difficulties when she had spent more money on her clothes than she ought to have done.

This was the plan which the two identical boxes containing identical rings that Yvonne had just locked in her desk had crowned with complete success.

Joyful and frankly congratulating herself for having shown such diplomacy, she started off for dinner with her husband.

When she returned later in the evening she admired the rings for a few moments, and the next day, shut in her room, she examined them at leisure, first by daylight, then by electric light, in order to decide which of the two she would keep. How could she choose? They were just alike. . . . Look, wasn't that sapphire a little paler? . . . Yes, surely, the other was darker. Which should she choose? She finally made a decision, put the chosen ring on her finger, and replaced the other in the box which she returned to her desk. She would sell it soon. Her dressmaker was dunning her, and then she had a great longing for a new piece of fur. . . . No matter, since she was soon to have a nice little sum . . .

Two days later Yvonne left the house early. She went to pick out her fur, and ordered it sent home. Then she made her way to the shop of a jeweller of whom one of her friends who had had some jewels to sell had told her.

Yvonne took out from her bag the ring she planned to sell.

"I wish to get rid of this ring," she said a little timidly to the jeweller. "What will you give me for it?"

The jeweller examined the ring carefully.

"Oh! . . . it has no value, and we do not buy that sort of thing," he said.

Yvonne gave a start.

"But, monsieur, you must be mistaken. This ring is valuable!"

The man smiled.

"Oh! madame, imitation stones, no matter how well done . . ."

Yvonne trembled.

"Imitation stones!"

"Yes, madame, this sapphire and these diamonds are not genuine stones; when it is one's business, one can't be fooled."

There was a moment of silence. Yvonne, thunderstruck, completely upset, struggled to preserve some appearance of calm. At last, angrily replacing the imitation ring in her bag, she took from her finger the other sapphire and diamond ring and handed it to the jeweller.

"And this ring?" she stammered.

The jeweller examined this second ring as minutely as he had done the first.

"This one . . . the stones are fine . . . you must have paid around five thousand for it. This is genuine."

Yvonne thanked him and left, the prey to a violent emotion. Once in the street, she walked rapidly, without knowing exactly where she was going. Agitated, indignant, furious, she felt like weeping with humiliation and disgust. She tried to think: one of the rings was false; therefore, one of the two givers, be it her husband or her lover, had played her a despicable trick with his pseudo-generosity, had treated her so contemptuously that he had passed off on her a fraud for a reality, thinking her too stupid ever to find it out. But which of the two had tricked her so basely?

She did not know, and that was the worst of it. She could not know since the boxes were identical, since the rings were alike (or had been in her eyes), and since it was absolutely impossible to know whether she had decided to keep the ring that was given her by her husband or the ring given by her lover. Vainly she tried to remember. How was it? The evening before her birthday when she locked the two boxes in her desk, did she put her husband's box on the right . . . or did she . . . ? She struggled to remember. She had not made any distinction between the two boxes; she had changed them around a dozen times—it was impossible to know. . . . Now she tried to reason it out, to study each of the two men. Take her husband, was he miserly, tricky, selfish? She had not loved him, but she had respected him up to now. In their six years of married life what had she to reproach him with? . . . What were his feelings toward her? . . . And then, what was it he had said when she had asked him to give her for her birthday the ring, the price of which certainly exceeded what he had spent for her in other years on this occasion?

And Jacques? Jacques so tender, so fine, whom she loved so, who seemed to love her so . . . was it possible that he? . . . Would he have insisted so upon giving her a present if . . . ? Yes, but perhaps he expected her to ask him for something costing a few hundred francs instead of several thousand. . . .

Yvonne felt she was going mad, her head was in a whirl. She didn't know—she would never know. . . . These two men between whom she shared her life—she now realized when she tried to judge them, that she did not know them. How could she find out? How? . . . There was no way. She could not question them—that would have been to reveal all to the one who was not guilty. She could not with safety question the jeweller; she would never know.

She suddenly noticed that she was near her home. She went in. She would see her husband in a few minutes; she was going to see Jacques to-morrow. . . . She shrugged her shoulders. She perceived now that she hated them both. . . . Yes, not being able to find out which one had tricked her, in the future, mistrustful and hostile, she would hate them both.

THE WIFE, THE HOME, AND THE JOB

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY

IT WAS a job very much in my line, and when I had expounded as persuasively as possible my qualifications I saw that the man behind the shiny desk found them adequate. Angling for a good job is a really thrilling sport, full of dramatic moments, calling upon all one's watchfulness and dexterity and steadiness. This one, I felt, was properly "landed."

"Very well, Miss Mavity," said the man in a tone of pleasant finality.

"*Mrs.* Mavity," I corrected.

I need not have said that. I might have argued that a man's name has no marital handle and that my married state had nothing to do with the case—as indeed it hadn't. I might have taken the opportunist position that I stood a better chance of getting the job without the damaging admission of matrimony. But I am not particularly ashamed of being married, and I don't care about getting things under false pretenses. This particular misapprehension should not matter; but the fact remains that it does.

"O—oh!" All the finality was gone from the man's voice. Then he asked three questions which, if they had been addressed to a man (which they wouldn't be) would have been resented as intolerable impertinence.

"Are you living with your husband?" he asked.

"Oh, quite," I answered; and refrained from adding, "And you?"

"Is he able to support you?"

"I prefer to be self-supporting. My husband's income isn't quite relevant to my fitness for this job, do you think?"

"But is your husband willing for you to work?"

"Yes." I gave it up.

So did he.

"I don't understand you young people," he said. "In my day a man who let his wife go out to work if he was able to support her would have been called a hound."

And yet he obviously had no impulse to call my husband a hound. Instead, I am quite sure he felt sorry for him. It was so much simpler, as well as more comfortable, when the home was universally accepted as woman's job. One half of the race, whatever their minor variations, could be lumped together as having one natural vocation, determined for them by their sex. For the other half nothing but sex was determined by sex, and with this the choice of a vocation had nothing to do.

The trouble arose when women began to question whether sex was a vocation for them either. To be sure, motherhood, long sanctified as woman's highest career, is woman's unique contribution to the race. But fatherhood is man's unique contribution to the race. On that score, which is precisely as far as biology goes, honors are even. Biology does not imply that wifehood and motherhood, either as physical or as spiritual experiences, carry with them a natural appointment to wash the dishes, cook the meals, darn the clothes, or train the young of the world. In short, a vocation for housewifery is not to be counted on as a sex attribute.

This discovery, of course, was made empirically. The average woman is a

better housekeeper and a less able financier than the average man. The average woman has been trained to a single occupation determined for her, not as an individual, but as a sex being. But when women began to seek general education and in consequence discovered in themselves various and individual aptitudes—even though these were used only as a stop-gap before marriage or as a resource in case they had no husbands to provide for them—they discovered also that these varied aptitudes were not transformed by marriage into the single aptitude for housewifery. To act fully on that discovery is to undertake nothing less than a revision of our established economic, social, and even emotional relations. Nothing is to be gained by underestimating the difficulties of such an undertaking.

I am not a genius, nor a fanatic, nor even a rebel. The development of a certain natural interest to the point where it would give me the means of subsistence did not carry with it any leaning towards celibacy. Must I choose between "marriage and a career"? The choice has no meaning unless marriage implies of necessity the bargain of financial support on the part of the husband for domestic services on the part of the wife. That is the economic side of marriage. All its other sides have to do with a personal relation and not with a specified job. I wanted the personal relation, but not that particular job. In this I was not unwomanly, but simply human—a person with an individual stamp of temperament and interest and ability, as well as a sexual being.

If I had married differently I might have resigned myself to the "woman's job" in the interests of domestic peace or in sheer defeat, as many women have done. I am absolutely certain that if I had done so I should have had a permanent sense of maladjustment which the most satisfactory emotional relation could not obliterate, precisely as the man who is forced into an occupation against his bent is dissatisfied no matter how much he may love his wife. That sense of frustration is the root of the unrest, the discontent of which modern women are often accused. There is nothing modern about the frustration. But the awareness of it has become acute enough to seek a change in the conditions that cause it.

Many men are unwilling to accept marriage on terms different from the economic exchange mentioned above. The wife who must oppose not only the whole social system but her own husband as well will either give up her husband or give up the struggle. And neither of these choices will give satisfaction, if the choice has presented itself as a real dilemma. The question does not concern simply "the wife and the job," but the husband, the wife, and their jobs. There is not a sex question in the world that can be solved without the active co-operation of both sexes. This is partially the record of one such co-operation, with its difficulties, its compromises, and its suggestions for solution.

II

From the beginning we regarded the home as a part of our joint enterprise. Neither one of us had any taboos about "man's work" and "woman's work." We had the initial advantage of simple tastes and an aversion to being owned by our possessions or to holding any given routine sacred through habit. We got breakfast, washed the dishes, and "tidied" the apartment together in the morning. Then we went up town together, met for the lunch hour, and marketed on the way home in the evening. The exhaustion which is supposed to be the fate of the woman who carries out such a program did not follow, because I did not carry a double responsibility—merely a half share of certain simple tasks.

Before my baby was born I took a leave of absence from my job, intending to return to it. But at the same time came another typical and acutely per-

sonal problem. My husband's firm transferred him to California. And thereupon theory met fact in a head-on collision.

In most families, of course, there would be no recognition of a "problem" at all. The law recognizes the right of the husband to fix the family domicile where he sees fit. Refusal to accompany him is desertion on the wife's part and is in most states ground for divorce. But we were not concerned with laws and refusals, and we had no desire for divorce. The conflict of those weeks brought us the deepest suffering of our married life. Our wills, without a trace of bitterness, were in direct opposition.

I have always been of a temperament to accept risks as challenges. I urged my husband to resign from his firm and seek another position even at a lower salary, rather than to ask me to leave the one city in America where my particular kind of job is readily found. His argument ran as follows: I was about to bear my first child; that in itself is a physical experiment—there was no guaranty that I should be able to work again in the near future. His earning capacity, both because men in general have higher posts and larger salaries than women and because of his greater personal experience, was larger than mine. He could not renounce his direct responsibility to provide for his child to the best of his ability.

I do not know what would have happened if I had refused point-blank to leave New York. It was not a question of right, but of facts; and the preponderance of facts, which have a way of ignoring abstract justice, was on his side. I capitulated.

This geographical problem is a crucial one. If a woman's job is the care of husband, house, and children, it naturally can be transplanted with the family. If her job, like her husband's, is individual, there is always a chance that their occupational interests will conflict. The logic of facts, however, is not always on one side. I know one couple who were separated, except for vacations, for thirteen years, but whose marriage has remained a vital and precious relation. However, most of us desire to share our lives with the persons we marry. And long separation undoubtedly involves, not only an actual and inevitable loss of closeness in the relationship, but the danger of destroying it altogether.

A woman scientist of rare and brilliant ability has been separated from her husband for several years because she was offered a post of great distinction in a distant city. If she subordinated her profession to his, not only would she limit the development of her great ability, but the world would lose a contribution objectively greater than it is within the husband's power to make. There is personal tragedy in that man's struggle to keep faith with his distant wife in defiance of a natural need of sex companionship. This man, and many other men and women, cannot work out marriage on these terms—terms which do violence to the very conditions which make it reasonable for us to demand personal sex loyalty.

No, the logic of facts is not always on one side. And yet in most instances the man who is willing to subordinate his occupation to his wife's is regarded with pity or contempt, even though her work is objectively the more important. And the wife who accepts such a sacrifice—instead of making it—is condemned as selfish and unreasonable. To meet that social judgment requires more courage than most people who have neither an all-compelling genius nor a taste for martyrdom can muster. Meanwhile, since social judgments change very slowly, most wives will compromise, as I compromised.

III

This confession, if it were typical, should now go on to relate how, after moving to California, I found supreme contentment in the care of my home and baby. But that isn't the tale. I did regain my physical strength very quickly

and then I spent a year looking for a job which would use my specialized ability and training in a city where such jobs are very few. In the meantime I was thrown back on the various substitutes which the women about me were trying.

I soon discovered that my state of mind was far too general to be put down to an unusually egoistic, ambitious, misdirected, or "masculine" personality. I was out of a job, but I had professional training and experience. And one by one the women whom I had thought content with marriage as an occupation told me how they envied me. Strange as it sounds, not one of them found in wifehood, motherhood, and housekeeping a completely satisfying "mission." They were not women of leisure. They had children and they kept house either single-handed or with the aid of one servant. But their husbands were not manual laborers, and the wives were not domestic drudges. They had a margin of time and energy.

Many of them spent most of that margin in exchanging entertainment with their women friends. These entertainments were in the nature of friendly competition as well as hospitality. The hostess always tried to serve some dish which, for complete success, must be both delicious and novel. And it usually was both. I discovered also (what I had never guessed before) that the styles in tea napkins, in bridge-table covers, in sofa cushions, in window draperies changed frequently. When everything embroiderable had been embroidered in cross-stitch, the lot was discarded, and everything embroiderable was embroidered in Bulgarian-peasant style. They did these things, not because they were either frivolous or fickle, but because of a deep human need to give meaning and focus and interest to a routine. They were not trying to create beauty so much as they were trying to find work.

When we did not play bridge at these afternoon parties, we were asked to "bring our work." Pick-up work they called it. Not for one moment did I feel superior or contemptuous of these women; but no compulsion short of an amendment to the federal constitution (and probably not that) would induce me to embroider.

"I have n't any 'work' to bring," I said apologetically. "If I had, it would require a typewriter, and all sorts of things you can't lug to afternoon tea. You see, I don't sew."

If I had said, "I don't breathe," the announcement could not have seemed more strange. And then one of the women jerked her thread so that it snapped.

"You're lucky," she said. "Do you suppose a single one of us in this room would be doing this stuff if we had anything else to do?"

The time that was not spent in entertaining one another, most of us spent in club activities. Housework is a desperately lonely occupation, each woman in her solitary kitchen doing her task and meeting her problems in complete isolation. Women do not associate with one another in their work. When the work is done they are inevitably hungry for social intercourse. Their husbands, on the contrary, usually have worked all day among other people and want rest and solitude. The division of labor according to sex tends to prevent husband and wife from sharing not only their work interests but their play interests as well. In this separation the woman's club arose to meet a real need for social recreation.

But the women I knew were not inwardly convinced that they had done a full job by caring for the household and that they were ready only for play when that job was done. Even when woman's direct responsibility is limited to the home, her interest has ranged afield. She wants to know the larger world—to look upon it even though she does not enter it. Hence the "study sections" of the women's clubs devoted to current events, music, art, literature, or social service. Through them the woman's

club provides the illusion of individual work related to individual aptitudes.

It is an illusion, because the purpose of these sections, like the "pick-up work" of the afternoon sewing circle, is not to get something done but to give the members something to do. They are unwilling to go to the hard work of delving into any subject because there is no incentive for the digging. No wonder the mood of these study sections is consummate dilettantism! There is no reason why it should be anything else. The professional in one field may be frankly dilettante in another field for the sheer fun of it. But his acquaintance with strict professional standards keeps the distinction clear in his mind. Women who have the professional attitude toward any subject will not be confused as to the value of amateur culture. But then, in that day they will no longer take it seriously.

I speak by the book, because I joined the social-service section. I am not trained in sociology, and neither were any of the others. It seemed obvious, therefore, that we should have to begin by accepting the most competent authorities on the causes of poverty and casting a critical eye on the various measures advocated to abolish it or to mitigate the cruelty of its consequences. Otherwise, we were only adding to the already large body of those who want to mix chemicals in the social laboratory without understanding the meaning of a chemical formula.

But these women did not say, "We do not have to earn our bread. We are free to perform another service, no less valuable because it is not paid in cash. We have time to question, time to investigate and to learn—and then we shall have the time to act. To us the paid workers can turn for counsel, for the knowledge which they have not had the leisure and detachment to acquire."

The most astute Freudian could not have dug out anything like that from the subconscious of the members of the social-service section. They wanted to do something tangible and immediate, something to give them a sense of participation in affairs outside their own homes. What they did was to sew for one charitable organization and to give a waffle fête for the benefit of another. These, of course, are harmless achievements in themselves. But they did not convert me to the idea that women are released from economic service in order to perform no less valuable social services. They gave me the conviction that when women are permitted to play at work but not to work at work the result is futility. What we need is a clear idea of the requirements for competence in any given undertaking. And the only way to maintain a standard of competence is to be judged, not by our willingness to "do something," but by our knowledge of what should be done and how to do it. The job from which we can be fired for incompetence is the only job we are likely to do competently. But that is not the kind of job which admits "volunteer workers."

Women's clubs have further served as a substitute-outlet for the organizing and executive ability of women. Those who, in recent years, have been allowed to use this ability in business or politics are either uninterested in women's clubs, or use them as training-stations, or work upon them to promote certain desired ends, precisely as men do. But the women who have this particular ability and are obliged to confine it to "club work" are not to be blamed for losing their sense of relative importance. They have perfected a group machine and have learned to make it work. But what is the machine to do? Its complex organization is not a means of direct participation in the outside world, but an imitation of that world. The machine was not perfected to get certain things done. The machine itself is its own reason for existence. It exists to give women "something to do."

The result, at its worst, is the ignominious absurdity of the reforming "cru-

sade." There were three such crusades in our city last winter. The first was an attempt to restrain merchants from displaying flasks whose shape suggested alcoholic contents. No previous inquiry was made as to whether such flasks were illegal. Of course they weren't; the police declined to take the requested action, and the merchants naturally did nothing whatever. The second was a protest against the sophistication of certain French dolls. The attendant publicity was its own reward; it affected neither the merchants who sold the dolls nor the persons who chose to buy them. The third was a mass meeting to decide just what reforms must be made in the style of dress, particularly the length of skirt, favored by young women. No human being, it is safe to say, has ever modified his or her costume in accordance with a vote; whatever mysterious forces govern fashion, club resolutions are negligible factors.

These were silly and perhaps extreme manifestations. But they happened. They happened because those women were looking for something to do. Club activity is not a substitute for professional activity, because it lacks the professional safeguard—the serious consequences of failure. The failure of a "crusade" carries no penalty; it is perfectly easy to start another.

IV

One of my first friends in California was a woman with pronounced ability for management. When I first knew her she was active in the two principal women's organizations of our town, and in numerous social-charitable committees. "Club politics" gave her the pleasure of using her talents and the reward of being an acknowledged leader. She had married, directly after receiving her college degree, a man firmly rooted in the established tradition of husbands. He drew all the checks for their specified purposes. Even in the kitchen she did not order her own "office equipment." She wanted a dish-washing machine, which her husband considered not so much extravagant as unnecessary. That she hated washing dishes and would rather retrench in some other department in order to have this piece of machinery was an argument that moved him not at all. She had no right—and absolutely no means—to be foolish in her own way; he was the sole arbiter of folly. Yet it was during this period that her husband drove up to the house in a new car. He had not consulted her about buying the car. It did not enter his head that there was any logical relation between the car which he wanted and the washing machine which she wanted. He was not an unkind or an ungenerous man. He simply took it for granted that all decisions regarding expenditure belonged to him and that her labor-contribution gave her no voice in the distribution of income.

Then Mary went back to the university.

"I've got to do this absolutely on my own," she told me. "I've matriculated for a two-year vocational course. It means carrying two full jobs. You call me a good housekeeper, but there hasn't been one day in all these fifteen years when I haven't hated housework. Now I'm going to learn to do something else. We make it a point to see that our boy has uninterrupted time for study; we release him from all other demands for that because we believe that it's worth while. But my meals must be on time, the cakes my family like must be baked, the fruit must be canned because they prefer home-canned fruit. If I can't carry both jobs, it's the university work that will be called 'too much' for me. I'm the only person who looks on this course as an investment; I can't hire extra service in the house to release me for it. I have no choice. The home job is the one that must be kept up to standard, with no chance of resigning. But in two years I'll have professional training. I'm going to carry through."

And she did. At the end of the two years she had a good position in the kind of work she loved. But the real revolution in that household was not in Mary but in her husband. Mary hired and paid for household help out of her own salary. A bad investment brought them into temporary financial straits. Jim was profoundly touched and surprised that she contributed from her earnings to meet the crisis. For he could not help regarding her salary, not as a part of the family income, but as a glorified personal "pin money." It was as hard for him to think of his wife as a partner in a common enterprise when she contributed a share in money as when she contributed labor.

And yet, curiously enough, when her ability was recognized in the world of men's work he did not protest her reorganization of home life to meet the new conditions.

"Mary has to leave the house at eight o'clock," he remarked casually, "so I get the breakfast. I'd rather do that than dress little Jim for school." That home was becoming a shared undertaking. And the merits of a dish-washing machine were appreciated, now that he had a direct connection with the dish-washing job.

"Do you know," he said to me one day, "I'm mighty glad that Mary has a profession of her own. If anything should happen to me, I know that she could get along. It's a great relief." And this was the man who three years before had argued with my husband that woman's place was in the home, and had meant it!

Mary had waited fifteen years to make her "break." Would I, I wondered, be wise to do the same: hold the home job while the children were young, finding what substitutes I could, and then go back? This is a solution often advanced and sometimes carried out. But it has some serious disadvantages. For one thing, during those years the husband becomes used to having the home job carried on without him. His long-established habits, as well as the wife's, must be broken in making the change.

Moreover, experience becomes almost valueless if it is long unused. The person in the world of jobs knows where jobs are, knows that so-and-so is moving on, knows that this or that organization is expanding. That person is naturally thought of when there is an opening. His work is known, and is in the field of attention. The maps of each job-world are constantly changing. To drop out of it for a period of years and then reenter it is to find oneself a stranger in a strange land. The woman of forty who has spent fifteen years keeping house must start over again at the beginning, with a beginner's ignorance of conditions and little more than a beginner's opportunities. If a man who had just begun to make his way as a banker or a physician or a professor turned farmer for fifteen years, he would meet exactly the same difficulties in taking up his abandoned occupation. This situation must be faced by every woman who says, "I will drop out now while the children are young. Then I will go back."

The other handicap is even more serious, because it is internal. The woman who "goes back" has not only limited her opportunities but has lost in real competence. She may start with the high resolve to "keep her hand in" with her music or mathematics or medicine. But these are relegated to the fringe of her time and attention. Her hands and brain are engaged in another and altogether different technic. Again, this difficulty is not sexual but human. We can keep on doing well only what we actually keep on doing better.

Part-time work offers a further compromise, but again with obstacles. The first problem is to catch your part-time job. From the employer's point of view a break in continuity means a real loss of efficiency. One whole-time worker accomplishes more than two part-time workers, who must catch up each other's

threads and go over each other's traces. If the business world were eager to solve the problem for married women workers, this disadvantage might be accepted. But it must be remembered that the business and a large part of the professional world is trying to exclude, not to admit married women. When marriage itself is a disqualification for women in many banks, schools, public services and business houses, we can hardly expect employers in general to accept the disadvantages of part-time appointments in order to give us an opening. We are again face to face with the central fact that the opportunities of women will not be greatly enlarged without the co-operation of men.

The same difficulty applies to outside work done at home. Such work is, in the nature of things, available in only a few occupations. Most jobs require the presence of the job holder; for most work is not isolated but is closely related to the work of others. Moreover, if the work must be done at home because the woman's time and attention are needed for home duties, that time and attention are not free to devote to the outside work. Competence in any pursuit is not achieved by the divided mind, at the mercy of constant interruption.

For all these reasons, I decided against dividing my time—either by years or by hours—between two occupations. My first baby was a year old when I found a job in California. I hired a housekeeper with a little girl of her own—her own motherhood was a severe handicap in her search for employment. She was not the "specialist" of the feminist Utopia. She was a limited cook and not an immaculate housekeeper. But she would keep my small daughter clean, fed, and out of mischief; she was kindly, and she could be trusted with the domestic purse.

V

My husband and I deliberately lowered our standards of household living. His suggestions were invaluable, because he came to the problem without preconceptions. It was he, for instance, who ordained that it was illogical to cut holes in the walls to let in light and then to cut off part of the light with curtains —curtains, moreover, which must be kept clean. We eliminated curtains.

A woman said to me not long ago, "I believe that conscientious, concentrated 'home making' on the part of women is responsible for more marital unhappiness than any other general cause. The husband asks that the home should be his wife's world, a world distinct from his. She spends the afternoon in concocting a new dessert. It is a labor of love and, for her, a labor of art. But he is not interested in food with all these emotional connotations. He puts that food into his stomach, where it belongs, and ignores the appeal to his heart and his æsthetic sense. If she weeps tears of disappointment he says she is unreasonable. And so she is. She in turn feels that he does not understand her—and he doesn't. Women fill their houses with decorative knickknacks—their approach to creative activity and to success in the one form of competition open to them. To the man these achievements are simply 'clutter.' I shall never forget the day when I came home from a hard day's work in the city and suddenly recognized them as clutter too. I kicked a pillow across the room, I remember—a pillow I had worked on for weeks. The next day I cleared out the lot. I wanted emptiness, not 'filling.' From that day on I understood my husband as I had never understood him before. I knew what he wanted in the home, because I wanted the same things myself."

It is not easy to turn our backs on the social standards surrounding us. But the non-domestic wife must resolutely withdraw from competitive hospitality. That competition has always been between women and for women. The insulting aphorism that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach must have been made first by a woman,

for her own justification. It is true to the extent that no ill-nourished person of either sex is comfortable. But it is to women that women look for real appreciation of their elaborate culinary efforts. One has only to contrast the menu which a woman will prepare when entertaining a group of women friends to luncheon with the orders given by men lunching together in a restaurant to realize that men regard food precisely as the gentleman so severely criticised by Wordsworth regarded the primrose. It is the women who are the Wordsworths.

But the problem of simplification goes far beyond mere elimination. It requires organizing intelligence, the breaking down of habits and their revaluation. It requires the invention of new ways to perform old tasks. It involves the paradox of concentrating attention on the technic of housekeeping in order to free attention for another occupation. This in itself is a specific aptitude which the professional woman may not have. Yet it is the problem which she is required to solve.

At present new equipment, new technic, and the socialization of domestic processes belong in the realm of hope and not of accessibility for most of us. Co-operative kitchens, nursery schools, the care of children by experts—all these are familiar as projects. The difficulty is to find them in existence. We must prove our ability to work with the imperfect tools we have before we can obtain more adequate ones. There is waste and fatigue and heartache and disappointment in doing things that way. But that is the way things are done. Nothing is made easy until it has first been accomplished when it was difficult.

In our own case, there were crises, of course. Our housekeeper was obliged to leave for a week. Some one had to stay at home with the baby. We took turns, keeping house on alternate days. This was a fair and obvious arrangement. And yet when a neighbor coming in on an early morning errand found my husband, pipe in mouth, attacking the baby's washing while I waved the morning paper in farewell and called, "Good-by, dear, I'm off to the office," she regarded it as an astonishing procedure.

If we had both been clerks in a big organization we could not have alternated so easily—though we still should have found a way. If a man asked for time off in such an emergency the request would be taken as proof that his wife ought to be at home instead of interfering with the demands of her husband's business. If a woman made the same request it would be used by many employers as evidence that she could not be relied on to stick to her job, and therefore should not hold the job at all.

VI

When my second baby came I took no leave of absence. During that winter, the three men who had desks in the same room with me had all been out for several weeks with influenza, and on these occasions I had helped to carry their work. Nevertheless, I had reason to fear that if I took time out the interpretation would be drawn that a married woman should not hold my position. I went regularly to the office until one night (a bit of bravado, this!)I drove my own car to the hospital. I had left two weeks' work prepared in advance. But when the baby was three days old I set up a typewriter on my hospital tray, and was keeping in touch with the office through my husband as daily intermediary. Oh, yes, I am a healthy woman! But there is no more reason for surprise at a healthy woman than at a healthy man. If women were as ashamed of being called "weaklings" as men are, there would be fewer of them. I speak as one who began as a weakling. But I needed physical fitness badly enough to work hard for it. And my chances for establishing good health were precisely the same as a man's.

In the physical care and in the training of our children my husband accepts the position of co-parent. Parenthood

is a personal relation among other personal relations. But it is a personal relation with high responsibilities and important social and emotional aspects. So far most fathers accept it in this light, and expect mothers in addition to accept it as a job—usually called a "vocation." And it is a job. There are noses to be wiped, quarrels to be settled, habits to be formed and eradicated. These things must be done: there is a job-side to parenthood which cannot be shirked. But it can be shared. Part of it is purely physical and can be delegated. Even in families where the mother is the specified person who looks after the children, the father is often the more potent influence in their lives. The imponderables which matter most are not the contribution of the person who spends the most time with the children, but of the person who uses time to the best effect.

In families where the father accepts an equal share in the job of parenthood the mother does not carry a double burden when she works as an individual as well as a parent. And the children have the immense advantage of sex co-operation and individual co-operation in their upbringing. The child with two wise parents on the job will have a double blessing. The child with one wise and one foolish parent will have at least a fifty-fifty chance, instead of being possibly almost wholly at the mercy of a foolish mother. Even the child with two foolish parents will be better off—for they are likely to be foolish not all-of-a-piece, but in streaks which partly cancel one another and improve his chances.

Our children are both in school now. They have never had a trained nurse to wipe their noses while both parents were away from home, but they have been adequately cared for at a cost which still leaves us financially the gainers by my addition to the family income. Even if the expense of their care during my absence had been so great that we did no more than break even, we should still be the gainers. I say "we" and not merely "I." I do the work for which I am personally fitted, and I am therefore infinitely easier to get along with than if I worked as a misfit in the domestic job, with the inevitable kicking against the pricks and the wistful backward look on what I might have done if I had not married. By doing away with the sex division of labor my husband and I have kept our shared interests. Our children are intimate companions to both of us.

At one time my profession took me abroad for more than six months. Contrary to fiction, the circumstance that it was I, instead of my husband, who made this business trip did not result in the children's breaking their necks or going to the dogs, nor did my husband consider himself ill-used and succumb to the nearest blonde. It was an opportunity which he would have accepted and which he expected me to accept as a matter of course. When we were married it was he who laid down a simple rule: "In matters primarily affecting me, I must make my own decisions. In matters primarily affecting you, you must make your own decisions. In matters which affect us jointly, we will consult."

VII

I have been so personal in order to show that there are no inherent sex-attributes, either in men or in women, which make such co-operation impossible, even in a world organized on a different plan. The social machinery still assumes that wives are by sex ordained to be home workers and that family authority as well as financial control belongs in the hands of the husbands. When a sufficient number of individuals have proved that another arrangement will work the machinery will be modified.

Is the game worth the candle? That, of course, is the supreme question. Is the chance to choose one's work as a person instead of a sex-being worth the

long and complex struggle to amend our entire social and economic constitution? The author of "The Fetish of the Job," in the November *Harper's*, believed that it was not. She had been successful; but she was glad to retire to her garden and the beating of yellow eggs in a blue bowl. Are we trying to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage—with the added complication that the holders of the pottage are reluctant to make the sale?

The answer depends largely on which is the birthright and which the pottage. The sense of fatigue and futility from which the author of "The Fetish of the Job" suffered is a human and not a sex feeling. Almost every man will recognize the longing to escape the grind and retire to a simple life with a sufficient income assured to him. The difference is, that the woman may now yield to that feeling without loss of social respect or of economic support; and she will inevitably lose that privilege if she insists on putting the domestic job on a par with other possible jobs offered for her personal choice. She may still choose domestic life if she prefers; but its special advantages of indefinite support and release from economic responsibility will be lost. "Wages for wives" will not be a feminist slogan but the demand of men who will refuse to accept the burden of supporting dependent wives when they are no longer compensated by special privileges in economic competition. We cannot eat our cake and have it too.

It is a long, hard game, and I have dwelt upon its handicaps. We must find the candle very bright indeed if we are willing to play it. The acknowledged right to earn money instead of receiving it as a gift or an allowance—is this really worth so much? We give in loving service, we receive in generosity; is this not enough? Even if there is a certain amount of social and personal waste in our unused aptitudes and our abandoned training, our own lives are enriched by these attributes, we are better off for having them, and we can salvage them at least partly for ourselves, our families, and society.

That is the case as fairly as I know how to put it. And I say that it is not enough.

I was discussing the subject of this paper with the husband I know best.

"I agree with you that women should have the right to choose their work," he said, "But I'm not so dead keen on a job as you are. I'd give up mine in a minute if I could afford to."

"Well," I asked, "would you be willing to accept an allowance from me—I, of course, to decide how much the allowance should be? Or I would pay the bills, and you could ask me for what you needed. I shouldn't be niggardly; but I should decide for you whether you really needed it or not. And you could not change your mind and go back to work without my permission. Even *with* my permission, you might be told that you were restless and career-mad and belonged at home, or that you had no right to keep some unmarried man or some woman out of your job. By law you wouldn't be entitled to control a penny of our income; on the other hand, the law would compel me to provide you with food, clothing, and shelter. The rest would depend on what kind of character your wife happened to have—and some have characters that don't take kindly to independence for husbands. If I made enough money, you might gain in ease and luxury of living by the change. You would lose only the burden of self-responsibility. You would be subject to my final authority instead of your own. You have confidence in my affection and intelligence and magnanimity. Would you accept such a relation to me?"

"No," he said, "I wouldn't."

Neither would I.

NOTES OF AN EMIGRÉ

BY ALBERT J. NOCK

MUNICH, BAVARIA—One's first few days in this quiet city give one the curious sense of being a fugitive. The dread hangs over me that at any moment I may feel the touch of magic on my shoulder and find myself plumped back into the reeking turbulence of New York. At this time of day there is hardly any one on the Promenadeplatz and, as I hear a few sounds of traffic on a busier thoroughfare ahead, I have a great fear lest the turn of a corner may bring me into Fourth Avenue.

There is a certain irony in the evidence here that the foundations of German "efficiency," "militarism," and all the rest of it, were laid so largely by a Massachusetts Yankee. With so much popular interest in the great Americans of our early days, I wonder that it has not occurred to some facile biographer to drop in a bean for one of the greatest of them—Count Rumford. True, he was no patriot. He fought on the King's side in the Revolution, went afterwards to England for a time, and then to Bavaria, where he led a busy life reorganizing the army, experimenting with artillery and explosives, and making a great name for himself in the way of applied chemistry and physics. He had his weak points. For instance, at one time he devoted his leisure to the depraved pursuit of figuring out cheap living for the poorer classes. Curiously, this exercise has fascinated a number of men more or less prominent in our history, such as Edward Atkinson, Horace Greeley, and Benjamin Franklin. Count Rumford compounded a soup, made out of bones, potato-skins, and various other offal which he analyzed and found in some degree nutritious; and the fact that it bears his name suggests that he may have thought well of his achievement. In spite of this infamy, however, the true patriot is proud of his country and its starry flag as he passes the fine statue on the Maximilianstrasse, in front of the Government Offices, and reads the inscription, *Benjamin Thompson, Graf von Rumford, geboren zu Woburn in Massachusetts.*

Count Rumford did not live his life out in Bavaria, but went over to France to spend his last years. His conscience may have driven him there, or he may have gone over to reorganize and improve the great national institution of the *pot-au-feu*—who can tell? Some years ago an American lady who has a large house in the country mentioned a circumstance that gives color to this latter theory. She told me that she once had a French cook who kept a *pot-au-feu* going and from the moment he took charge the daily average exports of garbage from the household fell off to nearly nothing and never rose again during his entire incumbency.

The Bavarians seem to have got more good out of their royalty than any other people I know of. Perhaps it is because their royal line (according to report) is touched with madness. There seems no doubt that the only kings ever good for anything, here as elsewhere, were the mad ones. Ludwig I used to stroll about Munich unattended, speaking to every woman who had children with her, as they almost all have. "*Guten Morgen,*

guten Morgen," he would say. "*Schöne Kinder, schöne Kinder!*" When a monarch thus voluntarily reduces the distance between himself and his subjects his official circle begins to think there must be a screw loose with him, as in the case of old Frederick, for instance, who ambled around Berlin on horseback, reining up when he saw a group of people talking together, and getting in on the discussion. William II was nearer the official type of a sane king; nobody saw him except on dress-parade. Still, William is now in Doorn, and the folks back home do not regard his memory as they do Frederick's.

The public memorials in Munich show another twist in the royal mind. Count Rumford's statue is one of a group of four. Beside him is General Duroy, and opposite are the philosopher Schelling and the physicist Fraunhofer. On the Promenadeplatz is a heroic figure of Max Emmanuel, the conqueror of Belgrade, with the musician Gluck on one side of him and the Belgian composer Orlando de Lasso, who died here in 1549, on the other. The inscriptions *Armis et Litteris* on the Armeemuseum would strike one as incongruous if one saw it elsewhere, but here it seems quite in the general tone of the city's civilization. No doubt these Bavarian kings had a sane ruler's full share of interest in fighting and gain-grabbing, but they had a saving streak of craziness that came out in their reverence for the things of the mind and spirit, and in their personal efforts to do something with them.

One notices, too, that the Bavarians are still pretty solid monarchists. After all the ups and downs of the late unpleasantness, they are not republicans to hurt. This may be a coincidence, but again it may not. At any rate, the fact remains that few rulers but the crazy ones, whether royal or republican, ever knew the direction in which real power and permanence lie. How many Presidents of the United States have had any idea of it? Possibly two, certainly one—and he died just one hundred years ago. It was a touch of the same madness in old Clemenceau which made him incontestibly the one figure worth remembering amid the ruck of those assembled at Versailles. When he told Paderewski grimly that he felt honored at meeting the mighty genius of the piano, Paderewski replied with offended dignity that he was not there as a musician, but as Prime Minister of Poland. "*Quelle dégringolade!*" muttered Clemenceau, drawing down his heavy brows.

II

Life here in Munich keeps an elderly person ruminating on the power of what Prince Bismarck called the imponderabilia. When I was first here, years ago, I used to wonder why every American who had any kind of independent income did not pull up stakes and come here to live. Life seemed so much better organized and more agreeable. It still seems so, but I no longer feel the impulse to be a missionary for it among my countrymen. Reason and logic are on my side, but the imponderabilia are against me. There is about ninety-eight per cent of human experience in the Frenchman's reply to some one who told him that Béranger was not really a great poet. "True," he said, "but he is *for us.*" I am not so sure as I once was that so very many of my countrymen would be happy here for long—yet I could not give a single reason why not, nor could they. On the contrary, I could give every reason why they should be, but the stubborn probability remains that they would not. Reason and logic go such a little way in the domain of nature, and the imponderabilia go so far.

Why, for instance, will Rhode Island corn promptly lose its flavor if grown outside the Narragansett district? It will grow well almost anywhere, but after the first year it will no longer taste like Rhode Island corn. Why can not the same bakers with the same materials (even the same water, brought down in barrels for the experiment) make the

same *grissini* in Turin that they make in Genoa, only a few miles distant? Today is the last of March, and hereabouts I see that the snowdrop, crocus, and hyacinth are out, as they might be at home—but blooming along with them are English daisies, columbine, sweet-william, and iris, with peonies just showing! These concurrences of growth are evidently possible and natural here, for here they are. Why not with us?

Again, two nights ago at a symphony concert in the Tonhalle, I noticed that the orchestra was by no means as good as the Philharmonic, for example, and the young guest-conductor was no international figure—I had never even heard of him. Yet they managed to send the seventh concerto of Bruckner up among the high points of my musical experience. It set my imagination working on the problem whether, if that concert were precisely reproduced in Boston, New York, or Chicago, just *that* effect could be reproduced upon the more or less cultivated listener. Utterly impossible, I should say. Transport audience, orchestra, conductor, and program by magic and instantaneously, Aladdin-fashion, to Carnegie Hall! The performance would be very fine, the effect would be very good, but it would not be *that* effect, for the imponderabilia cannot be transported, even in imagination.

When Mr. Jefferson succeeded Franklin as minister to France in 1784, he made it his principal business to look up everything that he thought would be useful in America, and send it over. The record of his industry in these directions is simply amazing; no historian or biographer has done justice to it. Reckoned even in terms of actual physical labor, it is almost incredible. If any modern American wants to learn what hard work means, let him take Mr. Jefferson's journal of a three month's tour of France and Italy and follow it through, doing everything he did and, as far as possible, reproducing the circumstances he encountered—means of travel, facilities, conveniences, or the lack of them, accommodations, and so forth. In four years he may be said to have examined every useful tree and plant in Europe, every animal, vegetable, and mineral, every habit and custom, every idea, invention, process, and device, and made arrangements to send over all of them that he thought would be of use. The sum total of this enterprise constitutes one of the greatest achievements, I think, in our history, and the most astonishing thing about it is that so few of his inoculations ever "took." Little came of any of them, relatively, and for no particular reason that any one can assign; one simply charges them off against the imponderabilia.

I am continually reminded of this by even the smallest matters of routine life here. These Germans thrive mostly on veal and pork. They sleep in air-tight bedrooms, though they are great hands for airing out after the rooms are vacated—a streetful of Turkey-red bed-slips half out of window in the morning gives an extremely "gallus" tone to the city landscape. Out of curiosity I tried this regimen myself awhile and got along swimmingly on it, which I could not do in America. Could they? I doubt it. They bring their children up on beer, quite successfully as far as I can see, from the moment the youngsters are able to drink. Transport parents, babies, beer, and all to America—would it work? Again I doubt it.

There might be some support in all this for the determinist or Calvinist school of philosophical historians who say that society is an organism, and that its motion (which in our modesty we call progress) is merely along the line of least resistance and effected by forces beyond its control. I remember also an ingenious theory of my friend Richard Buhlig, the musician, that culture is an affair of the soil, like peaches or potatoes, and that America would never develop culture, because the soil is not right for it. But "that haint my bizness," as Artemus Ward said of politics. "I'm in the show bizness." Such considerations,

however, disincline me to worry much over an impending Americanization of Europe. Some of my friends, both here and at home, keep themselves in a great sweat about this calamity, but I do not sweat about it. Furthermore, these observations make me think that a great deal of the evangelizing spirit which is forever stewing out of our internationalism should be allowed to evaporate. This spirit is so much our specialty that it almost seems we should have copyright on it. Hardly a week passes over here without an irruption of American missionary zeal for the economic, political, moral, or cultural salvation of the peoples who are sitting in darkness. Our crater continually belches out a lava of junketing delegations more or less reminiscent of the curious miscellany that Henry Ford brought over on the Christmas ship to stop the war. These phenomena are extremely odd. Germany sees her share of them and accepts them resignedly, meanwhile showing no symptoms of Americanization that I can discover. When the infliction is over, she tidies up, counts the spoons, and things go on much as ever.

No, Americanization cannot 'take place but on American soil, and at that it is a much longer job than my anxious friends suspect. I have myself seen it at work on two generations of German stock, and I feel sure that it will need at least three more. When I was a lad of fourteen I spent two years in a mid-Western town of some ten thousand population, that had been settled by German refugee 'forty-eighters. These superb people brought their native culture with them and created a really delightful civilization, to which I am at this day no end in debt. Passing through that town thirty years later, I dropped off to see what it was like. I found it in the hands of the third generation, who seemed to me the very worst and most worthless people I had ever laid eyes on in my life—mere human sculch. They had abandoned all the characteristic virtues of their ancestry, and had taken on no characteristic American virtues in replacement. They were ignorant, vulgar, arrogant, and venal, with neither mind nor spirit above the most inveterate and ruthless go-getting. The fourth generation, however, were by way of taking a different turn, and I judged that the Americanization of that stock would be complete in about the sixth or seventh.

III

When I said a moment ago that life in Europe is better organized and more agreeable, it must be understood that I had in my eye the independent American who need accept only such of its sanctions as suit him, no matter how long he remains here. If I were a native and had to take the fat with the lean, no Zeppelin could carry me to America fast enough. I speak not of economic disadvantages, which are obvious, but of a whole ghastly series of social expectations which the native can not escape and from which the visitor is exempt. Whoever thinks, for instance, that the organization of American family life is bungling and oppressive—which it no doubt is—ought to see it here. In a week's time he would take his Bible oath that the family is the most pernicious institution on the face of the earth. By and large the world over, he would be right, I suppose, but it is the European organization of the family that brings up its average of balefulness, and the American that brings it down.

The Continental family system is disabling enough to men, but if I were a Continental woman, *himmelherrgott-donnerwetter!*—I would gather acorns and rob henroosts for my living and dwell in dens and caves of the earth until I could get to the United States; and the younger I was, and the higher my social grade, the more promptly would I take to this Robin Hood existence. The iron force of dehumanization upon a subject sex seems like an old story, no doubt, but it is not, for eight long years have passed since the war of liberation ended.

Think of all the fustian we have read and heard in those eight years about the war having put European women so gloriously on their own at last. Think too of the threnetic complaints that her newfound independence is disrupting the whole social order and raising the old Harry with its most cherished institutions! Men here still talk like that—I hear it on every hand—and they do it with a straight face, too, at which I can but marvel. But I assure all American women interested in the emancipation of their sex that there is nothing in it. All this is no more than the anticipatory yoop of pain that you hear from a good lively corporation head when somebody suggests cutting down the working day from fourteen hours to thirteen-forty-five. The subject sex might perhaps have liberated themselves through the war, or gone a long way towards it, if they had had any desire to do so—any effective desire, I mean, not a merely sentimental desire. Apparently, however, they did not have it, nor, if I am any judge of evidence, do they have it now.

Speaking as a good American, an anarchist, individualist, and libertarian of the most profound conviction, with a rooted faith in human perfectability, I can cordially say, *Gott weiss* I wish they did. The American woman is born into ten thousand times greater freedom—accepting it like the air she breathes, without ever thinking about it—than there is any discernible prospect that these women's great-great-grandchildren will enjoy. It is a good thing that she has it. Not that she has enough freedom and should have no more, or that she makes much more than a fumbling bad use of what she has; but that she has what she has is an unqualified good thing.

But just here one again runs aground on the confounded imponderabilia. It is good *for us*, as the Frenchman said about Béranger, but would it be good, say, for the Bavarian women to be railroaded into a like liberty, were such a thing possible? The American woman got what freedom she has, first by wanting it, and then by going out after it. When the European woman does likewise, I shall be sure that her liberty will be a good thing for Europe, no matter how badly she botches her use of it. Emancipation, in short, is an affair of the spirit, like Americanization, and takes as much time—probably more. I personally am so far committed to the doctrine of freedom that when some timid casuist tries to tangle me up in pettifogging distinctions between liberty and license, I cut him short, rather than bandy words about it, by telling him that I am all for license. Yet I cannot help seeing that liberty is conditioned by effective desire, or at least by acceptance, and that in the absence of these the emancipator is merely crowding the mourners and making a mess of things. Those who have ever had the privilege of trying to wean a calf will perceive at once that it is so. I have myself done more or less of this kind of thing in my time, both literally and figuratively, but it was when I was younger and greener, *consule Planco*—never again!

I have been acting as *Reisemarschall* for three American friends who are taking this way to Vienna and the South of France. Mrs. X is a capable woman of middle age, quite accustomed to hoeing her own row and to being regarded as a vertebrated animal. For days she has been seething and simmering like a stalled freight engine at the quiet, polite, patient, cussed pertinacity with which she is here viewed as a mere appanage of her husband. Hotel men, clerks, waiters, dressmakers, and milliners go calmly over her head with all matters of money, responsibility, opinion, or even of taste, and refer them to him. I have rarely heard a more vivid extemporaneous use of my native tongue than from her yesterday, when she paid for some small purchase out of her own purse, and the cashier dutifully handed Mr. X the change. Mr. X enjoys all this hugely and abets it, thereby I think laying up

for himself the kind of trouble with which no stranger intermeddleth.

Perhaps a few more avenues—no, a few more lanes and alleys—of individual self-expression are open to women here nowadays. No doubt, too, a few women have a little more interest in seeking them out. But to use the august term liberty in connection with anything they have got is a monstrous exaggeration, and to get up any tootle over it pro or con is ludicrous. The pathetic incompetence of such solicitude always puts me in mind of May Irwin's old song

> You may tempt the upper classes
> With your odious demi-tasses,
> But Heaven will protect the working girl.

For example, to show me how far the process of volatilization has gone with the modern Bavarian woman, a Munich barber said yesterday that the better-paid wage-earning girl is no longer happy unless she can have a glass of beer and a raw egg beaten up in it with cream and a pinch of sugar, for breakfast! It is a sad subject—let us change cars.

IV

What chiefly strikes one in doing business with Germans is their apparently endless knowledge of their goods. If a German sells you a lead pencil it is ten to one he knows the whole history of such implements all the way back to the Roman stylus and the Assyrian cold-chisel, or whatever it was. In this they beat us to a standstill. How often do you find an American retail salesman who knows anything except his price-list? Another shining quality here is exactness. There is a complete and restful absence of the Gallic talent for urbane approximation which one learns to curse so fervently in France. When I remember the weary *kilomètres* I have trudged to find something that I was assured lay "*tout près—tout près d'ici*," I am strong for collecting the French debt. Shylock was a fine open-handed fellow compared with me. On my second day here I asked a young woman in a cigar-store where the nearest post office was. She pointed out the direction and described the building, and then looking me over with an appraising air which at the time seemed rather odd, she added, "It is three—or five—minutes walk from here." My regular gait is rather brisk, and when I reached the post office I happened to see a clock there, and discovered that I had made the trip in exactly three minutes. Going back, I slowed down to about the average Munich road-gait and timed myself. I passed the cigar-store just as five minutes were up. One cannot too much admire this clairvoyant precision.

I gladly toss up my hat for *Deutschland über Alles* in everything but form, line, and color, and in these I am pro-American against the modern world. Munich has one of the most exquisite little public parks in Europe—Count Rumford laid it out. In fact, when you see a particularly good exhibit of taste and style down here, you are pretty safe in guessing that Count Rumford had a hand in it, unless it is something that bears an obvious Latin design "smouched" from Italy in the old days by some beauty-seeking king. In spite of the appalling general hideousness of American cities, I must say that we do far better with what is called the new architecture than any country I know in Europe. The new German industrial museum here is a dreadful eyesore, and we have all seen newspaper-pictures of the hideosities that the French and Italians are putting up to the greater glory of Art. The largest architectural work of our time, the Palais de Justice at Brussels, may possibly carry a hang-over of the irony that the medieval architects expressed so well whenever they took the notion. It exactly represents the prevailing theory of justice; it is confused, heavy, unimaginative, unlovely. Modern decoration in Germany, too, and indeed in all Europe, seems far inferior to ours. The hotel where the X's are stopping, however, is arranged and decorated in delightfully

good taste. It is not a new one; perhaps it was done from designs by Count Rumford.

My humble but unshakable opinion is that there is a vast deal of good sentiment wasted annually by my countrymen on the natural scenery of Europe. For all there is in natural beauty I would cheerfully put up the county of Sussex in New Jersey against anything I ever saw in Bavaria. What does the natural beauty of the Rhine valley amount to beside the Kennebec, Penobscot, Connecticut, Housatonic, Hudson? What are the Bavarian, Austrian, or Italian lakes when put beside Lake George? It is what men have done with these that counts. The whole story is that the opulent jewels of America were cast before utter swine, the lesser pearls of Europe before people who had respect for them and knew what to do with them. The Rhine at Basel, the Elbe at Dresden, and the Iser at Munich are an unfailing source of pure delight, and practically every bit of it is man-made. Man here has tried almost as faithfully to improve the Lord's gifts as he has in America to disparage and defile them. These people make their rivers work hard for them, too; it is precious seldom that you see a European railway carrying an ounce of low-grade freight, while practically all ours is carried by rail. We disfigure our waterways, and get nothing out of them.

V

Hearing a recital by one of the best baritones in Germany set me wondering why so musical a people has lost the art of training male voices. Just before I left New York I heard a German baritone in the "Pfingstcantata," and he was almost as helpless before the intricacy of its intervals as I should have been. Yet Bach wrote them to be sung, and it is a fair inference that he had in mind someone who could sing them; so the art of proper vocalization must at some time have been in force here. The present generation, however, gets precious little chance at it, not only in Germany but elsewhere. The Italians still do better with it than any, but only relatively.

I remember a friend in New York lately saying that in the "Meistersinger" "they ought to put in a substitute wop tenor in the third act to do the melody of the Prize Song wherever it recurs, and let the German tenor sing the rest." I thought of this the other night when I heard a German tenor in "Martha." He had a fine voice and no idea what to do with it.

There has always been an interesting peculiarity in French and Belgian training, instrumental or vocal. Now and then an artist turns up whom nature seems to have fitted expressly for it, and who is at the same time exceptional in intelligence, diligence, temperament, and preliminary training. Such artists are scarcer than hen's teeth, but when you find one and pass him through the French or Belgian school, his work will bear a hard oil-finish of distinction and a style that nothing else can give him, and you have a Clément, Renaud, Ysaye, Plançon. One may not care for this style or one may prefer some other, but one can not deny that it is a very great style and purely idiomatic. Two artists now before our American public have it —Thibaud and Barrère. For my part I wish there were more. When I think what Gilibert would have done with those intervals in the "Pfingstcantata," I pluck up courage to believe that the quality of distinction might still be profitably cultivated by my countrymen —and not only in music, but in the other arts as well, especially perhaps in the art of social life and manners.

MAUDIE

BY ADA JACK CARVER

IT chanced to be at Phyllis's house, after ten or twelve years, that once again I encountered poor Maudie Turner.

There had always been something persistent, unquenchable about Maudie Turner. I mean, she was, under stress of any situation, so terribly as God (or was it her frail, erring mother?) had made her, without thought of change or betterment. She had been a classmate of mine in high school, a girl whom people used to remember vaguely as the daughter of that silly Alice Winters, who, in turn, was related to the Old River Winters, a fine and proud old family back in steamboat days. . . . People were wont to speak of Maudie distrustfully. "Maudie Turner? . . . let me see. Didn't her mother run away with another woman's husband and join a show?"

Throughout high school the shadow, the frail fragrance of this pretty, erring mother clung to Maudie, poor solid old Maudie, who was a plump and ineffectual creature, her every movement comic and futile, her cheeks habitually puffed with caramel candy. And yet among us in school she enjoyed distinction of a sort, for Maudie "took orders" for a certain popular though questionable line of cosmetics, from the sale of which it was understood she was putting herself through school. From Maudie's book-satchel order blanks and beauty ads were constantly dropping; and there was always about her the acrid scent of pink soap.

Maudie, ignored on the campus, was driven to solicit trade in the classroom, possessing a number of grimy placards issued her by her firm. Most often it would be in English literature, under Miss Vance's nose—Miss Vance, who, engrossed in Shelley or Keats, was unseeing, entirely oblivious: "We look before and after . . . and pine for what is not—" I can see old Maudie now, her round pale eyes very solemn and furtive over the rim of her desk, as she lifted before a "prospect" this arresting slogan: "*How Would You Like To Be Beautiful?*" . . . Always, I am sure, I shall think of Shelley and Maudie Turner in the very same breath, and with laughter. . . . Miss Vance's voice droned on, and Maudie's victim would stare, entranced, and nod in glad affirmation. (Who would not like to be beautiful, if it be the Spring o' the year?) Whereupon Maudie, adroit in her methods, would advance what in the trade was called a "follow-up" card, arranged in her own round scrawl: "Then Meet Me Behind the Hedge at Recess, and I'll Show You How."

Those trysts behind the hedge at recess! "The Magnolia Bloom is for pimply skins," Maudie would state, importantly, inwardly scornful. "You put it on like this" (dab, dab) "on top of the Pink Petal Cream."

In spite of her bleaching creams and her lotions, I seem to remember Maudie forever ablush—a dark, unbecoming stain that seeped through her skin, as if from some inner despair. "Pudd'n'," the boys used to call her, down in the grades; and often, with cruel implication, "Georgie, Porgie, Pudd'n' Pie, kissed the boys and made them cry!"

It came as a sort of shock, I recall, when in writing the Junior class prophecy

I stumbled upon the astounding fact that Maudie was "boystruck." There was something—indecent about it. (What a silly, insensate practical joker old Mother Nature is!) Blandly enough, in the class prophecy, I had meted out fame and fortune for the rest of the class; but lacking inventiveness, imagination, where Maudie was concerned, I had disposed of her something like this: "As for our deserving classmate, Maudie Turner, in but a few brief years she will be a happy housewife, with a nice devoted husband and two children."

The morning this prophecy was read Maudie waylaid me. She had a broad, worried face, a nubby nose, and yellowish, limp-looking hair. Her hands clutched and tore at each other. "Say . . . wait a minute—" Maudie, gurgling, thrust into my hands a sticky mass, done up in tinfoil. "Say, have some caramels, won't you?" And into her cheeks, as if she had pressed a button somewhere, flooded the dark, troubled color. There was, however, one very lovely thing about Maudie Turner, even then: her voice when she was on the verge of tears. I have never known another voice quite like it. I stared at Maudie in astonishment. There was something desperate in her face; and yet she seemed to me, in some way, neater, more compact—as if for the moment, at least, she had reached out and caught at the ends of herself and assembled them all into one complete whole. Her eyes glowed, and she stood upon her ankles square, alert. "Say, did you mean what you said?" She lurched at me and grabbed at my arm; and I saw that all over her tablet were scrawled innumerable hearts and darts and entwined initials. "I mean do you really think someone will fall in love with me . . . some day . . . and marry me?"

At that time, as now, we had a name for girls like Maudie. We called them "pills" and "sticks." Now they are "flat-tires," "dumb-bells." I backed away, choking over her atrocious candy, offended by I knew not what. She was too earnest, too eager. Her big breasts shook, and the tears came. . . . Pudd'n' Pie! ("Suppose one of the boys should pass, and hear her!" I thought, in a panic.)

"That was nice, what you said about me," Maudie hurried on, "about having a home, and children. . . and a nice, devoted husband." Her eyes were lost to me in tears; she was sobbing.

"Why, Maudie—" I pleaded, embarrassed, "everyone gets married." I thought of Phyllis Cadwalleder, for whom in the Junior prophecy I had predicted a blithe career on the stage; Phyllis, slender, vivid, with her lazy laugh and her fringed blue eyes. Phyllis, who had implored me in mock horror not to let her go and get married until she had "lived." . . . Somehow, for some reason, all of us took marriage for granted like that. It was all well and good, as a last resort. But first we must live. I am sure I don't know what we meant by "living." With me, I think, it meant going abroad, tasting the earth in fresh places.

Standing there in the corridor with Maudie, I stared out at the campus. The sun, climbing, fell into splendor, taking a bank of warm clouds, gilding the furry tasseled tops of the oak trees. Hyacinths were still in bloom, and there were early roses on all the teachers' desks. . . . It was so easy to love, and be loved! Maudie stared out of the window too, and great yellow tears splashed on her middie-blouse. ("She ought to wear the tail of her middie inside," I was thinking.) They were happy tears. What cared Maudie for faraway places?

"Say—woman's place is in the home, don't you think?" Maudie continued breathlessly, a little resentfully.

"Why, of course, Maudie," I answered without conviction, even with malice. She grabbed my arm, hung on it. . . . Suddenly, quite unexpectedly, as I stared at her, I decided that I liked Maudie Turner. There was something about her, something carried over, no

doubt, from her once proud and fine old family.

If ever a creature yearned for safety, affection, that creature was Maudie. Would life vouchsafe her these? . . . We shall see.

The following autumn, our Senior year, Maudie did not return to school, and her name was automatically dropped from the class roll. Her mother had died, we learned vaguely, and Maudie, somewhere on the frayed edges of town, was to care for a six-year-old sister. For a few weeks that autumn, I recall, a forlorn Latin text-book with Maudie's name on the title-page, and the verb "*amo*" significantly conjugated, lay around as if begging a home. Then it too disappeared, and Maudie, with her cold-creams and powders, was forgotten.

In the next eight or ten years many things happened. A few of us went on to college, a few married and moved away. Phyllis, of course, danced rapturously, straight into comic opera. I went abroad. At intervals, once in Nice at Christmas time, and once in the moon-tortured hills near Genoa, wistful picture-postcards caught up with me: "Just to remind you of old times—Maudie Turner"; "From your old devoted classmate, Maudie Turner"; "From You Know Who—Maudie Turner."

Maudie Turner, Maudie Turner—always Maudie Turner. So Maudie, after all, had never married. Not that I gave it a moment's concern. I was, I think, faintly amused, annoyed, by Maudie's insistent friendship. "The collars of her middie-blouses were always soiled," I kept thinking. "Poor old Maudie."

And then, one June morning three years ago when I was at home again, I ran into Maudie Turner at Phyllis's house. Phyllis, who was also at home for a few lazy weeks, had been, back in the days when Maudie trafficked in lipsticks, one of Maudie's best customers. Not that Phyllis wanted to be beautiful (she was already that, heaven knows!); but even then the art of make-up bewitched her. . . . I was to lunch with Phyllis that day, and we had lounged away the morning on Phyllis's wide south gallery. It was very warm, with fragrance like a steam from all the garden.

The town from Phyllis's south gallery spread east to the river, under high-vaulted trees. From the river the blown, drowsy wind moved over the garden, over bright tubs of petunia and beds of lantana and hot spicy pinks. Suddenly Phyllis laughed, the laugh she had learned on the stage. "My dear, who is that odd-looking creature coming up the drive?"

I looked out and saw through the shrubbery a thick-set, toiling woman in a white blouse and an orange felt hat. We watched her in silence. . . . "Her shoes hurt," Phyllis said, yawning, having already dismissed her. The woman was, indeed, limping, her face screwed tight with pain; she was wearing high-heeled "champagne" pumps, with involved and extraordinary straps and buckles. These shoes dragged terribly up the long drive, up the long flight of steps to Phyllis's terrace. The woman held against the sun a rose-silk parasol and carried a black-leather satchel. Before she rang the bell she set this satchel down upon the terrace and deliberately becalmed her wet and agonized face, dabbing at it with a soiled cotton handkerchief. The blue day waved about her, beat in at her; the glittering sunshine stabbed like a million needles.

"Phyllis," I said, "that's some one we used to go to school with."

Phyllis protested drowsily. "Don't tell me we ever went to school with a woman as old as that!"

"I'm sorry, but we did, my dear. . . . That's Maudie Turner, as sure as you're sitting there. With something to sell."

Phyllis laughed. "Of course, Maudie Turner! She used to peddle those greasy cosmetics. Good Lord!"

The bell on Phyllis's front-door rang.

("The maid is probably asleep," Phyllis murmured. The incompetence of our servants always amuses Phyllis when she returns to us from the East, gives her a quiet satisfaction. "It's so . . . *Southern*", she says with her laugh.) Phyllis settled back against the cushions. "Go and buy something from her for the cook, darling—please. She used to be a sort of friend of yours, was she not?"

I went through the French windows into Phyllis's drawing-room, across the hall to the front door. When I opened the door I thought for an instant Maudie had gone; and then I saw that she had slumped down in one of the chairs on the terrace. Also, I saw, with compassion, that she had taken off her abominable pumps. . . . "I . . . I thought no one was at home. These shoes—" Maudie without looking up, indicated the pumps with her old out-thrown gesture. Then, from the white folds of her cheeks, her little solemn eyes looked up at me. For an instant I thought Maudie was going to kiss me. "Oh!" she said, in her old lovely voice. "I . . . I didn't know you were back. Don't you remember me? I'm Maudie Turner."

"Why, of course I remember you, Maudie."

She sat there in her stocking-feet and blushed, the old black, embarrassed stain. She sat there and wriggled her toes. Her feet were curiously misshapen; they were fat, and little bulbous things stuck out on them. There was a gaping hole in the heel of one stocking; and Maudie, seeing my eyes upon it, stuck her feet under her chair. "I walked right through it this morning," she explained. "Seems like you can't get decent stockings these days, for love or money. And, you see—" She began to giggle, and the color deepened, disappeared under her collar. "I—I'm sort of saving up right now. I—my, my!" Maudie flung out her arms. "It's hot to-day. You could fry eggs in that sun out there."

I sat down in the other wicker chair. "I was just thinking how pretty your blouse is, Maudie," I said. "It's the most elaborate one I've ever seen."

Maudie looked pleased. She plucked and pulled at the blouse with her slow heavy fingers. "It's a Filipino waist," she explained. "The Philippines embroidered it. You see, I got it with coupons, selling my stuff. It's sort of getting old now, of course, and I don't trust it to suds any more. It's just back from the cleaner's. They charge two dollars, but it's worth it."

"Well, what are you selling now, Maudie?" I asked.

Maudie laughed and threw out her arms. "The same old seventy-six," she replied, stooping over the straps of her satchel. "I thought, when I heard *she* was back—" Maudie nodded toward Phyllis's impeccable, solid old doorway —"I thought she might like to see me."

Out came the old brazen placard, out came the salves and the creams, the pomades and rouges and lip-sticks. ("Ye gods!" I was thinking. "Is it possible we used to smear *that* on our faces?")

I selected some powder and sachet for Phyllis's cook. Maudie's voice was sing-songey, the warm air languid with June. . . . Had I been asleep? For suddenly I realized that some quality in Maudie had changed. She was vibrant, excited. "I just *have* to tell you. . . . You see, you . . . do you remember the prophecy you wrote about me in school?" A little gold tube with a crimson tip rolled out of her lap, fell to the bricks. A talcum-powder box sprayed over her knees. "Say—" the old voice again—"Oh, say, now—of course you remember. Think *hard*! It—it made a lot of difference to me, all through the years."

Scornfully Maudie pitched the can of talcum into her satchel. She mopped at her face. "Gee! It's hot . . . I, well you see, I've been putting my little sister through school. She finished this May, so now of course . . . Say, don't you remember, what you said?—that I'd go and get married, and have a devoted husband?"

"Of course I remember, Maudie."

"Well—" she drew a long breath, and her eyes popped out. "What do you think? It—it looks as if it were coming true! Funny, isn't it, the way things turn out? He—we've been engaged a long time, you know. But of course, as I told him, I had to put Vera through school first. Adam's got a boat on the river. He hauls things and fishes. I guess we'll be married this fall."

Maudie wriggled her toes, and her eyes filled with tears. I stared at her throat, her pulsing throat where she kept her strange haunting voice. The wind dropped out of the trees, moved across the grass. . . . "He loves me," Maudie whispered. "He—he's in love with me. He says when we're married, I'll have to stop peddling things around like this. . . . Say, I think woman's place is in the home, don't you?"

Maudie reached for the lip-stick at her feet, and her blouse split under the arms. "That's what I've tried to teach Vera. I tell her sometimes: Vera, you like running round now, but you'll get tired of all that some day. Vera'll be married herself, before very long. She's going out with a swell boy. Sid isn't steady, devoted like Adam. But he's handsome, and makes good money too. And Vera's crazy about him." Maudie, with practiced hand, began to sweep her boxes and bottles into her satchel. "I wish you could know Adam. . . ." Her hands clutched at each other, and the deep, sudden red stained her cheek. "It—it seems so queer, somehow—your writing about us, like that. And it all coming true."

She reached under her chair for her shoes, her eyes shining with tears. But when she tried, she found to her horror that she could not get her shoes on again. Even with our united efforts her poor swollen feet refused to be encased again in those champagne pumps. "Now you push while I pull," I directed. "Does it hurt very much?"

Maudie groaned. Two great yellow tears splashed on her cherished waist. "Oh, my God!" she moaned.

In a little rush then she confided to me certain little family secrets. The shoes were really Vera's. They belonged to Vera, as did the orange hat and the rose parasol. She always bought her hats and shoes, things like that, to suit Vera; and then they used them together. Vera was so particular, so finicky about the things she wore. And it didn't matter so much about *her*, so fat and ugly that way. But a pretty girl has to have pretty things. Vera was pretty and talented too. Yes, Vera was pretty. She could dance like a thistledown.

All this time, while Maudie talked, we were trying to get her shoes on. But we had to give it up at last. "You sit here, Maudie," I said, "and I'll go and see what I can do."

I found Phyllis asleep. She lay back against the bright soft chair, her hands in her lap. I shook her, laughing. "Phyllis, dear, I'm sorry. But you'll have to come and lend Maudie some shoes. She can't get hers on again."

Phyllis looked at me out of a dream. "Lend Maudie some shoes? Dear heart, what do you mean?"

I explained.

"Oh—Maudie Turner. I thought she had gone. How extremely absurd you are, child."

Nevertheless, graciously enough, Phyllis trailed into the house and up the stairs. And in a little while her maid came out with an armful of shoes, a dancer's shoes, gay and pointed. But of course Maudie could not get them on. . . . Once I caught a glimpse of Phyllis in the darkened hallway, staring out at us and looking negligent and pained, as if she had toothache. Then she disappeared, and in a few minutes the maid emerged, bearing Phyllis's house slippers. They are special things, Phyllis's house-slippers, for she has them made to order, to wear after dancing. Maudie's outraged feet slid into them. She dragged up from her chair, relieved, and gave the gay orange hat a brisk little punch. It was a young gesture, acquired no doubt from Vera.

"If you'll let me have your address," I told Maudie, "I'll call for the slippers to-morrow."

Maudie told me: a house out in the Westgate district. She grasped her parasol and her black leather satchel. On the bottom step of the terrace she turned and waved. Her voice was husky, slightly hysterical. "Imagine!" she said. "*Me* in Phyllis Cadwalleder's shoes!"

The next afternoon I drove out to the address Maudie had given me. Somehow I felt responsible for Maudie, and for Adam. As I drove I thought of the things I liked about Maudie: her voice, the color of her throat, her loyalty to her mother and her little sister, her ideas of love and marriage. "Woman's place is in the home"—poor old Maudie! I wondered if her Adam saw these lovely things in Maudie, and loved her for them.

Westgate was a sprawling, overcrowded, treeless community within sight and sound of the river. Along the river, with its terrible odor of fish, were rows of little colorless houses on stilts. In one of these, in the shadow of a filling station, Maudie and Vera lived. There was a square of front yard where no grass grew, and a little row of sick-looking flowers against the fence. On either side of the steps an ancient-looking dusty abelia threw out a sullen tracery of shade; and in one of the front windows a red geranium seemed to be waving desperately, as if it yearned to be rescued.

Of Maudie's four little rooms one was an authentic "parlor." "We must have some place to receive in," Maudie explained happily. In Maudie's parlor was a rose-shaded polychrome lamp, a sofa, and a boxy Victrola on a rickety golden-oak table. Perched atop the Victrola was a goggle-eyed doll, with her skirt tilted up in the back. . . . Vera, Maudie told me, had gone to a picture show. "Please have a seat," Maudie said, incoherent with eagerness. I sat down on the sofa, which gave in two places, as if with the impress of lovers. (Was it Vera's or Maudie's courtship, I wondered, going on in that parlor?) I was soon to know. "I—I wish you could meet Adam," Maudie blurted. "He comes to supper three times a week. Vera, she and her beau are always on the go. You know how young girls are these days. But I always tell Adam that woman's place is in the home. I may be old-fashioned, but that's the way I'm made."

She talked on, wistful and eager. It was faintly irritating, and my thoughts wandered. There was a photograph on the mantel, in a polychrome frame. "That's mother," Maudie said. "Vera looks like her". . . . Maudie's mother in the picture was pretty, and rather silly looking, wearing a Merry Widow hat with innumerable plumes.

When I finally got away Maudie went with me out to my car, looking at me with the worried eyes she used to bend over algebra. "I wonder if you'd come out, and have supper with us—say, Friday night, and meet Adam. You see, I feel sort of close to you, on account of all that has happened. I mean, that prophecy you wrote about me getting married. It's funny the way you hit it. . . . Could you, would you come out Friday night and meet Adam?"

I don't believe there was ever a creature with such troubled eyes. They seemed to say, "You saw it, foretold it—long ago. Do you think it will really come true?" I looked at Maudie's throat, exquisite in hue. . . . "Why, of course, I'll come."

Maudie's little four-room house was bedecked for the supper. The geranium, rather droopy looking, had been removed from the window, and placed on the parlor table; and disposed about the room, on the table and chairs, were innumerable pieces of "fancy-work," in intricate patterns. Maudie greeted me with effusiveness but with an air of detached absorption. "Just sit down," she said, "and make yourself at home till Adam comes. Vera, she's out with

friends. You see"—Maudie laughed, threw out her arms—"my mind's on the supper. I just can't let go and enjoy myself till supper's out of the way." She lingered a moment, wiping her hands on her bungalow-apron (she had not as yet "dressed for the evening"). "Say," Maudie exploded, "you mustn't expect the Prince of Wales when Adam comes. Adam's just human. Vera says I carry on something awful when I talk about Adam. He—he's not good-looking, like Vera's beau. But Adam's steady. He's true as bread." She laughed and pushed back her heavy wet hair. "We've been going together nine years. I call that pretty faithful."

I sat down on Maudie's sofa, in Maudie's parlor, and stared at the picture of Maudie's mother. The little house was full of hot rich odors. "I daresay Maudie looks like her father," I thought. "I can see him, in her: a large soft man, who used to bring caramels home in a brown-paper bag."

When Adam arrived Maudie introduced us through a crack in the door. "Meet my fiancé," Maudie said; and then, in the very same breath, "You two will have to excuse me till the biscuits are done."

Adam was a tall, shy, swarthy young man who smelled of rancid fish. His eyes looked about and he coughed and sat down. "When he isn't looking," I thought, "I shall study him. I shall see what Adam is made of." Somehow, in view of the Junior class prophecy, I felt that I had created Adam, conjured him up out of nothing, for poor lonely old Maudie. . . . What sort of a man was Adam?

We talked of fish and fishing, and the way Westgate was spreading. "We'll have sewerage soon," Adam said. Adam had feverish, seeking eyes and groping hands. Groping for what, I wondered? There was something, aside from the fishiness—something repulsive, shrunken, about him. He began to sniff, to look expectantly toward the door of the wee dining room. "He likes to eat," I thought. "And he too believes that woman's place is in the home."

It seemed to me that hours passed before Maudie finally stuck her head in and, by means of significant gestures and mysterious winks and whispers, made it known to me that I was to come and button her up in the back. In the bedroom she threw off her house-dress, daubed talcum powder under her arms. The Filipino waist, I saw, lay on the bed, stretched out as if for a nap, its arms up over its head. There were other things on the bed, a sort of shower of pink and blue silk, frilled out in lace and cheap ribbon. "Vera's," Maudie explained. "She *will* leave 'em around."

Maudie, with vague interest, stared at herself in a little cracked mirror and screwed up her hair. In the back it swept up in a long silver streak, with a few straggly hairs on her neck. "Vera wants me to cut it," she stated. "Now for my waist." Reverently Maudie reached for the poor, exhausted thing and slid her plump arms into it. As I buttoned it up (there were three buttons off) she sniffed and observed that it would soon have to go to the cleaner's again. . . . It was amazing the effect that waist had on Maudie's morale (or was it the thought of Adam, now that supper was done which caused her to glow so and shine?). She emerged into the hot little parlor a creature of airs and graces and simply silly with love, like a cheap valentine. She seemed to be actually blooming, putting forth frail petals and little green leaves.

Maudie's supper dragged through a heavy half-hour, with Adam eating enormously. There were moments of haphazard formality, followed on Maudie's part by bursts of hysterical gayety. And then the street door opened, and someone came in. "Vera," Maudie explained.

The instant Vera appeared on the threshold I knew what Adam had been groping for. His eyes flew to her, with a dumb delight. She was a pretty thing to look at, slim, exquisitely made, with

thick curls and pansy-blue eyes. She slouched into the room and sort of shrugged around in it, while Maudie reached out and pulled and pecked at her as one does at a baby. "This is my little sister," Maudie said. And Vera said, "Pleased to meet you."

The rest of the meal was gayer, although Vera for her part contributed nothing. She was there to be looked at, that was all; and we looked, as cats may look at a queen. Maudie, I remember, served coffee in some odd and vicious little cups that were hard to manage, so that Adam dropped one and broke it. At the sound of it, shattering delicately, Vera shrank back in her chair, and her eyelids quivered. She ate almost nothing. She had a little cameo face, rather white and sick-looking, with the rouge daubed on in splotches. Her hands, blue veined, lay twisted and wistful in her lap, hands that had come down to Vera unlost from the blood of the North River Winters. I was frankly interested in Vera. "She doesn't know the rest of us are here," I was thinking. "Her life is outside the life of this house."

The meal over, Maudie arose from her chair with a sigh. "Now, go into the parlor," she said, "all three of you, while I wash and clean up a little."

I drove away from Maudie's house, from Westgate, taking the long, river road, where the willows were cool and gray with summer. . . . What was Maudie Turner to me, and Adam and Vera? Maudie, and her frail, silly mother; Maudie and Vera, her frail little sister.

It must have been three months later, one warm day in late September, when Maudie telephoned me. Could I, would I come out that afternoon, about four? It was very important, urgent. Something had happened. . . . If I could come out, about four? Maudie's voice suddenly choked, grew lovely, and there was some quality in it—what was it?—a sort of triumph, or pride. "Vera's going to be married," Maudie told me. "This afternoon. A very quiet wedding." Would I come?

I left the telephone with Maudie's voice to haunt me. During the last three months I had had frequent glimpses of Maudie, traversing the streets in those champagne pumps, amazingly run-down at heel, her shadow forever tagging along, sometimes in front, sometimes in the rear, sometimes under her feet like a tired little dog. At any time of day you might look out and behold Maudie's flaming, astute little hat, up one street and down another, like a bright blown leaf, until she became a reproach to us who take life easy in summer.

"I'll feel greatly relieved when she's married," I thought, "and my part in this comedy ends. I shall wash my hands of Maudie then."

But, now, here was Vera. With Vera's daintiness in mind, I went into the garden and gathered some roses for her, some tight little buds, exquisitely tinted, and some great blowsy ones for Maudie. Poor old Maudie . . . perhaps now, with Vera out of the way, Maudie could hasten her wedding. "I shall give her a wedding-gift," I thought. "The prettiest blouse I can find."

Westgate was dusty, mud-colored, with a hot wind off of the river. . . . It was disconcerting the way old Maudie had clung to me through the years. It was funny, really annoying. Sometimes I found myself thinking of Maudie at parties, perhaps in the midst of a dinner. . . . As I drove, looking for Maudie's house, the little colorless bungalows leered at me with an expectant, gossipy look; and from every window red geraniums beckoned, all their little heads together like ladies at a party.

Maudie, when I knocked at the door, opened it for me and took the roses I had brought and stuck them in some waterless vases up on the mantle. From the adjoining bedroom I could hear someone sobbing, tonelessly, as a child sobs when worn out with grief. "I—I'm so glad you've come," Maudie said. "I don't believe I . . . could go

through with it, without you. I—I don't suppose you've heard, of course, but . . . people here in Westgate know. Vera . . . Vera's going to have a baby." Maudie's voice thickened, and the old black stain crept out on her cheeks.

I stared at her. And Maudie stared at me, a little wonderingly, as if I belonged far back in her faraway childhood. I sat down on the sofa, and Maudie slumped into one of the chairs.

"It seems so kind of funny, doesn't it? —Adam and Vera getting married. Why, Adam helped me to raise her. Many's the time he used to play with Vera, down there on the floor. Sometimes I used to pretend that Adam and me were married and she was our child. Vera was just six, you know, when I took charge of her."

I wanted to laugh. Maudie looked so wretched, and so *amazed*. And yet there was that *something* in her voice.

She continued, "I wanted to tell you, so you'd understand. Everybody knows about Vera out here in Westgate. They . . . they've been horrid about it. And I, when I learned about Vera, I said I'd make him marry her, whoever he was. What else could I do? And that night, that very night, they told me, Adam and Vera. I didn't dream it was Adam. I . . . maybe I made a mistake, putting Adam off like that—it ain't right to keep a man waiting."

Suddenly, as we sat there, with Maudie twisting her handkerchief and sniffing, I understood, understood the pride, the hint of triumph in her voice. She had, for nine long years, been both loved and desired; and now through her pain she was clinging to this; at least she had this to remember. She was holding Adam's love for her aloft like a banner. In her heart she made herself think of Adam as tragic, tortured with love. And now pushed to the wall. "Of course, there was nothing else . . . for poor Adam to do."

I remained for the wedding, and the people who lived next door came in. Vera and Adam were married by the minister of the First Baptist Church of Westgate. Just before the minister came (Adam, it seemed, was going to take Vera away for a week or so) Adam sneaked into the bedroom where we were waiting with Vera. He carried a yellow-straw suitcase; and Vera out of cold tear-drained eyes looked at the thing. The girl had a few dramatic gestures, and she used them now. "What is that, please?" she asked him wearily, and with scorn. . . . I remember how Adam cringed, his haggard eyes seeking the floor. "They're . . . they're my clothes," Adam said. There was the sleeve of a shirt or something hanging out, which Maudie hurriedly stuffed inside.

Grief, disillusion is a dull thing, a tiresome thing, an unlovely thing.

After the very brief ceremony Maudie, with a sick look, went out to the little kitchen and took an aspirin tablet. Then she brought out from somewhere a gallant little white, encrusted cake, and made some coffee. The cake, once you bit into it, was stale, abominable; and Vera choked over it.

"Vera, Vera, honey—" Maudie said, stooping to pick up the crumbs from the floor. She had to hold on to the table to keep herself from falling, and from where I stood above her I saw that the top of her head was white.

This, of course, should be the end of Maudie's story, for I should like to remember Maudie as she looked the day Vera married: her eyes stricken, and yet with something like pride in her voice. But our paths were to cross yet again. (And they may cross again, and again, and again, for all I know!)

I was walking down State Street not long ago when I noticed a woman standing in front of a shop-window, looking at baby clothes. The woman was Maudie Turner. She stood, pensively, placidly, eating caramels from a brown-paper bag. She was fatter, grayer, frowzier than ever. But she still clung to her Filipino waist, incredibly mended; and she carried a black leather satchel.

"Why, Maudie!" I cried.

Maudie turned and looked at me, and her face twitched as if she were going to cry. But instead she offered me a caramel. "Maudie," I suggested, "let's go in here, and have a cup of tea for old time's sake."

We went into a little shop and sought a table far in the rear, I leading the way. Behind me Maudie walked heavily, her thick, black, spread-out shoes creaking. "I can't be gone very long," Maudie said. "The baby'll be waking."

The baby! Vera's baby? . . . I looked the question.

"Yes, we had the baby," Maudie said. She spoke in a flat heavy voice.

"A boy or a girl?" I inquired. Perhaps, I thought, a little boy—

"It's a girl," Maudie said. "Just like Vera. A colored woman comes in and stays with the baby while I'm out taking orders. . . . Vera, you see, Vera died . . . when the baby came. She lived just three days."

Maudie sat and sipped at her tea and looked at me as if I were part of a dream, lost in some other life. So Vera was dead! I had a sudden, forlorn little hope. Perhaps, with Vera out of the way, Maudie and Adam . . . "And Adam," I asked, "how is Adam?"

Maudie gave me a look that should have been hopeless, but was merely dull. Gone was the pride, the fire, from her voice, the exquisite lilt that I had remembered and cherished. "Adam?" Maudie looked at me. "You didn't see it in the paper? I don't suppose you did, of course. It was just a line or two. Well, Adam was drowned. His boat caught on fire, and Adam was drowned. Down the river. It happened a week after Vera died. He did it on purpose, of course; he was crazy about her. Adam could swim like a fish."

I stared at Maudie. Was this really Maudie talking, talking like this about Adam? She reached for a sandwich. "I—I reckon I ought to tell you," Maudie continued. "Adam . . . he wasn't the father of Vera's child. Vera told me about it the day she died. She said she wanted to set things right, to tell me it wasn't Adam. It . . . never was Adam. She thought she was making me happy, poor child, to tell me about it."

For just an instant Maudie's voice held me, with all its forgotten magic. If only life could have kept Maudie just on the verge of tears, without slopping over! . . . I drew a long breath. "Well, Maudie," I broke in, briskly, "what are you selling now? I'm sure it's something I ought to possess."

Maudie reached for her satchel, opened it. "The same old seventy-six," she said, her eyes solemn and round, unconcerned. She reached for a placard—a new one this time—and propped it before me: *Would You Like To Be Successful In Love?* I wanted to laugh; I felt ashamed and humble, and I hid my engagement ring. I stared at Maudie, and stammered, "Why, Maudie, old thing, is one *ever* successful in love? Well, let's see what you have."

Maudie fumbled about in her satchel, and out came the salves and the ointments, the lip-sticks and pomades and powders. Maudie looked worried, harassed. "Now, what did I do with my order-blanks? I hope I didn't lose 'em, or leave 'em somewhere. They're pink. The new ones are pink. Oh, here's a pink one!"

Suddenly somewhere a clock struck, and Maudie stared at me, stricken. "I must catch the noon bus." She thrust a folded slip of paper into my hand, and began to rake her things into her satchel. "Just make out your order," she said, "and mail it to me." Maudie smiled, an absent, twisted smile, and bustled away.

I went out into the street, clutching the folded pink slip. It was not, I had found, an order blank; it was a statement from the local dry-cleaner's: One Filipino Waist—$2.00. And even as I stared at it, the wind whisked it out of my hand, and blew it down the long street.

THE WHITE HORSE OF SAM PARKS

BY ELMER DAVIS

ON September 7, 1903, a man on a white horse rode down Fifth Avenue. For fear the white horse might fail to attract sufficient attention, he wore a white hat and a red shirt, and over the shirt a white-and-gold sash which marked him as Grand Marshal of the Labor Day parade. Behind him marched some ten thousand men, no very large Labor Day parade for New York, even in 1903; but its numbers appear more respectable if you consider that every man of the ten thousand was marching, despite much abuse and opposition, to show his esteem for the leader on the white horse.

Who was this Man on Horseback, that ten thousand of his fellows should tread the hot asphalt under the September sun to do him honor? He was Sam Parks, business agent of the Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union, and he was six days out of Sing Sing—released, five days after he had been incarcerated, on a certificate of reasonable doubt. Till a few weeks before this parade Sam Parks had been master of the building trades unions of New York; he had ruled the whole field of building so thoroughly that nobody could build anything without "seeing" Sam Parks. He had been convicted of extortion and sent up the river; but in five days he was out (for the time being), and ten thousand laboring men marched down Fifth Avenue behind him by way of "vindication."

As vindication, it was not altogether successful; two months later Parks was sent back to Sing Sing, and died there in the following year. But he had set an example that a greater man was to follow, and that, not inconceivably, may be followed again. Sam Parks's body lies a-moldering in the grave, but his white horse goes marching on. This undying and untiring steed, as immortal as Pegasus or the Pale Horse of Death, a better money-maker than Zev or Epinard in their best days, was presently bestridden by one Robert P. Brindell, who put it through curvets and caracoles that the simple-minded Parks had never imagined. Brindell, too, got his comeuppance in due time, and the white horse was turned out to pasture; but lately he has been thrusting his head over the fence and whickering for a new rider. He may find one yet.

A horse of some consequence, this symbolic mount of Sam Parks; for you and I and all of us help pay for his fodder. Directly, if we own our own homes, through inflated cost of building; indirectly, if we are tenants, through rents that pay for inflated building costs (and doubtless a little over for safety's sake) we all contribute his oats and hay.

II

The merry sport which has become known, from Sam Parks's great successor, as Brindellism, is only one of the kinds of graft that boost costs in the building trade. There is a capital graft and a labor graft; and of each there is a type that is relatively honest, or at least sanctioned by long custom, and another kind that rouses the indignation of the outraged citizenry (for a week, or sometimes as long as a month) whenever it is periodically rediscovered.

Capital's honest graft is in the high price of materials fixed by trade associations. During the exposure of the scandals in the New York building industry in 1920 some two hundred individuals or corporations dealing in building materials pleaded guilty or were convicted of conspiracies in restraint of trade. They paid fines, and presumably went away, chastened, to lead better lives; none the less the price of building materials to-day (say men who ought to know) is higher than any visible economic laws seem to justify; and if the tariff can again be revised by its friends the price will go higher still.

This, however, is a delicate matter; every producer, according to the generally accepted theory, has on the whole a right to as high a price for his product as he can get. A less defensible type of capitalistic graft is collusive bidding, which was brought to a peak of artistic perfection in New York in 1920 by one John T. Hettrick. Hettrick went to jail and various of his accomplices were duly punished, and collusive bidding as he organized it has not reappeared. But its rudiments exist and no doubt always will.

Labor's honest graft is in high wages. If a producer of material has a right to as much as he can get, a laborer has the right to as high a wage as he can wring from his employer; and if producers can boost their prices by trade associations, labor can boost its price by unions. The equity of this would seem self-evident, though it is not always evident to the material men whose trade associations function so efficiently. Some experts will tell you that the price of materials is the chief factor in the high cost of building, others say it is high wages. The ultimate consumer, who pays both, will be willing to believe anything about either. No right-thinking man will object to high wages; but when bricklayers get $14 a day while workmen at least equally skilled, in other trades, get only $8 or $10, the justice of this arrangement may not be so apparent to all as it is to bricklayers; especially if the average bricklayer, for $14 a day, lays only about half as many bricks as he did for $4.50 a day twenty years ago.

But this also is a controverted matter. There is another kind of labor graft which nobody defends but the man who gets it, though that man may be defended by the members of his union for quite other reasons—the sort of thing which Sam Parks made famous and Robert P. Brindell made a fine art.

III

Sam Parks came from Chicago—imported originally, says tradition, as a scab. He was an iron worker, and another tradition says he could drive more rivets in an hour than anybody else in his trade, until presently he discovered a better business than driving rivets. He got himself elected business agent of the Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union and he held that job against all efforts on the part of more far-sighted union leaders to dethrone him; he was even reelected after he had been sentenced to Sing Sing. When necessary, he held on by force; once a man who began to speak against Parks at a union meeting was silenced by a table which Parks threw at him with deadly aim. He had a cohort of followers who imitated his methods, and in his palmy days a man who opposed him in open meeting did so at immediate personal peril.

But that was not all of Sam Parks's hold on labor, nor the larger part of it. Men in the building trades who were getting a dollar and seventy-five cents a day when he first came to the top, were getting four dollars and a half before he went up the river. That excused a multitude of sins; and if capitalists object to such self-centered callousness on the part of labor, let them search their own hearts and ask themselves if they have never excused rough methods in a man who gets results.

In Parks's heyday he used to tell builders whose workmen had been called out, "You can go to work if you pay Sam Parks." But he was a man of little imagination; he would call off a strike for two or three hundred dollars; so far as known, the highest amount he ever received for a single job was two thousand. This appeared outrageous (to a generation which swallowed watered-stock flotations by the tens of millions), and in due time, as recorded, Parks was indicted, tried, and convicted of extortion.

His political friends set to work in his behalf; his lawyers succeeded in getting him out of jail for the time being; and he organized this great parade as a "vindication." The vindication, however, was something of a failure; by this time most union men felt that Parks had gone too far. The lift in wages that he had obtained was destined, with minor modifications, to be permanent, and possibly this made it easier to take a dispassionate and civically virtuous view of his peculations.

At any rate, the vindication parade contained only a third as many men as had marched behind him the year before, when he was still free from public accusation; two thirds of the building trades unions held utterly aloof. Moreover, Parks was unfortunate in his political connections; he had hitched his wagon to the falling star of William S. Devery. He went back to Sing Sing and died there, and men who enjoyed the wage increases which he had won may reasonably have felt that the good that he had done lived after him, while the evil was interred with his bones.

IV

As the writer of the Book of Judges would put it, the land had rest for a time; or what passes for rest in the building industry. A couple of years after Parks's passing there came to town, from Providence, one Robert P. Brindell; but it took him years to rise to eminence and it was not till after the war that he got the building situation in his hands.

This Brindell was a man of immense abilities; a more scientific civilization which had mastered the secret (whatever it may be) of moral education might have made him as useful as Cromer or Goethals. As it was, he took the career which opened up before his talents. Like Parks, he was able, when necessary, to fall back on the ultimate argument—a sock on the chin; like Parks, he had a gang of strong-arm men who made public opposition extremely unsafe; but like Parks, also, he could win constant wage increases that reconciled many good union men who had to meet the high cost of living to whatever rumors they heard about what Brindell was getting on the side.

But he was unlike Parks in that he did big things in a big way. Whereas two thousand dollars was Parks's maximum of extortion on a single job, Brindell's minimum, toward the last, seems to have been twenty-five thousand. In the first ten months of 1920 (before the exposure that sent him to jail) Brindell personally cleaned up eleven hundred thousand dollars. He was getting thirty thousand dollars a year as president of the Dock Builders Union; the rest, in one form or another, was graft.

Toward the end, workers on jobs under his domination were contributing twenty-five cents a day apiece to his personal income; specially favored workers got a special card (price thirty to fifty dollars according to what the traffic would bear) according them preference on jobs. But this was, after all, a trifle to the direct graft that Brindell collected.

It was, perhaps, a case of the time bringing forth the man, or at least bringing him to light. If the man was exceptional, so was the time, the great post-war boom of 1919–20, when economic pre-millennialism was the all but universally accepted faith. During the war next to no private building had been done. The building trades had been

kept busy (at unheard-of wages) on vast governmental works (built on the cost-plus plan); private construction naturally had to wait. But at the beginning of 1919 the war was over, the world was full of easy money and easy credit, and learned and authoritative economists solemnly declared, expert and capable business men were profoundly convinced, that this boom was going to last forever.

Naturally, the building industry rushed into activity to make up for lost time; and then came troubles. Nineteen hundred nineteen was a year of labor unrest the world over; labor had obtained fantastically high wages during the war and intended to keep them after the war was over. Business men were outraged at this unwarranted inflation of construction costs; their objections appear reasonable until you reflect that capital, too, had obtained high wages during the war, on the cost-plus plan, and was still getting them in 1919.

In effect, both labor and capital had got everything they asked for, during the war, because the cost of everything was being met, directly or indirectly, from war bonds; the bill was to be sent to Posterity, which would not be on hand in time to object to the size of the items. After the war capital objected to paying war-time wages; labor struck, and it took capital some little time to perceive that once again the wages could be passed on to the consumer. Moreover, in that period of restlessness when there was much talk of Bolshevism—talk that was apt to be equally wild and ill-informed among its friends and its opponents—strikes were common enough in almost any industry. If the building business had more than its share, it was because the immense number of crafts involved in building led to constant jurisdictional disputes which offered a ready excuse for a "vacation" to workmen who had pockets full of money and no overpowering lust for work.

Here Brindell came in. He had risen to the presidency of the Dock Builders' Union; he had become chairman (without salary) of the Building Trades Council; about the end of 1918 the news that the dock builders paid him the then unprecedented salary of eighteen thousand dollars a year evoked a number of laudatory newspaper articles in which Brindell was presented as a specimen of the new type of far-sighted labor statesman (which indeed he was, though not precisely as the feature writers intended). Moderation and reasonableness, one reads, were his dominant traits; as one writer put it, "Brindell is as willing to order a strike as any labor leader, but he regards it as a last resort." The ironically profound truth of that statement was presently to appear.

Meanwhile, as chairman of the Building Trades Council, Brindell set to work to eliminate so far as possible the jurisdictional strike. Builders who failed to realize just what he was about gave a shout of relief; the millennium was at hand. Notably Otto Eidlitz, the biggest figure in the New York building industry, made an impassioned speech to his fellow-employers declaring that Brindell was "doing a wonderful work" and deserved their whole-hearted support. Once again the remark was truer than its author knew. Whatever else might be said of Brindell's work, it was wonderful; whether or not he deserved the support of the builders, he had already made sure that he was going to get it.

For Brindell, by this time, was the Building Trades Council. This worthy body had no constitution and no by-laws; its executive committee was appointed by Brindell; he gradually gathered into his hands the appointment of the business agents of virtually all of the building trades unions till these gentlemen were not agents or delegates of their unions, but of Robert P. Brindell. And it presently became apparent that the diminution of jurisdictional strikes meant only that now every man of every

craft could be called off a job if Brindell so desired. Occasionally he did so desire, and carried out his threat; more often a simple notice to the builder was sufficient; he knew that all could be arranged if somebody were seen. But seeing Brindell was a different matter from seeing Sam Parks. As one builder later testified, Sam Parks was only a hundred-dollar grafter; Brindell, the man of vision, saw things large.

One man paid twenty-five thousand dollars to have his laborers come back to work on an urgent job, having by tearful entreaties cut down an original asking price of sixty thousand to this more modest figure. Another agreed to pay fifty thousand, and had actually paid thirty-two thousand when the public exposure of what was going on emboldened him to refuse further payments. Sam Parks had been reckless enough to take checks; but this gentleman paid Brindell by the simpler process of dropping a roll of bills on an automobile seat by his side.

What happened to those who refused? A wrecker who had balked at a demand for twenty-five thousand dollars found that he could get no more contracts from the big construction companies; his business was forced to the wall; he had to go to Brindell's office and beg for permission to go back to work, on a far smaller scale, to support his family. This was no isolated case; when exposure finally came witnesses testified with the utmost reluctance; one builder of prominence actually perjured himself on the stand, because they had learned from what happened to others that Brindell could drive a man out of business at will.

Nor was it only employers whom he could drive out of business. A wreckers' union refused to join Brindell's Building Trades Council; employers on whose jobs its members were working were notified that, unless these men were laid off, all the rest of their workmen on all the jobs would walk out. Naturally they laid off the offending wreckers, who were compelled to go to Brindell and beg his gracious permission to come back on the reservation.

By way of encouraging their repentance Brindell had already organized his own wreckers' union; it was, technically, an outlaw organization, for its rival was recognized by the American Federation of Labor; but the Federation made no trouble for Brindell. Why it did not was later explained at great length, if not with impressive clarity, by Mr. Gompers and his aids; the Federation was a loose alliance, it was devoted to the principle of local self-government, it had no power of coercion, etc. Certainly it made no effort to exercise any powers it may have had till Brindell was in Sing Sing; in the days of his glory Mr. Gompers, on his visits to New York, used to go around in one of Brindell's cars.

V

Why did the local unions stand for this sort of thing? There were two excellent reasons. For one thing, Brindell's absolute control of the building trades was used to get wage increases which made builders the best-paid group in labor. For another, any man who opposed Brindell in a union meeting was apt to be met by the *ultima ratio*, the closed fist. Why did the employers stand for it? Because they were in Brindell's power; at his word every man on their jobs would go out, and stay out till Brindell told them to go back. But also a good many employers, in that golden age, were getting a neat little graft of their own.

For under the leadership of John T. Hettrick, ostensibly the counsel for certain contractors' organizations, the art of bidding for contracts had been brought to perfection. Hettrick drew up what was known as a "builders' code of practise." Every man who bid on a certain job sent his bid to Hettrick on a green card; if any man's bid was too low he was notified and promptly brought it up to the established figure. Work was

then parcelled out, apparently on the principle of fair division among those who participated in the enterprise; and the fortunate bidder paid four per cent of the gross into an "insurance fund." One per cent went to Hettrick; what became of the other three per cent was never precisely shown in court, though from the fact that "wrong" bidders rarely got a contract, and met with all sorts of troubles when they did, the uncharitable were inclined to draw certain suspicions.

There was one notable case of bids for cut stone on a city job. Nine men who theoretically were supposed to compete for the contract met in Hettrick's office and presented their several ideas of the fair percentage to which each thought he was entitled, and which each would get when the contract was finally awarded to one or more of the lot. When added up, their demands totaled one hundred and fifty per cent of the sum which had been provisionally settled on as the proper bid. But that was easy enough; the proper bid was merely increased by fifty per cent, and the nine contractors, like a band of brothers joined, went home in perfect confidence that justice would be done to every man. (P. S.—They got the job.)

Naturally, gentlemen doing business on such a grand scale need friends in high place. Brindell saw that he was solid with persons in authority, persons more firmly established than the declining Devery in whom Sam Parks had misplaced his hopes. Hettrick had friends, too; and he had his own wits—which was more than could be said for some of the persons who were then governing New York. Sixteen schoolhouses were about to be erected. The plans called for a limestone trim. But the limestone dealers were outside New York City; they were not clients of Counselor Hettrick. Terra cotta men, resident voters in New York, were his clients; so Hettrick presented a memorandum on the superior merit of terra cotta over limestone, and of residents of New York over residents of New Jersey, to Honest John Hylan, then Mayor; and that fearless champion of the people copied Hettrick's memorandum and sent it out as a letter over his own signature to members of the Board of Education and Board of Estimate. Later, on the witness stand, the Mayor had great difficulty in recalling this affair; but when the letter was put before him he did admit that it might have been wiser to send it out as an *ex parte* plea from an interested party rather than as a virtual command from the Mayor's office. This belated qualm did not interfere with the terra cotta men getting the contracts; though they lost them when the nature of Mr. Hettrick's law practise was exposed.

VI

Who paid for all this—the extra fifty per cent of Mr. Hettrick's clients; Brindell's twenty-five thousand dollar fees for allowing work to go on? Why, you and I and all of us paid for it—everyone who lives under a roof. Indeed, many of the minor beneficiaries paid for it; since all the various kinds of graft were added to the cost of building, and the present cost of building is reflected in the rentals, not only of new buildings but of old ones, the laborers whose wages Brindell had raised, the contractors who had profited so much by sending their bids in to Hettrick's office, all gave back part of the proceeds in the increased rent of the apartments they lived in. Part, but not all; so long as a large part of the community was excluded from the plunder the plunderers stayed ahead of the game.

However, the appalling cost of building, the terrific rise of rents, were facts apparent to every one. At the beginning of 1920 a committee of the New York Legislature, under the chairmanship of Senator Lockwood, was appointed to look into the housing situation. It took eight thousand pages of testimony and got nowhere until October when, by

the joint efforts of the New York *World* and Samuel Untermyer, enough of the doings of Hettrick and Brindell were exposed to turn the committee's attention that way. Mr. Untermyer was appointed counsel for the committee with the powers of the Attorney General of the state, and he promptly got to work against all the grafters, despite a private warning that if he got too close to Brindell his corpse would be found in the streets within thirty days.

It took time to elicit the facts from builders who knew that Brindell could have put them out of business last week and were not confident that he could not do it next week as well; as above noted, one of them had to be indicted for perjury before the others discovered that they had to talk. But when they all began to talk things began to happen. Hettrick was convicted of conspiracy in restraint of trade and served nine months on the Island; and certain bids, already entered but not accepted, were immediately withdrawn and reduced by twenty-five per cent. Brindell was indicted for extortion, and that day the Building Trades Employers Association was emboldened to refuse his demand for an extra dollar a day for building workers. What Brindell thought of his own plight was made clear enough by his employment of the lawyer who had got Harry Thaw out of Matteawan; but this gentleman's great talents were not enough to save Brindell. He was convicted, and sentenced to Sing Sing for a term of five to ten years.

Once again the people had won a great victory, and once again this victory had its boundaries. Various lesser men, subordinates of Brindell and Hettrick, were sent away for short terms. But, though it was obvious that these extensive operations could not have been conducted without strong political support, the evidence sufficed for the indictment of only one politician of prominence, and he never came to trial. One witness recanted, another disappeared, and the indictment was presently quashed.

Moreover, while Mr. Untermyer was attacking Brindell and labor graft he had the righteous indignation of the whole business community behind him; when he turned to the trade associations and their capitalist graft, this widespread passion for justice suddenly cooled and shrank. Local contractors by the hundred pleaded guilty of conspiracy to lift prices, and escaped with fines; but much of the evidence pointed to nation-wide conspiracy which called for Federal prosecution, and the industrious fervor of Attorney General Harry Daugherty was inadequate to obtain convictions. Brindell was the boldest and most picturesque villain; and most men, especially those in sympathy with capital rather than labor, were inclined to accept the imprisonment of Brindell as sufficiently impressive vindication of eternal justice.

Among those who were otherwise minded, naturally, was Robert P. Brindell. While he was in the Tombs awaiting trial he had sent out orders that controlled the building trades; when he went to Sing Sing one of his aids was elected to succeed him as head of the Building Trades Council. Moreover, his political friends had not forgotten him. Within two months of his incarceration in Sing Sing he was caught receiving delicacies that varied the monotonous prison fare. Presently, having behaved himself well, he was allowed to work outside the prison, on the grounds, and here he was caught in an unauthorized meeting with his family, while people in the vicinity alleged that he had been steadily receiving old labor followers as well. In punishment for this he was sent to a more severe prison; but a few months of good behavior earned his transfer to the easiest of the state penitentiaries, where his imprisonment was lightened by a radio in his cell.

Meanwhile a special bill, which was believed to be directed toward permitting his immediate parole, had been beaten in the legislature; but help was at

hand. Five to ten years, in New York, means, thanks to commutation and compensation provisions, anywhere from three years, eight months, and twenty-three days up. Exactly three years, eight months, and twenty-three days after he had been sent to prison Brindell was released on parole. There was a general shout of protest; the Parole Board was reminded that its powers were optional, that it was under no compulsion to release Brindell. The Parole Board, with dignity, made no effort to explain; but eventually it had to take note of the protests. By that time the Federation of Labor, very slowly, had cleaned house in the New York building trades; most of Brindell's old henchmen had been replaced; graft, for the time being, had been reduced to a mere trace. But if Brindell came back to New York he might be expected to set about reestablishing his supremacy.

The Parole Board had been prepared to release him without conditions, but this unexpected outburst changed the situation. To save the face of the Board, Brindell graciously made a voluntary promise to that body that he would indulge no further in union politics; although it was understood that he might be permitted to join a union as an ordinary laborer, in order that this man who had made eleven hundred thousand dollars in ten months might be able to earn his daily bread. By that time he was under indictment for falsifying a Federal income-tax return; it looked as if he would be released from a State prison only to be arraigned before a Federal Commissioner. But this distasteful publicity was avoided by an arrangement permitting him to give bail to a Commissioner who came into the State prison to let him do it. Neither State nor Federal officials left anything undone to spare the sensitive feelings of Mr. Brindell.

Three months after he was let out of jail there came a clamor that he was trying to regain control of the Dock Workers' Union. Chiefly on account of Mr. Untermyer's persistence, the Parole Board was compelled to take note of the complaint and it summoned Brindell to an inquiry as to whether he had violated the conditions of his parole. Other paroled prisoners are returned to jail during such investigations; but not, of course, Brindell. After protracted argument a decision was put off and Brindell was ordered to stay out of New York for three months; as punishment for his misdeeds, in other words, he was directed to spend a summer in the Adirondacks. Eventually the Board whitewashed him by the solemn declaration that he had not violated "any material provision" of his parole. It is hard to see how he could have done so since his parole contained no provisions except his own voluntary promise not to engage in union politics. He had certainly violated that, but the board contented itself with warning him not to do it hereafter.

As it happened, the warning was superfluous; Brindell had suffered a breakdown in health which apparently will keep him out of further mischief. So, apparently, ends a distinguished career, from study of which one arises with a reluctant admiration for great capacity and incredible boldness. A society which is unable to turn such gifts to a useful purpose seems to deserve the contempt with which Brindell always treated it.

VII

Meanwhile, the white horse lacks a rider; but certain recent developments suggest that he has only been retired to stud.

An employer witness in the Lockwood investigation refused at first to testify on the ground that if he did Brindell would close his doors. "I think," said Mr. Untermyer, "it is Brindell's doors that are going to be closed." "What of it?" asked the gloomy witness. "We'll get somebody else in Brindell's place, as we got him in Sam Parks's."

This new Messiah has not appeared—

yet. Building prices are still high, but that is due to the honest graft of both labor and capital. Wages went down in the general business depression of 1920–21 but they have risen again, till to-day they are higher even than in the golden time of Brindell. Material prices manage to keep up at inexplicable heights; and however great the cost of materials, however high the wages, it is all passed on to us, the consumers. But the last five years have seen no more Brindells, no more Hettricks.

However, competing bidders on New York building contracts to-day usually know what is in one another's bids as soon as they have gone in. They may not know beforehand but they at least have information that will guide them on the next bid. The system, obviously, can be developed; its next developer, doubtless, will be more cautious than the lately jailed Mr. Hettrick but, given caution and smoothness, there is no reason why he should not do as well.

There is no Brindell now; but the way is being paved for a smoother and more moderate Brindell, if current experiences of some New York builders mean anything. On a building of semi-public character, not meant for profit, the ceilings were to be lightly coated with plaster. Plasterers were brought in and after one look announced that this was a cement finishers' job. So the subcontractor brought in cement finishers; but by some unhappy mischance he employed members of that one of the two competing organizations of cement finishers—the Green Card Union—which is affiliated with the bricklayers, who did the work, some $7000 worth of it.

Thereupon the Pink Card Cement Finishers' Union, attached to the plasterers, complained to their great and good friends, and the matter immediately became a part of the great jurisdictional dispute between bricklayers and plasterers which for a time tied up much building all over the country. The plasterers bided their time; then, when the work was done, their business agent put in a claim for an equivalent amount of work, seven thousand dollars' worth of work, as compensation for plasterers' work given to allies of the bricklayers.

But the ceilings had all been plastered; the plasterers' agent suggested that they could be plastered again, as the first coat had been light; but it happened that the owner of the building wanted only a lightly plastered ceiling for his special purposes. The owner offered to pay the $7000 to the plasterers' union, rather than have the completion of the building delayed; but with virtuous indignation this proposal was refused. The dispute was finally settled, curiously enough, by the extension of the subcontractor's contract to provide for an extra $7000 worth of work in his line. The money was paid to the subcontractor, but the work has never been done. Nobody wants it done; all is well as it is, the building is going ahead, and the $7000 has been paid as ordered—to the subcontractor. What he did with it is his business, into which no prying person has inquired.

Elsewhere in New York a builder was called upon by a subcontractor who announced that he was going to do a certain part of the work. "How do you know?" the builder asked. "I haven't even asked for bids." The subcontractor merely observed that he was going to do the work if the work was done at all. By quiet inquiry the builder presently learned that if that man did not do the work, the work on the building would stop. Need it be added that the confident volunteer got the job?

In another city, not so far from New York, a cruder and more old-fashioned form of labor graft has appeared. A building (for charity, at that) had reached the stage where it needed for the first time men of a certain craft. A business agent of their union appeared and informed the builder that they would be provided, if the business agent got $5000. The builder, being a man of experience, suspected that this was a mere asking price (labor graft being still

addicted to Oriental haggling) and cut it down to $2500; but that was as far as the business agent would go, and there appeared no way out except by paying him—even though that meant that word would be passed around that this was "a sweet job" and other business agents might be expected to appear, like applicants for the Salvation Army's Christmas dinner.

This sort of thing has always existed and doubtless in some small degree always will exist—the holdup, pure and simple; it is, however, a crude business, a dangerous business, and the members of the unions can usually be relied on to keep it from going too far. But, as pointed out just now, there are signs that the beginnings of that situation which Brindell developed are already reappearing: the collusion between contractors and labor leaders, or coercion of contractors by labor leaders, which opens the way to real money.

Perhaps Brindell's fate will act as a deterrent, for, whatever amazing favors were shown him, after all he spent nearly four years in jail. But this will in all likelihood deter the next Napoleon of building trades politics from nothing much but the obvious and careless crudities of Brindell's methods. Already one hears of other American cities in which a single great figure dominates the building trades through some such arrangement as a bonding company. No builder is compelled to bond himself through that company, but builders who neglect this elementary precaution have a ruinous amount of labor trouble with their jobs. The bonding company as a method of honest graft has appeared in politics as well. Labor politics is very much like other kinds of politics; the downright stealings of the Tweed ring would hardly be possible in any American city to-day, nor would any self-respecting municipal politician try them in an age when almost as much money can be made with very little opprobrium and next to no danger. So the mere stickup business agent who asks for five thousand dollars before he lets his men go to work is passing; but labor graft will probably endure as long as political graft, or capital graft.

Meanwhile, let us be thankful for the refinements which time is introducing; most of us, if we must be robbed, would rather be robbed with a degree of suavity. Our age may not be more virtuous than its predecessors but at least it is more refined; the difference between the labor leader who runs a bonding company and the business agent who says, "Pay me or you don't work" is the difference—a salutary difference, so far as it goes—between "The Green Hat" and "Only a Girl."

VIII

But how does it happen that the building trade, not only in New York but all over the country, is particularly exposed to these allied and associated extortions? Because it requires a wide assortment of materials and some fifty different crafts. Failure to obtain one kind of material, whatever the price, delays the whole building; the strike of a single craft holds up the work of dozens of other crafts, though it have no better ground than a dispute as to whether certain work properly belongs to plasterers or bricklayers, to iron workers or carpenters.

In thousands of cases builders or owners of buildings have bought their way around jurisdictional disputes by paying two unions for work done by only one, or paying both in full for work done in equal shares by members of both. That, however, is expensive; less so than delay in completion of a building, but more so, as a rule, than buying off an inconvenient business agent. In many cases bribing the business agent is the easiest way, a fact as clearly and promptly visible to the builder as to the business agent himself.

How does it happen that unions composed in overwhelming majority of ordinary decent citizens (and if you say ordinary citizens are none too decent, why, that is another matter and beside

the present point) tolerate the rule of grafters, and even defend them after indictment and often after conviction? Well, for one thing the unions have derived benefits from the grafters; lesser benefits than those reserved by the grafters for themselves, but benefits none the less. The rule of the business agent has been a good thing for the average union man; on the whole, it has probably been a good thing for society at large. And the ordinary workman, knowing this, is ready to drop his tools when the business agent tells him to drop them; his not to reason why; he only knows that in the long run he will derive a direct personal advantage from following orders. If the business agent, or somebody above him—a Brindell who organizes and absorbs the graft that once belonged to scores of business agents—gets a still greater advantage, that is apt to be a matter of mere rumor. The average workman knows nothing about it; and if he asks about it, at a meeting of the union, somebody may break a chair over his head. Besides, on meeting night he probably has a date with his girl.

You recognize the parallel? Yes, it is precisely the way most of us behave with regard to those larger unions to which almost all of us belong, the Democratic and Republican parties. Back in the days of Sam Parks the likeness between general politics and union politics was pointed out by Ray Stannard Baker. Honest men vote for grafters because the grafters, in honest or at least customary ways, take care of the honest men; they let the grafters run the organization because the grafters and their henchmen are always on the job and the honest men usually have something more exciting to do on primary day or convention night.

After the exposure of corruption, civic interest is more general for a time. So in Brindell's day the average meeting of a building trades union brought out two or three per cent of its members, practically all of them wheelhorses of the inner organization; to-day the same meeting will bring out twenty-five or thirty per cent, and most of them will want to know what is going on. But how long will this interest last? History does not encourage optimism on that point. And what of the public interest? The disclosure of Brindell's extortions aroused general attention for the moment, and quite properly, since it touched every taxpayer and rentpayer in New York. Yet the prosecution presently took on the aspect of a duel between two strong men, Brindell and Untermyer, which the rest of us watched at varying distances from the ringside as we watched the duel between Dempsey and Firpo. The champion of virtue having triumphed, we gave three cheers and went home; but if Brindell had triumphed a good many of the spectators would have given three cheers, and all of them would have gone home just the same, reflecting that at any rate they had seen a good fight for their money.

Jurisdictional disputes are the great opportunity for labor graft in the building trades; and a jurisdictional board is now slowly trying to adjudicate the disputed boundaries between one craft's field and another's. It will probably succeed in eliminating the jurisdictional strike about the time the frontiers of Europe are finally settled to the satisfaction of all the nationalities concerned.

Meanwhile capital has an honest graft in inflated material costs, labor has an honest graft in inflated wages, and the consumer pays both. This again has its parallel in politics, in the municipal organization which exists to give some profit or privilege to all of its members, with special profits or privileges to the men at the top. Every good political organization is essentially a conspiracy of its members for their own benefit at the expense of the public at large. Some of them, as for instance the Tammany Hall of the moment, give a sufficiently good government to make it doubtful if a random selection from the public at large could do any better or as well; to that extent they earn their special

profit, as do many trade associations, and many labor unions. But the principle is the same whether Tammany Hall is giving good government under Olvany or bad government under Croker; it applies to good unions and trade associations as well as bad ones. They are all conspiracies of a large number of people to use their collective power for their own profit at the expense of all the people.

This, you may say, is a terrible thing; there ought to be a law about it. But there have already been dozens of laws about it. Political organizations have been beaten in elections only to bob up again; trusts have been dissolved only to demonstrate that the more they change, the more they stay the same. This tendency to combination, to the formation of more or less extensive and more or less predatory oligarchies, begins to seem an irresistible natural law, the cardinal principle of American life, if not indeed of organized society. Consider any one oligarchic conspiracy by itself, and it looks iniquitous to those who do not share in the profit. But fortunately the principle is so widely practised that most of us share in its advantages as producers, even though it inflates our expenses as consumers; if I suffer from the extortions of the Co-operative Plasterers' Union I benefit from those of the Authors' League; and if the League's extortions are more modest, that is not my fault nor that of my fellow authors, who, like the plasterers, take all they can get.

How, then, is justice to be attained? Not by futile efforts to abolish trade associations or labor unions or political machines, but by the extension of the principle so that all of us will belong to some political or business or labor oligarchy. Then all of us as producers can profiteer (as most of us do now) on all of us as consumers, and America will be the Perfect State. And as the Perfect State, by definition, will be so organized that every man gets his honest graft automatically and without the aid of some overlord, there will be no room for dishonest graft; the Brindells and Hettricks will be recognized as what they are, the enemies of all, and they will speedily disappear.

There is a simple prescription for the perfection of human society; and if you say it means that all of us would live by taking in one another's washing, why, taking in one another's washing is about as good a definition as has yet been given of the division of labor in organized economic society. The only reasonable objection might come from efficiency engineers, who could object that if every member of society is compelled to pay out as consumer all that he receives in honest graft as producer there is a great deal of lost motion. Eliminate all profiteering and extortion, and the balance of income and outgo would remain the same and the business of the world could be done with about half as much work.

But efficiency is flying in the face of nature; the elimination of honest graft would do violence to basic human instincts. And if the world's business could be done with half as much work, the question arises of what the human race would do with its spare time. From that appalling speculation the boldest of social philosophers may ask to be excused.

Religion and Life

HOW SHALL WE THINK OF GOD?

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THAT people should believe that God exists has been a consuming concern of religion, but an astonishing amount of religious propaganda has been carried on with apparent carelessness about what people have meant by God when they have believed in him. A few years ago one of our leading psychologists conducted an investigation into the ways his students thought about God, and some of the answers he received were startling. "I think of God as real, actual skin and blood and bones, something we shall see with our eyes some day, no matter what lives we live on earth"; "I have always pictured him according to a description in Paradise Lost as seated upon a throne, while around are angels playing on harps and singing hymns"; "I think of God as having bodily form and being much larger than the average man. He has a radiant countenance beaming with love and compassion. He is erect and upright, fearless and brave." As one considers such images of God in the minds of educated youths, presumably brought up in our Sunday schools and churches, one must acknowledge that believing in God without considering how one shall picture him is deplorably unsatisfactory. Moreover, this endeavor to have faith in God without knowing what you mean by him is a played-out procedure for increasing numbers of people. They are not atheists or even agnostics; they have always supposed that they believe in God, but they are facing now a bewildering question: what does the word mean? what is God like? how can he be imagined? Many such inquirers come to a minister's confessional wondering what picture he has in his mind when on Sunday he preaches about "God."

The pressure of this difficulty is in part explained by the collapse of the old imaginative frameworks in which our fathers commonly thought of God. What a cozy stage was furnished by the old cosmology, with its flat earth and its close, convenient heaven, on which the religious imagination could picture its gods, their entrances and exits! Centuries will probably pass before religious symbolism fully is transferred to the setting of the new astronomy. The premillennialists, for example, by hundreds of thousands in the United States, are awaiting the physical return of Jesus from the sky to set up his kingdom on the earth. To enforce that belief and expectation as an integral part of Christian orthodoxy is one objective of a large section of the fundamentalists, and nothing can exceed the zeal with which they hold that the world will grow continually worse until at last upon the clouds the Lord himself will appear to begin his millennial reign.

That entire belief depends for its picturableness upon the old astronomy. Granted a flat earth with heaven a little way above, granted Jesus' resurrection conceived in terms of flesh and his ascension conceived as physical levitation through the clouds to the divine dwelling

in the sky, granted the picture of him there "at the right hand of God," and his return on the clouds by the same route he went is as easily imaginable as the return of a friend from San Francisco. That was the cosmological picture in which the expectation first arose; that is the cosmological picture which sustained it for centuries; and the marvel is not that it should have existed from the days of the first disciples on, but that now, when there is no longer any up or down, or heaven beyond the clouds, men on this whirling planet in the sky should still be preserving in religious imagination what they have discarded everywhere else.

Similarly, our conceptions of God have been shaped by picture-thinking set in the framework of the old world-view. God as a king on high—how our fathers, living under monarchy, rejoiced in that image and found it meaningful! His throne, his crown, his scepter, his seraphic retinue, his laws, rewards, and punishments—how dominant that picture was and how persistent the continuance of it in our hymns and prayers! It always was partly poetry, but it had a prose background: there really had been at first a celestial land above the clouds where God reigned and where "his throne was in the heavens."

Go to hear a preacher to-day, however, and while the congregation may sing "O worship the King all glorious above," and while the minister may "fall before the throne" when he prays, yet when in personal helpfulness he tries to explain to his people the meaning of communion with God, the chances are that he will leave the imagery of monarchy utterly behind and take up radio. The living voice out of the unseen, the mystery of fellowship with the invisible, the necessity of being rightly tuned, the interferences that break receptivity—I suspect that the invention of radio has increased the quantity of praying in America. It has given men a congenial picture in which to image their dealings with God.

THIS obvious fact that religion habitually pictures God in terms of some dominant element in the generation's life, that it makes imaginative idols and worships them even when visible idols are denied, is, of course, meat and drink to the atheists. Religion, they say, is fancy, poetry, mirage, picture-thinking pathetically mistaken for substantial truth. This scorn of theirs, however, ought to be short lived. It cannot easily survive *tu quoque*. The man who subscribes to the current mechanistic materialism is in the same boat with the theist so far as picture-thinking is concerned.

The very latest style in materialistic philosophy is to believe that everything is a physicochemical mechanism—that the whole universe and every living organism in it from a protozoon to a Plato can be adequately described in mechanistic terms. A few weeks ago a letter came from one of America's leading lawyers, announcing that he felt sure that man was merely a mechanism. That is our latest, up-to-the-minute philosophy, but obviously it is picture-thinking.

The machine is the dominant builder of our civilization. It is the newest and most tremendous power with which our society deals. Anybody acquainted with the history of human thought could have predicted that, just as absolute monarchy, feudalism, humanitarianism, democracy, and all other dominant factors which have captured the imagination of successive generations have had their counterparts in contemporary philosophy, so a machine age would produce a mechanistic theory of life. It has done so. Never was there a clearer illustration of the inevitable urge which causes a generation to picture the cosmos in terms of a dominant factor in common experience.

Nevertheless, this particular bit of picture-thinking is obviously inadequate to describe even a crab, much less a cosmos. Nobody doubts that there is a profoundly important mechanistic as-

pect to a crab but, after all, a crab is hardly a machine: he grows from the conceptual egg to maturity, and a machine does not; from inward energies he can reproduce amputated members, and a machine cannot; he can spontaneously adjust himself from within to new situations, and a machine cannot; he propagates his kind through the mystery of generation, and a machine does not. None of the most characteristic functions of a living organism does a machine perform, so that what it means to call even a crab a mechanism is not clear—much less what it means so to describe a man. Can a mechanism remember, think, distinguish between right and wrong, fight for ideals, fall in love, and worship God? All this, however, will not stop our prominent lawyer from calling man a mechanism. There is to-day an almost irresistible urge to crowd all life back into the simple, familiar, easily visualized picture of a mechanical process. And that will go on for a long while, despite the truth of Professor Thomson's protest from the viewpoint of biology: "Mechanical formulæ do not begin to answer the distinctively biological questions."

This recognition of our inveterate imaginativeness, whether we are religious or not, should be chastening. It ought to send us somewhat humbled to consider how we do picture the God whom we either believe in or deny.

OF COURSE, the plain truth is that we cannot picture God at all, or, at any rate, when we try, we may be sure of our utter inadequacy. This admitted partialness, not to say falseness, in all our attempted imaginations of God should disturb no one. "Now we see in a mirror, darkly" is still true. The interesting fact is that, not only can we not imagine God, but science has brought us to the place where we cannot imagine the physical universe. As Einstein, for example, knows it, it is utterly unpicturable. A four-dimensional, curved cosmos, with time and space commingled so that no one can tell at what point whenness leaves off, and whereness begins—that may be set down in mathematical formulæ but it cannot be pictured. Even a helium atom, going eighteen thousand miles a second through a glass wall without leaving a trace of its transit, may be thought but it cannot be imaged.

I have a friend, an engineer, who, while he does not suppose himself to be one of the half dozen or so folk on earth who understand Einstein, does think that he sees what Einstein is driving at and he is ambitious to make me see it too. His ingenuity at illustration is amazing. He resorts to extraordinary devices of imagery to help me visualize this physical universe as it really is. I supposed that all this was a friendly concession to my stupidity, but in a recent scientific book I find the same childlike resort to illustration in the endeavor to make relativity clear. The learned writer pictures a man on a moving ship, poised for a stroke at a game of shuffleboard, his seeming rest instantaneous only and relative to the ship's motion, and that, relative to the movements of winds and currents, and those to the rotation of the earth on its axis and its revolution round its orbit, and those to the whole solar system's speed through space. How like preachers in their methods these scientists have become! How they hanker after illustrations, seek for them high and low, are blissful when they find one! They are facing at last the same problem which we face—they are trying to picture the unpicturable!

WHAT, then, shall the religious man do? He cannot take in earnest the man-sized representations of God on which, it may be, he was brought up—a god walking in a garden in the cool of the day, making woman from man's rib, confounding men's speech lest they build a tower too high, decreeing a flood to drown humanity, trying to slay a man at a wayside inn because his child was not circumcised, showing his back but not his face to a man upon a mountain-top, or ordering the massacre of his chosen

people's enemies, men, women, and children, without mercy. He is in revolt against all that, as Euripides, over four centuries before Christ, rebelled against the gods of Olympus:

"Say not there be adulterers in Heaven
Nor prisoner gods and gaoler. Long ago
My heart has known it false and will not alter.
God, if he be God, lacketh naught. All these
Are dead unhappy tales of minstrelsy."

Nevertheless, the religious man must have imaginations of God, if God is to be real. Watch the European peasant at his wayside shrine before the image of the Madonna, or the Moslem, with his theoretical monotheism, worshiping nevertheless at the tomb of his local saint, or the Buddhist, with his impersonal deity, bowing still before the placid image of Amida, or the Protestant, refusing outward images but making verbal ones by the hundred, and the impression is irresistible: the vividness and availability of man's religion depend largely on his imaginations of God.

Moreover, if religion is to be vital—fellowship with God sustaining life and responsibility to God quickening conscience—these imaginations must picture our dealing with the Divine in terms of personal relationship. God must have in him, in ways however far beyond our capacity to think, qualities kindred to those which in ourselves we meet as intelligence, purposefulness, goodwill. This is the gist of the whole matter in the religious problem of thinking about God. We may start, if we will, with this vast, unpicturable universe, and try to imagine God adequate to its size and its complexity, its order and beauty, its terror and prodigality. Creative Reality, conceived in spiritual rather than physical terms—that undoubtedly is God. But that cold, bare statement will not satisfy the religious man's imagination or his life. The real question is: can God be thought of in terms of personal relationship, so that we can commune with him, be inspired by him, depend on him, be responsible to him, and, like our fathers before us, love him so deeply that we will love nothing else too much and fear him so reverently that we will fear nothing else at all?

Now, all philosophies divide on this one issue: whether the subhuman world of physics and chemistry or the human world with its spiritual values and possibilities shall supply the dominant pictures of what reality is like. Some philosophies split the world in two, the subhuman world on one side, the human on the other and, treating the latter as a mere echo of the former, they get their controlling ideas from the physical world alone. That is the source of all materialism. It starts by forgetting man in the higher ranges of his life, treating man as though he were not a substantial part of the universe to be explained, thinking of man and his spiritual values as an accidental appendage to creation, and then basing its theories on an analysis of the subhuman remainder. It chops the real universe into two portions and takes all its dominant ideas from the lower half.

But all idealistic philosophies and all high religion refuse that false division and that insane choice, and are sure that wherever else Creative Reality may have displayed his quality and revealed his meaning, he has done so in the spiritual life of man. Whatever else may be true of man, he certainly is part and parcel of this universe, bone of its bone, flesh of its flesh, the climactic expression of its life, and the universe cannot be interpreted apart from him. In the Yerkes Observatory I watched, one night, an astronomer studying the nebula of Lyra. In one unillumined spot of it, which through the telescope seemed negligible, thousands of our solar systems could be lost. Yet which was more marvelous, the nebula of Lyra or the astronomer? The nebula is only gaseous matter, but the man who was apprehending it, measuring it, computing its distance, analyzing its substance, and stating its laws, the man who

with his thought was conquering Lyra, besetting it behind and before and laying his hand upon it, was far more marvelous than the thing that was merely being apprehended. Any philosophy which in trying to explain creation takes in the constellations but leaves out the mind which grasps them cannot be true.

In man at his best, then, Reality receives its clearest revelation—that is the faith of all high religion. The place where man vitally finds God, deals with God, discovers the qualities of God, and learns to think religiously about God is not primarily among the stars but within his own experience of goodness, truth, and beauty, and the truest images of God are therefore to be found in man's spiritual life. Partial they are, inadequate, not "without omission, disproportion and aberration," as Martineau said; nevertheless, the old figures—fatherhood, friendship, love, justice—by which the seers and saints have tried to make the Eternal real to their imaginations, are the true clue to the understanding of him. That was Plato's meaning when he said, "God is never in any way unrighteous; he is perfect righteousness. And there is nothing more like him than one of us who is himself most righteous." That was Jesus' meaning when he said, "When ye pray, say, Father." That has been the experience of countless folk who for themselves have discovered Tolstoi's truth: "Where Love is, God is." And that has been the historic church's meaning when it has exalted the Incarnation as the center of its doctrine—"the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Indeed, I would go farther. Protestantism has been too bare of symbolism, too afraid of warmth and color, too reluctant to serve the spiritual life by the beautiful uses of the imagination. The shrines and images, the crucifixes and pictures before which some other Christians worship have seemed to Protestants idolatrous. But to many a supposed idolater they mean something else altogether—aids to the imagination, as a trinket or a photograph, perhaps a very poor one, may help to recreate the image of a friend and vivify the consciousness of his felt presence. By tradition and temperament I am a thoroughgoing Protestant, but I wish that in our services we knew better how to quicken the imagination of our people and make the Divine Presence mystically real. Perhaps, some day, like the scientist using his shuffleboard game to illustrate the universe, we shall employ more generously the aid of symbolism, knowing alike how true it all is and yet how far from true of him whose judgments are unsearchable and whose ways past tracing out.

CRAMPED STYLE

A STORY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THE trouble with vital statistics is that they stop just before they get interesting. They tell you that the death rate of married men is less than that of widowers—which is fair enough if they only went on to show that the widowers die of grief instead of as a result of sudden stepping out. They reveal that the effect of marriage on women is not clearly beneficial—which is always a good point to have in mind in case you need to use it, except for the additional fact that wives who stick it out seem to last better in the long run than the unclaimed blessings do. So where does that get you unless you know why? And what good is it to know that there are forty-three million people in the country who are over fifteen years of age and married, when you don't know how many of them are cramping each other's style?

Toby Glaspell said that they all were. He made no exceptions, having reached the mellow, post-midnight mood when the broader the generalization the sweeter it tastes. He was the kind of man who got steadily better and better all day but was really a philosopher only after one o'clock in the morning. It was not liquor-philosophy, either. Toby had never allowed Mr. Volstead to get him excited. But there was a quality in the early morning spent in company, in that uncertain hour when a party may live or die, that loosened Toby's tongue and wits.

Anyway he grinned from the depths of Cora's brick-colored velvet chair and generalized.

"They all do."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Cora, "lots of people don't. I know a girl in Kentucky who never really found herself till she married."

"Let's play it on the home court," Toby objected. "Look around you. Is there anyone here whose style isn't cramped by a husband or wife? Except me and Zelda? And most of you are conscious of it. That's why you married birds razz each other so. Talk in that married way, full of hidden javelins."

"I haven't been razzing Lee," said Mary Carroll, getting in on it, "have I, Lee?"

"Sure you have," said Lee.

"Certainly you have," agreed Toby. "Who was it stepped on Lee a little while ago when he burst into song about what made a woman good looking? He had a lot of great truths in his mind then, until you told him not to make a fool of himself."

"I don't want him to make a fool of himself," Mary said defensively, "and who's he to talk about what makes a woman good looking? All he knows I've taught him. That boy didn't know the difference between wet and dry rouge till I married him."

"You assume that," Toby told her darkly. "All wives, all husbands do exactly the same thing. No woman knows her husband. I didn't get that last remark up myself. It came out of

the world's best quotations or snappy after-dinner speeches. But it's got some wear in it yet."

"You're jealous of us, Toby. You're a jealous, hard-drinking, unhappy bachelor."

"Maybe so," said Toby, "But I'll bet I'm the only man in the room who hasn't ever secretly breathed the unconnubial sigh."

"The which?" asked Cora.

"Any girl who's been put out of as many good schools as you were ought to be able to drive your way through that simple phrase. It was born, I believe, of Gilbert and Sullivan. But I've adopted it. I'm giving it a good home. And if you can't figure out what it means, ask Andrew what an unconnubial sigh is."

"Ask him what an asinine line of talk is," said Andrew, "and he'll tell you and show you motion pictures too."

He wandered about the room again, looking after his guests. They had been to the theater, they had been to supper, and they were now polishing off the evening. Eight of them: Mary and Lee Carroll, Elizabeth and Roger Kinkead, Cora and himself, and Toby, who had brought along Zelda Shepard. Andrew hadn't quite got the Shepard girl yet, hadn't quite placed her. He'd never read any of her stuff, so he had been giving her a pretty wide berth for fear he might have to talk about it. But he liked the way she did her hair. Until he saw her hair he hadn't realized how tired he was of clipped necks. He wondered, as he lighted her cigarette and looked down at the parting from which Zelda Shepard's thick blond hair fell away with a kind of secret curve, if there wasn't an editorial on hair that hadn't been written yet. Something light and yet not purely funny.

That was what Andrew did. He wrote editorials but was not literary. He played the kind of golf which made Cora curse when she saw another silver loving cup come home and the kind of bridge out of which a poor man may dress his wife. He was a good shot and had taken brave and splendid pictures of a bull moose last year just as the animal was getting ugly and had about commenced to charge. In three years he had doubled the circulation of his paper and he wrote all the editorials. But by his own claim, he was not literary. It often bothered him that he might be considered so, and when he was really worried he wrote an editorial in which he was exceedingly comic about modern literature. As he often said, what he wanted to offer a prize for was a novel about a man over thirty who was perfectly faithful to his wife. That was Andrew's line, just as Cora's was the more sophisticated one. Cora read everything and absorbed a lot and knew perfectly who should be asked to dinner and called Andrew magnificently heavy but a good provider. And Cora might say what she pleased without consequence, for Andrew's feet were very firmly on the ground and he knew exactly where he was going. Forward, and to the right at every turning.

He was still thinking of that editorial on hair. It wasn't to be reactionary. It had something to do with the beauty of line, or the natural development of beauty. The contrast between the effect which the lawn mower gets and—

"Want to sit down?" asked Zelda Shepard, indicating a movement on the sleek black-satin sofa which would give him room.

He took the place and waited for her to say something. But she did not. It seemed to him that he had never seen a more relaxed person. The hand which held her cigarette was the only portion of her that made the least effort. Pose, thought Andrew. New York stuff.

"I've been telling Cora that I wanted to get hold of some of your stories," he said, "She's read a lot of them, of course. I don't read very much fiction, myself."

"It's all right with me," Zelda told him, "I get paid when they buy my stuff, not when you read it, you know."

Her voice was like her manner, released and at ease and a low little chuckle trailed the words along. As she finished she lifted her eyes to him and he was aware that they were wise eyes. They'd salted away a lot of knowledge somewhere in her mind, and yet apparently her mind had not functioned with it, for she had no attack, no mannerisms, no cynicism.

"Don't worry about me," she added after a moment. "I'm safe. I'm not literary."

"You write."

"So do you," she countered, "and much more steadily. I only write a little piece now and then. They aren't very good, usually."

"You aren't the best judge of that from what I hear."

"Go on—" said Zelda Shepard and blew an unprovocative smoke ring.

She wasn't making the least effort with him. He liked it and at the same time he wondered if it was just because she thought he was terribly dull. She had white hands with a look of muscular strength in the long, tapered fingers, white hands, and a maiden's neck with firm flesh on it. Andrew wondered what she was thinking about as she sat on the black-satin kidney couch in his living room and watched two birch sticks in the fireplace which were idly trying to stir each other into flame. He knew about the rest of his guests. Toby, under all his clatter, was probably figuring shrewdly on the first person he would see about that bond issue to-morrow. Roger Kinkead was wishing the party would break up, but Elizabeth, his wife, would never leave until the end of any party for fear of being thought dumb. Roger had been born into permanent wealth and had the kind of insolence that sometimes goes with that security. Lee Carroll had been wanting to dance all evening. He always liked to dance but particularly lately with the Shepard girl. And while Lee hadn't been at all flagrant, that was why he wasn't over here now. Mary had probably stopped it. Mary distrusted Lee's susceptibilities and was always trying to camouflage it with a theory that she was the fluttery one.

"Do you like to write?" Andrew asked.

"Sometimes. When I've something to say. It must be ghastly to have to do it the way you do—every day of your life."

"Life changes every day and there's always the passing comment," he told her sententiously.

"Oh, come," she said, "it doesn't. Besides I've read your editorials. You don't really believe that stuff do you?"

He stiffened. On attack, he always believed in them very thoroughly.

"What do you mean?"

"Things can't be as right and wrong as you say they are. Life just bums along, trying to pay its bills and have a good time and keep out of jail. We all know that. You don't actually expect me to believe that you think this cheery, striding, always-right man of business you're always writing about really exists, do you?"

"I certainly do," he told her sharply, "if there is one thing that gets under my skin it's the perennial novel about the tired business man with the soul struggle. I know hundreds of business men. They get their sleep. They like their game, and they take life as it comes."

"What else can they do?"

"I mean they like life as it comes."

"Stop there," she said, "I'm out of step."

"Don't you agree with me that they like it?"

"It's so editorial to agree or disagree," she said, "I despise opinions. They clutter facts up."

"You have to have opinions. It's necessary."

"Only for the blind. The rest of us can see," said Zelda Shepard.

Her voice let him go after every statement, as if she really didn't care whether he answered or not. There was none of the nervous argument in it which he was accustomed to associate with clever women who had what he called good minds. It occurred to him that this girl would probably completely discount any statement that she had a good mind.

Her dress, which lay along the black-satin couch, was the color of early daffodils, white-yellow, a fine, fresh color. From what the rest of the women said and the way the men acted, Andrew knew that she was beautifully dressed and that the pallid gold of her slippers was rare. She did not discount beauty. That was clear enough.

"What do you see?" he asked and his voice had lost its challenge and was only curious.

"That's no matter. Isn't it what you yourself see—if you look?"

Andrew looked. He saw Lee Carroll turning restlessly to look at Zelda, and Mary Carroll pretending not to be watching them but keeping such a wifely, possessive hand on Lee's sleeve. It was always like that between them. How those two struggled with what must have been an ill-adjusted relationship at the very beginning! Lee had been very careful since Mary's nervous collapse. He had to be careful of his children's mother. But he liked women and beauty. Andrew had been in his party at musical comedies.

He saw Roger Kinkead. How utterly cruel Roger could be in business deals Andrew knew well enough. But he did not see the usurer in Roger's face now. It was another picture—the funeral of that only child of his who had been hit by an automobile. That terrible funeral from which Roger had come away with his passionate delight in fatherhood eternally buried and a silly, frightened, suffering woman on his arm, whose comeback had been the effort to make her life into a clever epigram.

He saw the wonderful flare of Cora's Titian head as she was bantering with Toby. Cora was a clever woman. She was always getting together parties like this and carelessly saying sudden things that came into her mind, so that she had a reputation for it. But that was only part of Cora's effect. She did everything well. She ran her house on a budget, chose the boys' school so as to get them a maximum of education at a minimum expense, knew all about blends of coffee and tea, and where to get a certain kind of Trappist cheese, and she always planned her clothes for the accenting of her red hair. Cora was in a very large measure responsible for his success. He started to tell that to the girl beside him and found himself checked by a sense of its irrelevance.

"Cora," he said, and got no farther.

"Decorative, isn't she? Such a splash of human coloring!" said Zelda.

Her silence washed over her again, but it had ceased to bother Andrew. The shock was gone now. He liked to feel silence wash up over him too. To sit there just touching the daffodil dress, thinking of the white hand that lay along its folds, was comfortable, or was it comforting? He wasn't even admiring it. It was pleasant to have it there. For the moment he thought no farther than that. He didn't even have an opinion as to whether he ought to think about a strange woman's hand or not. It was there. That was all.

Cora broke in.

"You two don't look as if you were having a highly exciting time," she said. "What are you frowning down now, Andy? Don't you be superior to my Andy, Zelda. If he's heavy it's because he's like fruitcake full of raisins, citron, and orange peel. Delicious, expensive, and indigestible."

Everybody laughed and Zelda stood up and moved over to the others. Andrew did not go after her. He shook himself well mentally and went out to the dining room with Elizabeth Kinkead. When he saw Zelda again she was dancing with Lee Carroll. Someone had started the player piano in the

music room and put on a record of some provocative, half-unhappy, luring, dragging blues. Lee Carroll's face was almost white. It was as if the perfect rhythm of the girl's dancing hurt him.

"I hate to break up the party but we have to go," interrupted Mary. "Lee, we've got to go."

"What was that remark you made about not cramping your husband's style?" Toby reminded her.

"I'll cramp anybody's style at this hour. Come, Lee. The baby had a cold, you know, and we ought to be getting home."

Zelda stopped. The music went on, mocking at the restraints of wives on husbands and husbands on wives; sad, easy, rhythmic, natural, doing as it pleased.

When he woke the next morning Andrew had a blurred memory of having dreamed of Zelda Shepard. It annoyed him because he could not quite remember what the dream was and, coupled with a vague feeling that he had not held up his end very well last night, he decided that she was a subtly reprehensible type of woman to have that effect on him. He didn't make a practice of dreaming about women.

"What does the Shepard girl write?" he asked Cora. "Blah, I suppose."

"She had a story in *Waterman's* this month," said Cora, "it's clever. But you wouldn't like it."

Andrew did not argue that. He went down to the newspaper office and had a consultation with the advertising manager and talked turkey to the sporting-page editor who had let the morning paper get a scoop on him and did a number of other things, for Andrew was chief owner in the newspaper as well as its editorial writer. He intended to drop the editorial stuff as soon as he could and buy a chain of papers through the Northwest, good, live independent papers with the best syndicated features he could afford and a stabilizing editorial policy. But things were not that far along yet, so after other things were in order he lighted his pipe and drew his typewriter toward him. Andrew always knocked off his editorials that way. He couldn't use a dictaphone.

He dealt with them shortly and came to a scrawled note on his memorandum pad which reminded him that yesterday he had decided to make some comment on the Wesley scandal. Even in such a newspaper as Andrew's, which prided itself on not being sensational, the Wesleys had been given a generous share of the headlines for the past few weeks. What Andrew intended to write, with some sharpness, was a short editorial dwelling on the remoteness of these erotic tangles from the life of the man on the street, the decent ordinary man who worked all day and played with the children in the evenings, who stoked the furnace, and led a straightforward life.

He sought for the point of view, the good, humorous, horse-sense point of view with which he usually dealt with such matters and fumbled through a beginning.

"The opinion of the man on the street doesn't matter to the Wesleys," he wrote, "but still less do people like the Wesleys matter to the man on the street."

It was strange luck that sent Bill Cutler into the office just then. He was in his usual state, not quite drunk, not quite sober, a little more shabby than when Andrew had last seen him. Bill was an old friend, even though an incipient bum, and couldn't be shoved out. He wasted a half hour of Andrew's time in the preliminaries of talk before he came to the point of touching him for a loan. Andrew knew by this time that there wasn't much use in trying to brace Bill up, but he gave him the money and rather savagely reflected on the kind of man Bill Cutler used to be before he got so mixed up with that woman. Of course if Bill had been a stronger man—how could one tell, though? The things women did to men! Bill used to be sailing along with

the best of the boys before he married.

He turned back to the Wesley editorial as Bill went and made another false start.

"The opinion of the man in the street."

What was it that the Shepard girl had said about opinions? Some smart crack about the fact that they belonged only to the blind. She wasn't so far wrong, when you looked at Bill Cutler. What possible good—or harm—had opinions ever done him? Living had been too swift for him—that was all.

Nice hair, the Shepard girl had. There was that editorial on hair. No—he wouldn't do that one. What did that girl do in New York anyhow? How did she live? Of course dancing like that took practice, and Cora would probably say that choosing such clothes took practice too. Andrew crumpled up the Wesley editorial and threw it in the wastebasket.

After lunch at the club he picked up *Waterman's* magazine—the current number—as casually as if he had not hurried through his lunch and passed up a rubber of bridge to do it. Good place they gave her. He wondered what she got paid for a story like that anyhow? He disliked the sophisticated, sketchy drawings which accompanied it.

It did not take long to read it. In its own way it was an inconsequent story, a wisp of narrative binding flippancy and pathos together. Possibly she hadn't meant to be flippant. Possibly she hadn't meant to be pathetic. Andrew put the magazine down and sank himself deep in a mining review. But the story stuck in his mind, with its respect for romance, its simple acceptance of other circumstances, unfortunate though they might be. She knows a lot, thought Andrew, and the picture of Bill Cutler came back to him. She's probably hard-boiled too.

That was what plenty of people said of her, he found. She was visiting an aunt who said she had brought Zelda on from New York because she was tired and needed a rest, an aunt with a flair for putting Zelda's pictures in the paper and starting conversations about Zelda's work. Zelda did not help her aunt out much with publicity. She was far too apt to admit that she had just had a story turned down and was flat broke. And always the little chuckle trailed her words along and never did she make any effort to gain popularity. If she had not been so good looking she might have been neglected. As it was, she was admitted and labelled a picnic egg.

Andrew saw Zelda next at a lobster dinner the Shevlins were giving. They were at MacIntyres in the dining room hung with red cloth, the old private dining room with the fake hunting prints on the walls which many lobster dinners had seasoned with merriment. Everything, said Cora, was wrong about that dining room except the atmosphere. But it somehow served to set off Zelda Shepard.

She was sitting between Guy Shevlin and Andrew and she wore a black dress of satin. Her hair was like a schoolgirl's and like an artist's dream, and she gave the impression of having been at many, many parties when men and women had made eating and drinking an occasion for one another's company. One could see her experience in the way she handled Guy Shevlin, who was apt to carry his liquor mawkishly.

"I read your story in *Waterman's*," said Andrew, breaking in.

"Did you?" she asked. "Did you like it?"

"I didn't want to like it," he grinned. "I believe in virtue being its own reward and in the wages of sin being death and all that. I didn't want to like your story. But I did."

"I liked that little piece," she admitted. "I was sorry I couldn't do it better."

"You did it very successfully."

"We get along pretty well, don't we?" said Zelda, straightly, "I've thought of you quite a lot since the other night."

"Why?"

"I don't know—must there be a reason?"

She left him with the question and turned to Shevlin, with just the lovely curve where her hair swept up from her neck visible to Andrew. And with a curious lightening of something in him Andrew knew it didn't matter. They did get on well. That was as far as one needed to think. All his life Andrew had never taken things as they came to him. He had been carefully entering even his gambling on the credit or debit side of his advance. But it occurred to him that it would be rather a glorious holiday to swing along with chance for once and keep no score.

"Writing now?" he asked, trying to get her away from Shevlin again.

"I must pretty soon."

"Why?"

"I owe a lot of money. Must pay for this dress before they take it off me. My bank account always looks as if it had been counting its calories far too long."

"You find money important, too, then?"

"Why, of course," she agreed; "money is almost the realest thing in the world. You're always touching it after you've gone through the dressy top layers, and pulled off the tissue paper. Money—or the lack of it. Personally I represent the lack of it."

"There's a way out of that easily enough, isn't there? The way the other women here to-night found? A girl can marry."

"Oh, I suppose so," she said unevasively. "But I'm sort of particular about who handles my bills. They're almost the only things that belong to me. Besides, as your friend the other night said, it's apt to cramp your style pretty badly."

"How do you mean?" he asked, rather coldly.

"I leave it to you," Zelda told him, "only I wonder if our friend on the left would be quite so pie-eyed if his wife wasn't trying to stop him."

"And how about me?" asked Andrew again. "Shoot."

She shook her head.

"I like your wife. She has brains and looks. But still, if you weren't married, you wouldn't be quite so nervous about me, would you?"

"I'm not nervous about you. What's all that about?"

She had turned. You couldn't argue with her, couldn't get up even an intellectual fight with her, thought Andrew. He was very stiff and angry as he sat there and mentally denied what she said and knew she was right. For if he were not married he would not be so loath to admit the queer sweet attraction this girl had for him, the twist of his heart at the thought that he was going to dance with her, the sense of her pathos and preciousness. That wasn't cramped style, he told himself hotly. That was common decency. But they wouldn't be fought down by that dictum, those crowding feelings.

Cora told him, an hour later as they danced together in the hotel ballroom, that Mary Carroll was simply furious.

"What about?"

"Lee, of course. He's so very obviously gone on the Shepard girl. Mary gets so worked up that she's funny. Still, I suppose with a girl like that you do have to watch your step, and Lee's in no mood to mind his."

"Why a girl like that?"

"This isn't her first party," said Cora briefly.

"It's just Mary's Saturday-night nigger jealousy," said Andrew. "I hate possessive women. That girl doesn't care a rip about Lee. Why should she?"

"It's out of your field, Andy," Cora told him. "That girl's just a natural man-hunter. Of course, she prefers Toby because he's unmarried, but Toby's awfully gun shy. He'll take her out but she can't borrow money from him probably."

"That's a rotten thing to say."

"Well, I've only said it in the conjugal ear. No chance for libel."

"I think it's very unfair."

Cora looked at him comically.

"You, too, Brutus?" she asked. "Well, go along and dance with her."

"Going to," said Andrew.

He went. Andrew danced well. He danced well because Cora had insisted that he should, but his partners were usually the wives of the men Cora wanted to dance with, regardless of weight or complexions. The assumption was that it didn't matter to Andrew so long as Cora had a good time. Sometimes he went through a long evening of dances in a blur of dullness. This feeling he had now, of seeking out someone, of being faintly excited about it, was new.

Zelda Shepard was with Toby, for Lee had been reclaimed by a militant Mary and she caught Andrew's eye and stopped.

"Do you mind?" she asked Toby. "I haven't danced with him yet."

Toby didn't mind. Nothing much could disturb Toby. His interest in Zelda was purely pictorial and he handed her over to Andrew, turning himself to seek out either some good-looking girl or very useful matron. There was no waste space at all in Toby's social life.

"That's the way Andrew takes money away from me in a bridge game," he said to Zelda.

Andrew wished he hadn't mentioned money. He didn't want to think about money when he was dancing with Zelda Shepard. But he forgot it soon enough. The music played tweedle dum and tweedle dee in accented measures, and she relaxed and let him dance with her. It was as simple as that, perfectly musical, perfectly sympathetic.

"Nice dance," she smiled as the music stopped the first time.

They took up the encore and under his eyes lay the wave of her hair, fine as life itself. He knew then that she was precious and that he would have liked to put his lips upon her hair and dance on. And he felt somehow that she knew that too.

Perhaps she did, for as he released her again she looked at him curiously. Andrew was always handsome and young looking for thirty-nine and at his best in evening clothes. But she must have seen that the first time she met him. It was something else that held them both silent now as they walked out into the little hotel balcony.

"Strange things happen between people, don't they?" he said at length.

"Oh, all the time," she answered, with more life in her voice than he had heard before. "All the time! It's my quarrel with life that we shut our eyes to it, go to such lengths to prevent things happening, and ignore them when they do. Or whisper about them. Why don't we shout with joy that life has still magic left in it after the years we've been trying to burn it at the stake?"

"I'm ready to shout," said Andrew. "When am I going to see you again?"

He was irritated with Cora. Whether she did it consciously or not he did not know, but she kept booking them both up for all sorts of dull engagements. They were legitimate engagements in the best business-social style, dinners with people of consequence digested afterwards by bridge games. Ordinarily he would have approved of them. But they did not include Zelda Shepard, and every time he suggested her to Cora, Cora looked vague and seemed to forget about it. He discovered at once that there were not many ways in which a man could see a girl he wanted to see unless his wife made or agreed to the opportunity. If he took her to lunch at a hotel or at a club, they would be like goldfish in a bowl, for Andrew knew too many people to be obscure in any public place. However, he tried that.

"I'm taking Zelda Shepard to lunch to-day," he told Cora one morning, as he went into her room for the customary good-by.

Cora's bright head was against a faintly mauve pillow, a memorandum in her hand. She looked up sharply.

"What did you say?"

He repeated it with less casualness.

"What's the idea?"

"Why I like her. I wanted to see her. I asked you to have her here for dinner and you wouldn't."

"My dear Andrew, she didn't fit," said Cora, "and she's been here. So you're taking her to lunch?"

"Any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Not in the least," said Cora. "By the way, I'll be downtown this noon. Is there any reason why I shouldn't come along?"

"Why, of course not," he said politely.

So Cora talked to Zelda and they were both very witty and Andrew paid the bill. Cora treated him in a way that annoyed him immensely, as if that was all he was there for. She had a way of laughing at any remark he made which wasn't exactly the one she expected. He felt that Zelda Shepard knew infinitely more about him, and he didn't want to be misunderstood because of Cora's flippancies. But Cora held him down.

For the first time in his life Andrew knew and understood why men resented their wives. Not for anything they were or were not in themselves but because they could be so frustrating, so restricting with their assumption that they knew all about their husbands. He was unaware, after some of her light repressions of him, as he sat there half sulking, that Cora's eyes rested on him somberly. Possibly Zelda Shepard saw that. She at least stayed out of it as far as effort was concerned. She did not help Andrew but neither did she help Cora. Andrew found himself looking forward to foolish things like helping her on with her coat.

"Where are you girls going?" Andrew asked. "Can't I drive you somewhere?"

"I'll drive," said Cora, "you'll have to be getting back to the office. I'll drop Zelda wherever she's going."

Things like that were annoying but there wasn't any way of getting past them. Andrew stewed around his office. The worst part was that he hardly knew what he was missing. Sometimes it seemed that it was just a reasonable opportunity to see people he wanted; sometimes just another dance with Zelda Shepard; and sometimes his mind stalked along rather grimly, farther than that, through everything. After all, a man had only one life. One life and that more than half gone. Other men went after what they wanted, sweet things, soft things, the things wives never knew you wanted. Or if they knew, they kept them from you deliberately.

That night he had a bit of luck. He was restless and Cora suggested a movie. He went reluctantly, but they met Toby and Zelda at the ticket office and quite naturally the parties merged. He sat beside her and felt absurdly happy, grateful for the darkness, the sense of her being near him, the chance contact of arm with arm which she took so humanly. He had always disliked necking parties at movies, but to-night the sight of a girl's head on a man's shoulder in front of them merely made him sympathetic. It would have been perfect if Cora had not kept leaning across to make humorous comments on the picture.

"When are you going back to New York?" Cora asked Zelda as they parted outside the movie house, for Cora said she was far too tired to go on anywhere.

"When the lean years pass," answered Zelda. "I'd have to ride the rails just now."

She meant it as humorous, but that wasn't the way it struck Andrew. That night he lay awake wondering how one gave money to a girl and why it wasn't all right to do it. He didn't want her to go away. But it did seem to him unfair for a girl who worked for

her living, a girl with such brains and charm to be hounded by bills while other women simply said, "Charge it" and called it a day. The thing about Andrew's mind was that it had nothing of the dilettante about it. It was an editorial mind, which was used to reaching conclusions and giving advice. And where this passage between him and life was to conclude he did not know.

Cora was watching him. She kept on crowding his day, the part of it at least which was not claimed by the office. Occasionally she took a jaunty little crack at what she called his "belated passion" for Zelda Shepard. It was spring, too, all the time—that season which has done a good deal of harm in its day in spite of all the polite and fatuous things which have been said about it. Days lengthened and parks grew attractive and they made Andrew's conclusion more difficult. For twice when he walked home, as he had fallen into the habit of doing, he met Zelda Shepard in the park which overlooked the river. It was not exactly by appointment. He was never quite sure that she would be there. But twice at least she was and the second time they sat on a bench and watched the swollen river and Andrew talked and looked at the lovely, unaggressive profile under her unshading hat.

"I wish there were something I could do for you," he told her.

"Why?"

"Because you've done so much for me. Because you mean so much to me," he finished, growing bolder.

Any other woman he knew would have grown coquettish at that. But she did not stir, only let her eyes drift away somewhere.

"You know how I feel about you, don't you?"

"I suppose so—more or less," she said.

"It doesn't bother you?"

She slowly shook her head.

"No. It's a thing that happens as I see it, this caring for people. I imagine it was rather a pleasant thing for everybody, or would have been if they hadn't started worrying over it and haggling over it and making a lot of rules. I hate rules. I always have. A little love now and then would do a lot for men like you. But the trouble is, Andrew, that the wives would never see it."

"Let's not bother about that," said Andrew, "suppose I threw over the rules?"

"Could you?"

He leaned over and took her hand and lifted it against his cheek. For days he could feel it there.

"I'm very tired of rules," said Andrew.

That is all there is to the story except for the letter that came to Andrew the day after that magic afternoon in the park and the troubled night that followed. It was sent directly to his house in a carelessly sealed envelope, and Cora looked at it with violent dislike. But she did not open it. She only gave it to him when he came in and pretended not to watch him as he read it.

"Dear Andrew," it read, "I have sold a couple of pieces unexpectedly and so I am going away at once. I think probably I should have gone anyway. For after all the best of this is over for us. What might follow would only cramp your style again—the new style which is kinder and more generous than the old. And as for me I never did have any style, so it doesn't matter."

"Who's that from?" asked Cora, who could not help that much at least.

Andrew's voice was rigid but not unkind.

"Zelda Shepard," he said, "she's going away to-day."

"This age," remarked Cora trying to be nonchalant above the ache and the relief, "is developing a lot of those footloose women."

But it seemed to Andrew, as he put the letter in his pocket, as if it were very precious, and left the house, that the age was possibly developing gallant women.

MEMORY AS THE BEHAVIORIST SEES IT

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MEMORY according to popular opinion is a most inaccessible psychological process—one of nature's most closely guarded secrets. It is a hidden faculty of the mind. How can the behaviorist give any objective account of memory, or even study it objectively?

Yet if the behaviorist cannot give an account of memory, behaviorism breaks down as a general system of psychology.

What are the facts about memory? All subjective psychologists, from Aristotle on, have wrestled with it, but their efforts have availed them little. Even William James, brilliant thinker that he was, defined memory in terms of consciousness, then defined consciousness in terms of memory (and other psychological processes such as sensations, perceptions, desires, etc.). If so great a thinker as James gives up the problem and argues in a circle, what strength then is there in the claim of the subjectivists that they can give a treatment of memory which is adequate?

The real trouble, according to the behaviorist, is that the problem has been wrongly stated. It has been stated in such a way that no experimental attack can be made upon it. The behaviorists now affirm that *there is no faculty or process of memory*—there is only *learning*, and *loss* in skill which comes from lack of practice. Is this denial of the existence of memory based upon observation or is it just a way of dismissing something that troubles and vexes the behaviorist?

To justify our claim that there is no problem of memory, let us go back and study the child for a time, a favorite methodological procedure of the behaviorist. I have a boy before me one and a half years old. I give him a small kiddie car. At first he can do nothing with it, but he is muscularly well-formed and he soon begins to learn to handle it. In a month he is flying along everywhere, pushing his car up hill, mounting it, and then flying down hill. I then take his car away from him and let him go six weeks without riding it. Six weeks later I raise the question, "Does this child have any memory of how to ride his kiddie car?" Let us ask him. "Do you remember how to ride your kiddie car?" He says, "Ride kiddie car?" Ask him a similar question, "Do you remember how to drive an automobile?" He says, "Drive automobile?" You do not get much help here. In other words, you can never find out by questioning him whether he remembers how to ride or not. But haven't we under the influence of our old philosophical slants wrongly envisaged our problem? What we want to know is can he ride the kiddie car now after two months of no practice just as well as the day we took the car away from him? If not so well, then how well? The moment we phrase our problem in this way it becomes an objective one. I can answer it by experiment. I put him on the car and say, "Go!" If he dashes off the bystander says, "He does remember it, doesn't he? —Isn't memory a marvelous thing!" In everyday life we do not need to keep accurate records of learning or of the loss in efficiency through lack of practice.

But the behaviorists when they turn to their laboratory must do just this. They need not have asked any questions of the infant. They would have planned their experiment scientifically. Before taking the car away from the child, they would have obtained an accurate record of the number of seconds it took the child on its last ride to pedal the car one hundred feet on a level stretch of smooth cement pavement. They would have taken also a record of the number of errors (for example, deviation of the car from a straight line) on this last trip. After the car had been returned to the child the behaviorists would have timed the child's first trip over the same course and made a record of the errors. Instead of finding performance perfect, they find that the infant rode only 80% as speedily and 70% as accurately as he did on the last trip made before the car was taken from him.

If there is any mystery in all this, it is a mystery of our own making. As the behaviorist views the problem there are three things to consider: (1) A study of acquisition of skill in riding the kiddie car, (2) The disuse of the function with the attendant *loss in speed and accuracy of performance*, and (3) the process of *relearning*—that is, the length of time and the amount of effort it takes to regain the original accuracy of performance. Every stage here can be measured just as accurately as temperature or rainfall. Every step is an experimental one.

But surely this isn't the whole story. Let us take an older child. I taught my child of eight to ride an ordinary bicycle. At the end of two months he could ride up hill and down hill anywhere in the village. I take his bicycle away. At the end of two months I say to him, "James, do you remember how to ride your bicycle?" He says, "Of course I do, father. I can ride it just as well as the day you took it away from me." Now the layman and, alas, the introspective psychologist say, "I told you so. There is a process of memory. The eight-year-old child has developed it more highly than the one-and-a-half-year-old. How are you behaviorists going to account for this?" But let us see. The behaviorist in his careful way had timed the eight-year-old's last quarter-of-a-mile ride before the bicycle was taken away and had made a record of the errors on that trip. At the end of two months he gives the lad his wheel again. He times his first quarter-mile trip and records the errors. Again he finds that there has been an appreciable loss in both speed and accuracy. The child's verbal report was thus no index of the loss through disuse.

What is the chief difference between the one-and-a-half-year-old and the eight-year-old—a difference in some memory faculty? Not at all. The eight-year-old when he learned how to ride the bicycle—that is, learned how to use his hands and legs and trunk—*learned also how to talk about it*—that is, he learned to ride both manually and verbally. At any age past the three-year-old stage we put on verbal habits almost universally when and as we put on our manual habits. But we put on very few verbal habits before the three-year-old period. This is the reason we never "remember" anything earlier than the third year of our life. We cannot verbalize our early habits—verbal conditioning has not proceeded far enough. For this reason we should look with some reserve upon the claims of psychoanalysts who assert that by analysis they can revive infant memories of events taking place too early for verbalization to have occurred. The only way we can test whether an infant, too young to verbalize, has any memory is to put him back in the old situation and see if he performs the old trick.

II

What the introspective psychologists usually mean by memory is that the verbal part of most of our habits is always on tap. Consider our sports. We all play golf; put on the necessary arm, leg, and hand adjustments to drive

the ball around the course. But as we are putting on this arm, leg, and hand adjustment we are putting on verbal adjustments as well. A stranger comes up and asks us on a snowy day in winter, "Can you play golf?" We immediately enter into an animated but one-sided conversation. We talk drives, brassies, and lies, niblick shots, putts, water hazards, bogie, and par. As a matter of fact, most of us play verbally in the winter time a much better game of golf than we can play with our clubs out on the links in summer time. The only way to check whether our actual game squares with our conversation is to take us to the links. Socially, it is not polite to do this. In real life we all accept the unwinding of the verbal habit at its face (manual) value. But where there is no verbal habit established there is no way of testing "memory" without putting even the adult in the old situation where the habit was formed. Suppose I teach a deaf-mute who can neither read nor write to play golf well. Suppose you ask him whether he can play golf. The deaf-mute, of course, cannot tell you about his game. He has no verbal habits. The only way he can demonstrate that he can play golf is to go to the links, take his club, and begin to play.

One may argue that such cases are not typical. Let us look for a moment at an everyday occurrence. In crossing Fifth Avenue one day you suddenly meet a man. Without hesitation you hasten toward him and say, "Hello, Bill, I haven't seen you for twenty-four years —not since we used to play football at the University of Chicago. Do you remember the Thanksgiving game we won from Michigan on a touchback?"

Isn't this a marvelous feat of memory —something different from the case we have just examined? The answer is, not at all. Years ago you learned about Bill Jones just as you learned about everything else. You established habits of reacting to him and habits of speech with him. You put on these verbal habits with and about him at the same time you put on your football habits. At the end of twenty-four years your football career is over—but your verbal organization about football still remains —not perfect, but intact enough to come to the surface the moment Bill's face appears. The chances are good that your verbal organization for this period of your life has been impaired, too, more than you may be inclined to admit, for on the very next corner you may meet George, who also belongs to your football days. You may even rush up to him and start to shake hands. You may then begin to stammer, and hem and haw. His name won't come. You fall back upon the old alibi, "Your face is familiar—I never forget a face—but I can't quite get back your name." As long as you were in the University with him daily your verbal reactions to him were perfect. After twenty-four years of disuse, the speed and accuracy of your verbal responses have decreased. The fact that the sight of Bill called out his name from you and that George's face did not call out his name would lead the Freudians to say that there were certain elements in your old association with George which brought about "suppression." We will not argue now how much there is of truth in this view. The behaviorists do wish to go on record, however, that their experiments prove that the mere *disuse of a function*—any function—will normally bring about a loss in the speed and accuracy of that function. Their experiments in comparative psychology convince them that even animals (as low in the scale as the rat) show that disuse of a function brings the same kind of loss in speed and accuracy of performance in their reactions as it does in that of man—and there can be no real question of suppression in the animal world.

The so-called memory loss (I speak here of normal cases) comes apparently from the gradual breaking up of certain motor systems (integrations) which were built up during the *learning process*. Even the pyramids disintegrate with

time. Try to think of a tennis player who gradually through practice has built up marvelous skill in tennis playing. He does nothing but play tennis. His whole body gets organized for it. Think of the intricacy of the muscular systems of his right arm developed just for this form of action. Now suppose at twenty-eight years of age he has to earn his living by plying the trade of a blacksmith. The pounding of the iron on the anvil with the heavy sledge hammer calls for the use of other combinations, to be sure, of those same muscles used in playing tennis. Blacksmithing thickens the muscles and sets and stiffens them. It hardens the tendons. They lose their flexibility and suppleness. Age helps in the hardening process. Is it any wonder that two years of blacksmithing totally unfit him for playing the delicate game of tennis? His whole body organization has become different.

Often champions in skillful acts seem to go to pieces quickly in spite of practice. This is especially true in this country where champions are pampered and petted. Usually, late hours, dissipation, over-eating are the factors which even practice cannot successfully combat. Several of the British golf players have almost defied the stiffening hand of time.

Nor is the situation where the original learning was almost wholly verbal any different. The silver-tongued university professor whose range of information was almost limitless can easily lose his organization through disuse. Suppose, for example, that, due to one exigency or another, the lecturer has to become a traveling salesman or an insurance man for three years. He tries to lecture on his subject once more. He lectures with effort. He is a failure. Either he must read more of the work of others and continue with fresh experiments of his own, or give up lecturing in the field in which he was once an authority. The (neuro) muscular systems of our body are limited; unless we can keep them exercised in our specialties they must break down and the individual muscles be gathered into new systems.

Of course, this process of disintegration of muscular systems is a godsend too. It saves us from carrying around for long a host of useless verbal and motor organizations. If we had to remain organized to do everything we ever learned from infancy to adulthood, each one's life would be a burden both to himself and to his friends. But at four years of age we put away many of our three-year-old habits; at eight, many of the habits which we put on at seven. Unfortunately, we all carry along too many of these infantile and childish organizations until the adult stage is reached. This is especially true of our infantile emotional organization. We weep when our feelings are hurt just the way we wept when our mothers scolded us. We sulk or weep when someone fails to greet us cordially and say "nice fellow," just as we sulked or wept when our fathers failed to say "nice boy" when we performed for him. The mass of organization we are allowed to carry over from our home life is one of the most tragic things in our makeup.

This is the behaviorists' view of memory.

III

But those who were trained under the old system where memory was made a kind of god from the machine may find this view very incomplete. You may think of it as having to do only with so-called motor memories and verbal memories. You miss the talk here of "visual memories," "auditory memories," and the like, so prominently discussed in psychology and educational circles years ago before behaviorism came on the scene to disturb the fundamentalists. You question the behaviorist, "Is not my 'mind' often flooded with 'mental pictures' (visual images) of scenes from my past life? Can I not close my eyes and picture to myself almost with photographic accuracy persons, places, things that I have met with in my past? And

cannot I go into a quiet room and have my mind filled again with the melody that I heard at the concert last night (auditory images)?"

This certainly was the older view of psychologists—it is believed in by hundreds of psychological professors in our universities to-day. For them there is not only perception of things when objects are present to the senses but also a world of mental images of these same things which come into the mind when the objects are no longer there to stimulate our sense organs. We get these images, according to them, when one brain system excites another brain system (*centrally* excited "sensations" or "images"). In other words, they believe that when the sense organ and brain are active together we have the perception of things, but when the sense organs are out of commission (no object present to excite them) then the brain itself can become independently active. Then we have in consciousness only *memory images* which may be auditory, visual, or kinæsthetic in type. All this is orthodoxy.

But the behaviorist, having made a clean sweep of all the rubbish called consciousness, comes back at you: "Prove to me," he says, "that you have auditory images, visual images, or any other kinds of disembodied processes. So far I have only your unverified and unsupported word that you have them." Science must have objective evidence to base its theories upon. The behaviorist, on the contrary, founds his systems upon the belief supported at every point by the known facts of physiology that *the brain is stimulated always and only from the outside by a sense organ process.* The nervous system works only in arcs—first the sense organ is stimulated by an *object* from the *outside* or through the *movement* of our muscles and glands on the *inside.* The impulse travels to the brain and from the brain to the muscles or glands. Always when there is activity on the part of the organism one or several of these complete arcs are functioning. In other words, there is always an object stimulating us—if not a chair or table, then some organic or muscular process such as the muscular process in the throat that we use in whispering to ourselves (thought).

What then becomes of images? Why, they remain unproven—mythological, the figment of the psychologist's terminology. If our everyday vocabulary and the whole of literature had not become so enmeshed in this terminology we would hear nothing of imagery. What have we in their place? What does a person mean when he closes his eyes or ears (figuratively speaking) and says, "I see the house where I was born, the trundle bed in my mother's room where I used to sleep—I can even see my mother as she comes to tuck me in and I can even hear her voice as she softly says good-night"? Touching, of course, but sheer bunk. We are merely dramatizing. The behaviorist finds no proof of imagery at all in this. *We have put all these things in words long, long ago* and we constantly rehearse those scenes verbally whenever the occasion arises. An educated deaf-mute can tell just as dramatic a story. Miss Helen Keller, when she writes, pictures the colors of the autumn sunset just as beautifully as if she had viewed sunsets every day of her life. She can describe, when she writes, the beauties of the autumn woods far more dramatically than I can. The whole point is that when we are in the presence of landscapes we verbalize—when we are at concerts we verbalize. The next day we may start out and say to ourselves or someone else, "Didn't Kreisler play that passage from the Bach Chaconne marvelously!" And first thing you know we are actually humming it either aloud or at least muscularly phrasing it subvocally. We do not need visual images —we do not need auditory images, we do not need any kind of images to account for any part of our so-called inward "mental" life. Verbalization which can go on aloud, at a whispered level or at a still lower level (that of thought), takes

the place of all so-called memory images. What we mean by being conscious of events which happened in our past is that we can carry on a conversation about them either to ourselves (thought) or with some one else (talk).

We are back again where we started—all "memories" are at bottom motor memories and obey the laws of learning, disuse, and relearning.

IV

Some very interesting facts and speculations come out of the view that much of our organized behavior built up in our past is never verbalized. It has considerable bearing upon Freudian doctrines. (1) As we have seen, all of the early habits of infants three years of age and under remain unverbalized. Infants learn to do thousands of things with hands, fingers, arms, legs, and trunk, but there is no verbal parallel to all this activity. They cannot talk about these activities or even *think* about them. (2) There is another equally enormous field of habit never verbalized either in the child or the adult. All of our recent work shows that many of our glands form habits—become conditioned. Even at a very early age our unstriped smooth muscle tissue—our viscera—form habits, become conditioned. And let us include under the term viscera such structures as lungs, heart, stomach, circulatory system, elimination system, and glands. Let us call the habits set up in these structures emotional habits for lack of a better term. We cannot go farther into visceral habits now, but it may be safely asserted that we can condition habits of fear, rage, and love in young children just as we set up in them habits of block-building and sewing. Now these emotional habits are formed very early indeed, often long before the three-year-old period is reached. *Such habits are never verbalized.* What child before three has verbalized his ("incestuous") attachment for his mother, or the negative reactions he displays towards his father. By the time we are three we are shot through and permeated with fears, attachments, sensitiveness, shyness, overboldness, display, and thousands of other such organizations—but not one bit of verbal organization goes along with it. There is no way to tap it in any individual apart from putting him in the actual situation where the reactions were learned. (3) Again, even as adults our viscera are constantly putting on new habits—our avoidances, repugnancies, our attachments to people, places, things—these are not verbalized. There are almost no words in the dictionary relating to our visceral happenings. *Hence we cannot talk about these things.*

All of this gives a reasonable commonsense explanation of what the Freudians have called the *unconscious.* They would have us believe that we have a submerged "mind" that is teeming with "unconscious wishes"—mostly about sexual things since society frowns upon them. These tabooed wishes are "repressed"—held back by "censorship." They reveal themselves fleetingly in dreams. Occasionally, according to the analyst, the individual becomes dominated by the reaction tendencies of those "wishes" to such an extent that he becomes psychopathic. If the wishes can be brought to full light and faced, the psychopathic symptoms (sometimes) disappear. From the standpoint of science, what rot all this is! It is a substitution of demonology for science. It is a theory based upon the most archaic of religions. I say this in the face of some wonderful and valuable work now being done by a limited group of analysts. How simple and reasonable it is to think of all this material buried in the Freudians' "unconscious memories" as habits—put on in infancy or in the adult life and *never verbalized.* Let me illustrate this point specifically and from the laboratory. The dyed in the wool Freudian must find the explanation of all psychopathological phenomena, *fear,* for example, in terms of some sex situation. Here is a case in point. An adult shows

a marked phobia—fear of hairy objects. The individual undergoes analysis. He finally says he recalls under analysis that as an infant he once followed his mother to her bath and that on one such occasion he reached out and touched the hair on her body. The mother indignantly, severely punished him. Here was "painful repression into the unconscious." The subject forgot the painful situation, but still showed fear at hairy objects. Here is the behaviorists' point of view. They have pointed out repeatedly to the Freudians that fear reactions are as fundamental as sex—that both sex responses and fear responses can be elicited at birth. Neither is dependent upon the other although both sets of responses may naturally get connected later on in life. The behaviorist then shows by experiment that no well-brought-up infant is at first afraid of a hairy object, but that he can be conditioned to react negatively to them almost from birth on. If you show the nine-month-old infant a piece of fur, he handles it and plays with it. Next, strike a steel bar (which will bring out the fear response at birth) behind him two or three times just as you show him the fur—he becomes conditioned at once. And the conditioning lasts. He cries when he sees the fur and crawls away from it. But ask him about it—why he is afraid of it—two or three years later. He can't tell you. *Fear was built in before he could verbalize about it.* He developed no verbal memory of it—he can't talk about it but he reacts negatively to it just the same. If certain analysts get hold of him at twenty I haven't a doubt but that they could create conviction in him that his fear was the result of some infantile sex "wish" connected with his mother.

The behaviorists' view causes the whole complex terminology of the Freudians to tumble down like a house of cards. Such terms as the unconscious, censorship, repression, unconscious memories, unconscious wishes can be returned to the cave from which they were taken. But this does not destroy the usefulness of analysis. It should give the analysts some concern, however—possibly make them question whether they have faced that reality with which they so often confront their patients. The reënvisagement of psychoanalytic problems, methods, and terminology in terms of behaviorism will, in my opinion, be the only way to rescue a valuable branch of medical technic from the hands of a rapidly enlarging group of charlatans. The analyst of the future will be first of all a scientist, secondly a physician, and thirdly a widely trained student of human nature—not one trained merely in terms of the malady for which he himself sought analysis.

The Lion's Mouth

THE WINDMILL ADDRESSES DON QUIXOTE

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

MY honored sir, before you pick yourself
Up from the ground to mount that curious horse,
Let us speak calmly. There was no ill-feeling
On my part in this whole affair:
I but pursued my course.
Your fault is always to see personalities
In everything, even a cosmic force.

And could you not have looked behind appearances
And seen that brandished arms might lead to bread?
This obstinate rushing at surface characteristics
Does credit to your heart:
Not to your head.
Notice how, properly taken, my fan moves as lightly
As any lady's fan of which you've read.

WOMEN AS NEWS

BY ROSE MACAULAY

EARNEST students of the contemporary press and of contemporary literature will not fail to have noticed that there is one topic which curiously, and above other topics, obtrudes itself into both. I allude, need I say, to the great topic of woman, of femininity, of the female human creature upon this earth. I have often thought that the historian of the future, rummaging among the chronicles of our time for light on the life led in England in the early twentieth century, will receive the impression that there was at that period a strange new kind of animal going about called Woman, receiving great attention from writers and investigators. Turning over the files of the daily press, he will find this creature mentioned, not as an ordinary part of humankind, in the way in which men are mentioned, but as some queer separate species. "Many women were among the crowds that lined Oxford Street to watch the procession." "Several well-dressed women were observed in the queue which waited outside the police court to see the trial of Mr. Smith." And how often will the historian come on such headlines as "Bus accident. Women passengers involved," while very possibly there had been more men passengers involved. How seldom will he see "Several men were observed in the crowd," or "Men passengers involved." And if some public speaker, in the course of a speech about something else, should chance to refer to these beings, it is likely that in much of the press this reference will be the only item selected for report—as in the case of one of the speakers at the last meeting of the British Association, who, talking about the relation of weight to force, mentioned in passing that women were not so strong as men—a remark that might, one would think, be allowed to pass without comment as a truism. But was it? By no means. The press

next day burgeoned with headings: "Women less strong than men," etc. And I read not long since of some judge (judges are notoriously foolish in many ways) who remarked, in sentencing a drunken woman motorist, that he must treat her in the same way as if she had been a man, implying that she was a separate species, to whom some other mode of treatment might be appropriate, instead of merely a human being breaking a human law.

As to much of the press, it cannot succeed in keeping women, as a topic, out of its columns for a week together. As a topic, woman is a hardy annual—or rather a hardy monthly, weekly, daily. Should women shingle? (Does the press ever inquire how men should do their hair?) Women's clothes—are they too few, too scanty, too short, too long? (Who thus publicly discusses the garments of men?) Mateless maidens, surplus women, the modern girl, have women a sense of humor, can they think? As to surplus women, it is possible, even probable, that there are also many surplus men, but newspapers do not point it out in the rather rude manner they use where women are concerned. Woman is a topic; it is even interesting, therefore, though unfortunate, that there should be too many examples of her. And how often is one rung up or written to by some newspaper that wants one's opinion on some remark which someone has made on the female sex—does one agree that women are incapable of understanding art, that they have no sense of humor, that clever women should not marry, and what not. I have even received telegrams about it, with prepaid replies.

And as to the books written to illuminate this sex, their name is legion. Novels, of course, are about both sexes. But there never lack critics who will say of a novel, "Here at last is the truth about woman." (Perhaps I should apologize for quoting that particular phrase, for I heard that its perpetrator was indignant at seeing it quoted in print as an advertisement of the book in question, as he had only used it in a private letter of thanks for the book to the author, and on these difficult occasions we must, as we all know, say something foolish.) But any number of novels about men may be written, and no one says, "Here at last is the truth about man." (Or do they perhaps say it in letters of thanks to the authors?) Why do people make these remarks about one sex and not about the other? It is no use asking them; they cannot tell you.

Besides novels, large semi-scientific volumes pour from the press, mainly by masculine authors, called *Woman: What Is She?*, *The Story of Woman*, *Woman, a Vindication*, *Our Women*, *An Inquiry into Woman*, *Pandora's Hope*, *A Study of Women*, and so on and so forth. This last-named work is by Mr. Austin Harrison, and should be a great standby to our future historian. He has read a hundred and six learned books, which he lists at the end, in order to arrive at his conclusions. Here are some of his dicta. Woman has no sense of humor and no imagination. Woman lacks wit. Woman's notorious inability to laugh at herself. Woman is near the earth, while man seeks the stars. Woman is untruthful, because, though boys are taught that it is wrong to lie, girls are not. Woman cannot have a mentality. She is wholly absorbed in sex life, and knows no other. She jumps on a chair at the word mouse. A man thinks a thing out, a woman jumps it. Woman has for interests only her sex (Mr. Harrison probably means the other sex) and her church. Woman has been educated as an inferior, on a definite code which has studiously refrained from cultivating the male virtues of truth, honor, and loyalty. Her whole philosophy is sex. Men must work, women must weep—on this idea she is reared from the cradle. (For my part I never met the nurse or mother who endeavored to imbue her female infants with this troublesome idea, but

presumably Mr. Harrison has.) From infancy she is trained to think sexually. She is trained as an inferior and non-intellectual being. She has a specific sex education. Philosophy, science, logic, history, have not been taught her. She has been instructed that only one truth exists—religion. She has never been taught the meaning of reason.

Well, I do not know if Mr. Harrison has any daughters, or to what school he sent them, but it must have been a very odd one. Neither at my school nor at any other of which I have heard was sex (whatever that may mean as a subject) substituted in the curriculum for history and science. And as to the "male" virtues of truth, honor, and loyalty, nowhere, I should say, are they more inculcated and admired, or, on the whole, more practiced, than at a girls' school.

Anyhow, here you have this creature, woman, fully described, and very unpleasant she would be to meet. One can imagine the future historian's comments. "Man," he will say, "seems at this time to have been pursuing a normal path of moderate progress, and to have been not wholly uncivilized, but woman appears to have been exceedingly low in the scale, though at the same time of absorbing interest to her commentators."

Setting aside the curious imaginings of Mr. Austin Harrison, Mr. Anthony Ludovici, and others, the generalizations made about women as a sex are in general very odd. Women, one reads, are fickle. Women are faithful. Woman are hard, tender, spiteful, cruel, kind. Women dislike other women for their beauty. Women are incapable of friendship. (These two last discoveries could only have been made by a man who has never observed women in community at all.) Women have somehow more frustrated nature's object for them if they do not marry and have children than men who make the same omission, which seems a curious statement about what is, after all, a wholly co-operative business. Love is woman's whole existence. Women are selfish. Women are unselfish. Women cannot keep secrets. Women like the mastery of a strong man. Women have intuition, men reason.

Of course, the root fallacy behind all these remarks is the fallacy that all women are exactly like one another, so that you can say, "Women are like this. Women do that." Instead of seeing many million individuals, each with her separate outfit of personality, tastes, habits, mind, and soul, these generalizers appear to see one conglomerate being called Woman. Hear them before elections. "How will the women vote?" they ask. "What will the woman's vote be?" They do not ask what the man's vote will be, but only which way most men will vote. When woman's suffrage was introduced into the British constitution, a peer opposed to the bill remarked in the place where he belonged that he dreaded the prospect of some million new voters all voting on the wrong side—presumably of every question. The implication is that women are, for some reason, more likely all to vote the same way than men are. After the first British election at which women voted, people talked of having now discovered how women voted, as if women were many minds with but a single thought, and that thought Tory Coalition. Temperament, according to these thinkers, counts for little, so do heredity, environment, and economic position. The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins. Well, of course there is no reason why a colonel's wife and a sergeant's should not have very similar dispositions; it is no less and no more likely than that the colonel and the sergeant should. But, supposing the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady both to have brothers, they are more likely to resemble these in character and outlook than each other, for blood is a stronger link than sex.

Of course, there are some rough generalizations which one may make about the two sexes; personally I should

make a good many, though I should always qualify them by saying, not "women and men," but "on the whole, most women," and "on the whole, most men." And, when one has made one's generalizations, all sorts of exceptions crowd into one's mind to disprove them, and one discovers that one cannot generalize at all. And yet people will do it, will go on playing this old, old game.

Is it not more than time that this balance was redressed, and that more attention was paid to man who is, we are told, the proper study of mankind? He is, after all, as worthy of study as woman. Let us begin writing books and articles on man, his temper and habits. Let us call him the mysterious sex and try to pierce with our investigations the mystery which surrounds him. Let him figure in newspaper headlines whenever he performs simple human actions. Give man his turn, I say. And, in the name of sanity, give woman a rest. Further, if we must write about her, let us write about actual women as we meet them, and abandon that strange, imagined creature, Woman with a large W. She is a detestable creature, and I am always afraid that, if she is sufficiently talked about, she may one day come to life, like Frankenstein's monster, and that we may meet her about—which would be a very saddening encounter.

FORECAST OF SUMMER FASHIONS

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

PERSUANT to our policy of providing for our readers not only the most reckless sort of pleasure but up-to-the-minute information on the more cosmic problems of the day, we offer them herewith what we venture to call a guide to chic in summer fashions. The preparation of this compendium of the mode, or *la mode* as they say at Biarritz, has been an arduous task, necessitating the painful study of innumerable fashion magazines and women's pages in the newspapers; but we have undertaken it willingly, with no thought but to dispense the sort of facts that readers of fashion articles appear to demand, and to couch them in the approved language of the *grands couturiers*, or, to translate for a moment, the big dressmakers. Are you ready? We're off:

Comes summer! July, fairest of all the daughters of the year, waits a-tiptoe round the corner, and the smart matrons and demure misses of the world of chic hie themselves merrily away to Deauville, Newport, Bar Harbor, Coney Island, Rockaway Beach, and other playtime haunts of *le haut monde*, with who knows what girl-dreams flitting through their pretty heads and what dazzling arrays of finery streaming from their wardrobes. Quoth the poet, "What is so rare as a day in June?" and certainly none but the captious would quarrel with the *bon mot* vouchsafed in reply by a waggish one whom we overheard the other day on the pier at Southampton, "A July day, forsooth." The veriest skylark, trolling blithe nothings to his sweetheart of the cloudlands, knows that never was such a time for *amour*, and old Sol himself looks down with a roguish eye on those who loll along the exclusive beaches where gather the initiated. (And what, you ask, has all this to do with fashions? Nothing that we can see, but that's the way fashion articles begin, and we refuse to be outdone.)

The Mode for the Foreign Tour

London, Venice, Valladolid, Aix-les-Bains, Vichy, Eau-de-Cologne! What names are these to conjure with! Does milady, now that summer is nigh, perchance contemplate the grand tour? If so, she should look well to her costumes, for nothing is more essential than to

possess the right garment (or even garments) for the right place. Glorious are the wonders of the Forum Romanum, and "dull would he be of soul who could pass by a sight so touching in its majesty," as the poet hath it, but what can add so much to the happiness of that romantic hour as the serene sense that one's hat is impeccable? We saw La Duchesse de Turpitude the other day in a turban by Danburye that was perfectly adapted to the Forum, or perhaps the Catacombs, or possibly even the Oubliette of storied Chillon. (Yes, on second thought the Oubliette is just the place for that woman.) Many hats like hers may be found in the more fastidious shops.

Or would milady venture the always popular railway journey up the Jungfrau? Then indeed she must choose with care. From her wardrobe she should be equipped to ask her maid to select, not her golf shoes or her tennis shoes or her country shoes or her beach shoes or even any of her innumerable street shoes, but her smartest hiking shoes; for this is mountaineering, *mesdames*, and should she step aboard the train incorrectly shod, and know as she faces the battery of lorgnettes that she has committed a *faux-pas*, we for one would care little to be "in her shoes," as la Comptesse de Rigueur wittily remarked to us on such an occasion not long since. A very modish hiking shoe perfectly adapted to mountaineering by rail may be found in the shops (and just wait till you see the price).

The shops, in fact, as you may have guessed, have everything which milady may desire for her tour—*robes de chambre*, *costumes de sport*, *robes de style*, *robes de nuit*, and others for which we can't think of the French names at the moment. There is, for instance, an enticing *costume de sport* which is just the thing for the rollicking, carefree trip to the French battlefields. There is even a *robe de bain* with horizontal stripes in orange and black for the Venetian holiday, should milady be in the mood for a plunge from her palazzo into the historic Grand Canal—and between ourselves, we hope she sinks.

The Mode for the Railway Journey

There are, mayhap, those who aver that the selection of the correct equipment for travel is a matter of slight import. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Listen to Miss Valerie de Pesthouse, a member of New York's brilliant younger set, who is always running over to Paris with her mother, the ever-fascinating Mrs. Vincent de Pesthouse, who will be recalled as the daughter of the distinguished Casper le Snotty, well-known drunkard and deadbeat of Palm Beach and New York. On every trip Valerie returns with trunkloads of new frocks (yes, girls, trunkloads). Said she the other day, discussing the hectic travel that is the lot of the modern debutante who is forced to flit from Newport to the Adirondacks, from Tuxedo to the Riviera, and from Park Avenue to Park Lane, and must needs endure *en route* the wearing discomforts of the railway drawing-room compartment, "It is all, I find, a matter of being properly prepared. The shops contain plenty of aids to travel for those who have the means and the taste to take advantage of them. There are quilted comforters and silk pillows to take the place of the distressing bed-covers supplied by the railroad, and black moiré cases to pack them in which can conveniently be carried by one's maid. There are taffeta cushions and silk couch-covers, monogrammed silk cases containing silk traveling-pajamas edged with lace, and charming filigreed bags in which one's copy of the latest fashion magazine may be slipped if one expects to beguile the time in anything so arduous as reading; and all these are cleverly designed so that they may be slipped into other bags to be carried by one's maid. One's fleece-lined traveling slippers with diamond buckles may be tucked daintily away in one of the bags that contain

one's sport clothes, street frocks, evening gowns, and the innumerable shoes and other effects which are an essential part of the equipment for the week-end trip. Sometimes," concluded Valerie with a gay laugh, "my maid is quite laden down. (The other day she fainted on the railway platform, and had to be escorted home by four attendants—one to look out for her and three to follow with the baggage.) But what a comfort to know that every detail is in the most flawless taste!"

Chic for the Tricycle

Now that summer is nigh, madame faces the critical problem of smart togs for the young idea; and if she be really wise, she will realize that in this as in other matters of modishness one cannot begin too early, for as the twig is bent, so the tree's inclined, as the poet saith. Among the season's Parisian models is a very effective romper by Gollye with Louis Seize ruffles, which will do equally well for the kiddy-car or for an impromptu but exclusive mud-pie party, and is sure to arouse envy, hatred, and malice among the less fortunate. We saw tiny Eva le Rocque in one of these creations at Bailey's Beach not long since, surrounded by three French maids (or *bonnes*, as the delightful Gallicism would have it), with a magnificent chauffeur in livery dancing attendance in the background, and we must say she looked entrancing. She was throwing sand in the face of one of the *bonnes* as we glimpsed her, and one could hardly help admiring the stylishness of a romper that retained its chic even under such trying conditions. Exquisite silken underthings similar to those selected by Mrs. Le Rocque for Eva may be found in the shops, along with modish hats designed to protect youthful skins from the hideous menace of freckles; and we make no secret of the fact that the child who starts her career with these advantages will grow up just about as you would expect under the circumstances.

Chic, Chic, Chic!

And now magical summer is at milady's very elbow, and opportunity waits (in the shops, of course, and especially in the more expensive ones with large advertising budgets) for her who dreams of luxuries such as only a fairy godmother would bestow upon her favorite princess. Already the mode crystallizes. A thousand and one designs there are to tempt the knowing one, but discretion was never so essential to those who would obey wisely the decree of *la belle dame* fashion. Discretion, yes, and money too—that's important; in fact, to drop the lingo and say what we really mean, the most important thing of all to us who write this drivel is that a lot of suckers go right out and spend Herbert's hard-earned dollars trying to make themselves look as if they had more cash and even fewer ideas of their own than the next climber. If they will only pattern themselves on the attenuated morons in our fashion-cuts, and spend, spend, spend on the stuff to which we attract their aspiring attention, we shall be satisfied, and people may think they're richer and more socially desirable than they are . . . and after all, what could be more (you've guessed it) chic than that?

Editor's Easy Chair

REVOLT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

YOUNG Publius says the times are full of revolt. He says that people who do not see it should have their eyes tested; that people who do not feel it should see if their knee action is all right; for he considers that it is something one cannot afford not to see, not to feel, not to consider as to its causes, the power of it, and its destination. All along the line he sees the same kind of commotion, a revolt against the same general enemy with all sorts of differences in particulars. As he sees it, it is a revolt against usurpation of authority, against old rules that have lost their reasonableness, against new rules that never had reasonableness, against exaction of fidelity to creeds or customs in details in which they have ceased to express to modern minds what once they did express. It is a revolt against outworn forms and against the ambitions of new regulators; in a way a revolt against authority, but not all authority; rather against tyranny; against authority that has not due warrant—authority that does not keep order but instigates disorder. The real strength of the current revolt against Prohibition lies back, so Publius says, of all questions about the good or bad of alcohol. The strength of it is in the deep sentiment of people who are not unduly concerned about what they shall drink or not drink, but who are more afraid of excessive regulation than they are of rum. They see that some abridgment of the right to go one's own way is necessary, is reasonable. They do not object to that. They object to what is not necessary, what is unreasonable, what is impertinent, what is fanatic; and they object for a reason no less deep than that resistance in such a case is the price of liberty, and that liberty, misuse the word as you will, is necessary to human progress. Young Publius assures us that all the old slogans are coming out in these days from their places of deposit and re-establishing themselves in the voices of men; that one hears again: Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow; that it is remarkably a revolt against compulsion, running up and down through society, crossing the seas, skipping all barriers, compassing the world.

So big as that! Well, what is it? What does it make for? For war? For revolution? For world peace?

Provided that the revolt is real and not merely imagined, it might make for all three—for war, for revolution, for world peace, each in its turn. But we have had plenty of war and much prefer not to expect any more; and confidence in war and revolution as precursors to world peace has been seriously impaired by the record of the last six years. At least we like to think that, if war and revolution are necessary steps to world peace, they are steps which have been taken, and that we have not got to go through them all again. Let us think then of revolt, as above reported, as a finishing process and not as part of an

original smash that is necessary before the properties of civilization can be re-assembled. They are being re-assembled now. One can pretty well see that, even though he sees revolt a-plenty at the same time.

Is the world safe as it stands? Not by a jugful, and that one may say without any thought of Prohibition. Does it look to be safe as it is? Do we think it can go on as it is? It does not look safe, and most of us think it can hardly go on as it is, but we think it is bound to improve and is improving now; but it improves or at least changes with such curious differences. Some of the nations run off towards concentrated authority, Italy and Spain especially, and one may say Russia as well, but in England and here the propensity is the other way.

The disturbance considerably concerns religion. Why is the Mexican government turning out foreign-born priests? Is it because it favors authority, or opposes it? Doubtless it favors authority for itself but not for a rival. A number of governments now look askance at priests and ministers of religion. The Soviets do. So do many observers in these States look askance at the embattled clergy of the Methodists.

Is it part of the revolt in the world to scrutinize the clergy and speculate as to whether or not they are useful? It is proper enough to scrutinize them, to observe, to measure, and reflect about them. It is done a great deal just now in this country, not with fear, not with anger, but merely in a spirit of inquiry. The churches are doing very well so far as their incomes and their memberships go. They never raised more money or had any better increase of membership than last year, but it is true enough that they are being carefully inspected.

A clergyman, Doctor Empringham, the Secretary of a Church Temperance Society, told a group of New Jersey Republicans the other day that the churches had forsaken the fundamental principle of Christianity in forcing sumptuary laws on the American people and were no longer entitled to exemption from taxation. He said they were relieved of taxation because it was thought that they helped to keep order, and so to save money for police. Nowadays, Doctor Empringham said, they are promoting disorder, and putting the courts and the police to expense. That is a novel idea and is worth considering, and likely to be considered by many people who want the Church to be worth its keep and if it isn't, want to know it.

CONSIDER, for example, divorce. The Churches have had charge of divorce for about fourteen hundred years. Have they done well by it? We learn of the opinion of a person very interested in the Church, very well affected to it, who has read deeply the authorities on marriage, that the Christian Church has made an amazingly bad job of regulating marriage, but that marriage has got along because it was in itself a good institution and agreeable to human nature, and not because the Church did much to help it. There won't be a revolt against marriage, because it is a highly acceptable thing; but what will be done about divorce as the present process of improving the world goes on, and whether the Church will do it, is quite a different question. The Church idea is and always has been to make a rule about it. That is all very well for government. Government makes rules with more or less success—just now considerably less. But is that a proper process for a Church to follow? Is it useful, necessary, inevitable that the Church—which means all the churches—shall regulate conduct by rules? The great asset of the Church is the mind of Christ, and it is the Protestant habit when pressed by doubts about the efficacy of Church rulings to go back, as well as one may, to that mind, and try to trace its attitude to the problem at issue. The Protestant mind nowadays is not particularly in awe of the ecclesiastical authority, not thrilled to have Christ come down to it filtered through fifteen

centuries of saints and church politicians. The Protestant mind had rather dip, if it can, out of the original spring. So it says—did Christ make any rule about divorce? Did He make any rule about anything? Was He a law giver? Did He prescribe ordinances about conduct, or did He rather aim to stir in the souls of men a spirit that would take care of conduct, rules or no rules, laws or no laws? This last is what He seems to have done, but it does not solve the question entirely even though it is very generally recognized. One can perhaps deduce as much as this—that it is much more the province of political government than of the Church to make rules for the regulation of deportment, and that the true office of the Church is to diffuse in the world such a spirit that the rules made by government shall be just and enforcible.

Law is not the Church's job; not nowadays. Those ministers who are so urgent just now for a federal divorce law, the same for all the states, are they right about it? No! They are not right about it. The existing variety of divorce laws gives individual preferences a chance to operate, and sometimes with benefit. The clergy seem inclined to want perfect laws, and plenty of them. They won't get them; they don't come; but in this country it is possible to have a variety of imperfection which gives liberty of choice. That offends the legalists and they see immense benefits from amendments of the Constitution which will override legislation of the states. Well, are the benefits forthcoming? Has the Prohibition Amendment produced them in the expected measure? Perhaps our descendants will look back to that Amendment and find that its greatest value lay in its usefulness as a course of instruction in lawmaking. Until the Prohibition Amendment has been digested, or perhaps thrown up, there will not be a national divorce law.

Prohibition has made whiskey-drinking fashionable. It is possible that the struggle to employ compulsion against divorce has helped to make divorce fashionable. Prohibition has made a good many people feel that their reasonable rights were being assailed and impaired. Strict divorce laws have a good deal the same effect. All that belongs to psychology. A lady who had been divorced very conspicuously with the aid of all the newspapers in the country, who had stayed divorced for seven years, rejoined her husband the other day and gave out to the newspapers in due time her opinion based on experience that divorce was a futility and there was a mystical something about marriage, when it really was marriage, that divorce could not break. That was an interesting opinion and coincides with what most people think on that subject, to wit:—that divorce is a wretched business at best, an announcement of failure, but that sometimes it is better than the continuance by compulsion of a marriage that is a failure. If force is falling down as a means of regulating human conduct, rum may be more accessible in this country than it is at present and divorce may be freer; but it does not follow that there will be more divorces or a greater consumption of rum, since elimination of the issue of human rights from both cases would tend to leave them to be decided on their merits, and when that comes about neither rum nor divorce should have anything more than a precarious market.

THROUGH all the current unrest seems to run this idea that many things now regulated by laws and rules would take better care of themselves if let alone. That is not, to be sure, a new idea. A poet who had understanding of spiritual things was conscious of it when he wrote:

> Serene will be our days and bright
> And happy will our nature be,
> When love is an unerring light,
> And joy its own security.

Wordsworth's times were not so very

different from ours. They included great wars just as ours do; great changes in society; questionings of everything. Wordsworth approved of love and joy as guides to life, but he did not trust them implicitly. Clinging to both, the rock he found necessary as the basis of conduct was Duty.

In the *Hibbert Journal* for April there is a story, appropriate to these times, of the efforts of a philosopher to reform a state. The story has been extracted by Mr. Post, of Haverford College, from the Letters of Plato, for Plato was the reformatory philosopher. He had ideas about the Ideal State, and expected in his youth to go into politics to try to realize them. But two revolutions happened in Athens and upset things so, and made them so much worse than they were before, that Plato saw no chance there for his political ideas to gain headway. So he turned back to philosophy and stayed on the pursuit of it until in due course of time, acquiring great reputation, he was invited to come to Syracuse and give instruction to Dionysius, the young despot of Sicily and Italy, who seemed in need of expert advice. So along went Plato to Syracuse and as to what he found there his words are:

"I found myself utterly at odds with the sort of life that is there termed a happy one, a life taken up with Italian and Syracusan banquets, an existence that consists in filling oneself up twice a day, never sleeping alone at night, and indulging in all the practices attendant on that way of living. In such an environment no man under heaven, brought up in self-indulgence, could ever grow to be wise. So marvellous a temperament as that is not in nature."

Dionysius liked the life so described. Plato lectured to him until the despot got tired and shipped him off to Ægina to be sold as a slave. The main result of his visit was the conversion of one pupil, Dion, who, being an able young man and thoroughly penetrated with Plato's puritan principles, stayed sober, lived continently, and came to high place in the government under Dionysius. When that tyrant died and his young son succeeded him, Dion came to be for a while the real power in government in Sicily. Forthwith he sent for Plato to come and help make good his early ideals. Plato was received with great enthusiasm in Syracuse. For a while his mission went admirably. The gin palaces were closed and the addiction to philosophy and mathematics went very strong. But it did not last. The old life was more popular. Presently Dion was set adrift in a boat, and though there is more to this story, the upshot of it all was that Plato fell down hard as a political reformer and Dion with him.

Always the Puritans fall down when they try to make Puritanism compulsory. Always the Christians fall down when they try to make Christianity compulsory. Rules about belief enforced by penalties—what good are they? What good have they ever been? "Creeds," says a writer in the May *Atlantic*, "are the prison of faith and the symbols of death," and the same writer quotes Charles Buller (friend of Thackeray) as crying "For heaven's sake do not destroy the Established Church. It is the only thing that stands between us and Christianity."

Some things can be done by rules, some things by laws, but not much more than may be the expression of such knowledge of life as the mass of the people affected have arrived at. The Common Law was such an expression. It always stood for the civilization of its day, and as civilization advanced, it advanced with it. But statutes or word-made laws of any kind that at most express the opinion of part of the people as to what is good for all of the people, are of limited benefit. If they last long enough and show benefits enough to establish their standing by common consent, they help matters; otherwise they go to the scrap heap.

Personal and Otherwise

THERE is no more penetrating critic of American manners than ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould.*** One of the pleasures of reading her essays is that she so often treats us to the unexpected. Those who enjoyed the arraignment of our social conditions in her most recent HARPER article, "The Plight of the Genteel," which we published five months ago, might expect her to answer the question, "Are Americans Vulgar?" with an unqualified affirmative. Instead, she takes issue with those who bewail our national vulgarity, and makes it plain that this is a subject not for invective, but for discriminating and friendly analysis. Mrs. Gerould, who is the wife of Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton University, has written not only some of the best American essays of our day but also several distinguished novels and volumes of short stories. Her most recent book is *The Aristocratic West*, published last fall by Harper & Brothers.

Percy Marks has had first-hand acquaintance as student or instructor with the University of California, Harvard, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dartmouth, and Brown, and since the publication of his successful novel of college life, *The Plastic Age*, has lectured at numerous other American colleges and universities and thus has had an opportunity to study them and their problems. His uncomplimentary observations upon college graduates, therefore, are based on widely gathered information. "The Pestiferous Alumni" will form a chapter of a book to appear next fall, in which Mr. Marks will survey the whole scene of American college education.

Sheila Kaye-Smith (who is now Mrs. T. P. Fry, and lives in London) has written many novels, including *Green-Apple Harvest*, *The End of the House of Alard*, and *The George and The Crown*, but her reputation rests above all on *Joanna Godden*—a great book. We are privileged to present this month the first installment of a new story, "Joanna Godden Married," in which her most famous heroine appears again.

The veteran English economist, ***J. A. Hobson,*** author of more than a score of books dealing with the political, social, and industrial problems of modern civilization, is well equipped to answer the question which to-day is in everybody's mind: will the historic English policy of muddling through continue to work in the future? For a thumbnail sketch of Mr. Hobson as he appeared in the editorial councils of the London *Nation* some twenty years ago, we quote a passage from H. W. Nevinson's recent volume of memoirs, *More Changes, More Chances:*

> Among many who were witty, I think Chesterton's place as jester-in-chief was taken by J. A. Hobson, known so widely in both hemispheres for his original and humane theories in economics, but so little known for his wit. Yet his sudden witticisms were irresistible, and always had the further power of true revelation. . . . Having known the man since he was an undergrad in Oxford, quite undistinguished except as a high jumper, I could tell when the wit was coming, anticipating it by his habit of raising the right eyebrow far above the level of the left just before it came. And I knew when the witticism was complete by the enjoyment shining through his ghostly countenance—an enjoyment that all could share. I suppose that for forty years at least the stupefying sword of death has been hanging over him by a cobweb. Is it that unmoving peril which has driven him to produce more work and finer work than almost any healthy man I have known?

Frédéric Boutet, one of the best-known French story writers of the day, writes regularly for *Le Journal*. He has also published several novels. "Two Sapphires," which introduces him to the HARPER audi-

ence, was translated from the French by Virginia Watson.

Feminism is easy to preach, but rather more difficult to practice. ***Nancy Barr Mavity*** shows us how difficult is the combination of a husband, children, and a job; the astonishing thing, in fact, is that she has succeeded in it. She tells her own story fully, but one or two further items of information may be added. Mrs. Mavity graduated from Western College at Oxford, Ohio, took a Ph.D. at Cornell, and has been engaged in newspaper work in San Francisco and Oakland since 1920; she is also the author of a volume of verse and a novel (*Hazard*, 1924).

Albert Jay Nock, formerly of the editorial staff of the *Freeman* and more recently the author of a life of Thomas Jefferson, made his first appearance in our Magazine with a much-discussed paper on "The Decline of Conversation" in the May issue. Further articles by Mr. Nock are promised us during the year.

The second story of the month, "Maudie," is by ***Ada Jack Carver*** (Mrs. J. B. Snell), of Minden, Louisiana. Her work first attracted nation-wide attention when her beautiful story, "Redbone," captured first prize in one of our Short Story Contests a year and a half ago; previous to that time she had won two prizes in literary contests, but had not appeared in a magazine of national circulation. We published a second story of hers, "Treeshy," last February. Since then she has continued her prize-winning habit by writing the play with which the Shreveport Players took second prize in the 1926 Belasco Cup competition in New York.

Elmer Davis, whose portrait of Bishop Manning appeared last month, now tells the astonishing story of systematic graft in the building trades as practiced in recent years. Mr. Davis, a Rhodes Scholar from Indiana some fourteen years ago, is a former *New York Times* correspondent whose dialogues with Godfrey Gloom, the "unterrified Democrat" of Amityville, Indiana, have been for many years an amusing feature of the *Times's* reports of national political conventions. Recently Mr. Davis left the *Times* to write as a free-lance; he has produced three entertaining novels: *Times Have Changed*, *I'll Show You the Town*, and *Friends of Mr. Sweeney*.

Our regular monthly contribution from ***Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick,*** pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York, is followed by a story by ***Margaret Culkin Banning*** of Duluth, a Vassar graduate and author of several novels, who frequently writes for HARPER'S. The final article of the month is the third and last in the series by ***John B. Watson***, formerly of the Johns Hopkins University, one of the leading behaviorists among the psychologists of the world, who sets forth in unfechnical terms the point of view of his increasingly important school of psychological thought.

The only poet of the month is ***Agnes Kendrick Gray*** of Daytona Beach, Florida, whose Gettysburg sonnets appear in the sixty-third anniversary month of the great battle.

The Lion's Mouth brings together this month ***Elizabeth J. Coatsworth,*** of Hingham, Massachusetts, author of two volumes of verse, *Fox Footprints* and *Atlas and Beyond*; ***Rose Macaulay***, the accomplished English satirist who wrote *Potterism*, *Told By An Idiot*, and *Orphan Island*; and ***Frederick L. Allen,*** of the editorial staff of Harper's Magazine.

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Lopez Mezquita, whose portrait of Guido Caprotty, the Italian painter, is reproduced as the frontispiece this month, is a native of Granada. When still a mere boy, he won the highest medal at a National Exhibition in Spain by unanimous vote of the jury of artists. He is now recognized as one of the foremost painters of Spain. The portrait of Caprotty is one of a large collection of Mezquita's paintings recently shown in this country.

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Through a regrettable oversight we omitted to mention in the May issue the fact that Chauncey F. Ryder's painting, "The Wet Road," which we reproduced as the frontispiece that month, came from the collection of William J. Johnson of Uniontown, Penn-

sylvania, and was loaned to us for reproduction through Mr. Johnson's kindness.

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By the time this issue appears the judges will probably have made public the names of the prize-winners in the HARPER INTERCOLLEGIATE LITERARY CONTEST, which closed on May 1st. As we go to press, however, the decision has not yet been made. Readers of the Magazine may be interested to know how general has been the interest in the Contest. According to its terms, each college and university on the approved list of the Association of American Universities (excluding the technological institutions) was given an opportunity to enter not more than five prose manuscripts written by undergraduates, the selection at each college to be made by the head of the English department or his deputy. In the great majority of the colleges the manuscripts picked out by the English department were chosen from among a large number submitted by students in a preliminary contest. No less than eighty-four colleges and universities entered manuscripts under these conditions. We hope to be able to announce the results in the next issue of the Magazine and to publish the prize-winning manuscript at an early date.

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Bishop Fiske's article protesting against the entrance of the churches into politics, appearing at the moment when the Congressional investigation of prohibition was occupying public attention, has been discussed throughout the country. It was extensively quoted and commented on in the press, mostly with approval. The Bishop received several hundred letters about it, again mostly of approval. There has been, however, some adverse criticism of his argument. We have selected for quotation two letters which may perhaps be taken as expressing the points of view of two important Protestant organizations, active in political affairs. The first is from Deets Pickett, Research Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals:

With a great deal that Bishop Fiske says I heartily agree. The Church should not concern itself with matters which are essentially and entirely political. It should not seek favors from the Government nor should it accept appropriations made for sectarian purposes.

I can never, however, accept Bishop Fiske's contention that the Church should not concern itself with matters of public morals as they may be affected by law and administration. He leaves no one in doubt that his reflections are prompted by the general discussion of prohibition. The drink traffic, formerly licensed by state and nation, caused insanity, crime and poverty. It enslaved scores of thousands of citizens, ruining them in body and soul; it deprived millions of innocent citizens of proper diet and clothing, home comforts, cultural recreation. It was the greatest social and economic waste. It tore down what the Church erected, and its political recognition denied the worth of man, making him, for the sake of revenue and private profit, the plaything of an organized traffic dealing in deadly temptation.

It is an error to say that the Church is concerned only with individuals. It is no less concerned with the redemption of society and has the right to interest itself in the legal prohibition of those things which have an evil effect upon society as a whole, even though they may not be inherently evil themselves.

It was not a question of the man who got drunk: it was a question of an institution that existed for the purpose of inducing men to drink in order that profits might be made,—existed under the protection, indeed by the specific permission of law. The Church gives medicine to the sick, but it righteously insists that the State shall clean up the cesspools that spread pestilence.

Bishop Fiske assumes that the prohibition "experiment" has failed. This is purely an assumption. I believe that it has succeeded, not to the extent which all honest men have desired, but nevertheless it has succeeded. Its success has been limited only by the vicious propaganda which has incited to violation, in the hope that the United States Government might be induced to bestow upon the brewing trade a monopoly of the alcoholic liquor business.

But, as I said above, with much that Bishop Fiske writes I heartily agree. The Church should refrain from participation in secular matters, except when and where it is called to such participation by the imperative demands of the Christian conscience. Christian sentiment, acting through political bodies, destroyed the African slave trade, abolished dueling, drove polygamy to the fringes of society, there to be joined in due time by the

trade which through countless centuries fattened on the blood of children, the tears of women and the wealth of nations.

The second reply from which we quote is from the Reverend Charles S. Macfarland, General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America:

First of all, I am a good deal in doubt as to whether or not this is really an article on the general subject which constitutes its title or one for the purpose of expressing the writer's views on the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution. I will, however, construe it as dealing with the main question.

As is so often the case, I think that Bishop Fiske is right in his affirmations but wrong in his negations.

It is to be borne in mind that, after all, when we take into account the many hundreds or thousands of legislative enactments more or less on moral questions, those on which church bodies, as such, render judgments, are rather occasional.

Bishop Fiske seems to assume that the principle of separation between Church and State implies a limitation on the Church to express its judgment on matters with which the state is concerned. I have always felt just the opposite,—namely that the freedom of the Church from the State left the Church entirely free to express a general or majority judgment on any question of legislation, and especially on those which concern moral and spiritual life.

I think every one would agree that the primary business of the Church is to state its judgments in the form of fundamental principles, and yet, as one of Dickens' characters used to say, "the bearing of a remark lies in the application of it." While, therefore, as a rule the Church should concern itself with these fundamental principles, it is pretty difficult to do so in an abstract way without reference to particular and pressing problems. Bishop Fiske says that after expressing these principles the people should be left to take their own action. The trouble is that the people do not take any action unless the proposal has pretty definite and concrete form and is pretty definitely directed towards some actual measure at issue. Moreover, all good rules are validated by their exceptions. For example, what on earth would have been the use of the church bodies contenting themselves with uttering the pious principle that the United States should join in legal and arbitral measures for world justice, without mentioning the World Court? Why utter a pious platitude on purity when what you want is a law to suppress white slavery? In other words, do not frankness and honesty in such cases, as well as effectiveness, call for definiteness?

I heartily agree with Bishop Fiske's deprecation of what is known as lobbying so far as church agencies are concerned.

Of course, it is obvious that "moral reform if it is to be permanent and effective must come from within." Bishop Fiske, however, surely cannot mean that the community is to rest its destinies at this point without any directing or controlling laws. All evolution is an unfolding from within and an infolding from without.

His emphasis on the importance of keeping the people informed is of the highest importance. And yet people certainly need to be inspired and pretty concretely directed and led in addition to being informed.

I have always felt that there was a *via media* between the extreme attitude of Bishop Fiske and the other extreme of professional, religious reformers; and, for the most part, church bodies have reserved their influence for those major legislative issues on which Christian sentiment was fairly unanimous.

On the other side of the argument, we select for quotation from among numerous comments the following letter written us by the Reverend Joseph Fort Newton of Overbrook, Philadelphia:

Please let me be one of many who must have congratulated you on the publication of the article by Bishop Fiske in the last HARPER'S. It was high time that some one stated that point of view, that seems well nigh to have been lost in the midst of the feverish semi-political activities of the Church.

Everywhere I heard the most cordial approval and appreciation of the article, both of its point of view and the finely balanced and sweet-spirited manner in which it was written.

This is just a line to add a note to what must be a chorus.

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